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The RING

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In Our Next Issue

Joe Louis' Achievements Reviewed, by Daniel M. Daniel. The heavyweight champion does not fight again until June. This affords a good time to look back at what Joe has accomplished. Which of his fights do you consider the masterpiece of his career? Do you rate his victory over Billy Conn his greatest? Do you rank his triumph over Max Schmeling his best? See the next issue of THE RING for a discussion of this interesting topic.

Jem Carney has passed on to Valhalla. His death at the ripe old age of 84 years recalls his famous 74-round draw with Jack McAuliffe for the world lightweight crown back in 1887. Harvey Thorne reviews this thriller in an interesting article.

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LOU NOVA
No Man of Destiny

Californian Conceded in Pre-Fight Talk to Have Best Chance to Dethrone Joe Louis, Fails Miserably—Gives Poorest Exhibition of Any Challenger Except Paychek and John Henry Lewis—"Cosmic Punch" and "Dynamic Stance" Prove the Bunk

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE Louis-Nova battle answered two important questions that have bothered the fight public in recent months—it proved that Dead Pan Joe still spread-eagles the heavyweight division, with not a fighter in sight who looks good enough to relieve him of his crown, and that Nova, the Yogi, is one of the most overrated heavyweights seen in a New York ring since Johnny Paychek sold himself to the public on a series of knockouts over mediocre talent. Either Nova, judging by his terrible performance against the Brown Bomber, was scared out of his wits, or we gave him undue credit for his showing against Max Baer. The bout also showed what bunk can be fed the public in ballyhoo, hokum that the writers themselves don't believe, yet with which they hypnotize the fight fans to such extent that they flock to a fight in droves and contribute toward a gate of half a million dollars.

The cosmic punch of which we heard so much, landed all right, if such a blow we might call it, but on the whiskers of the wrong man. Prof. Brown, who would have us believe that he had discovered something new in the dynamic stance and the cosmic punch, though not a single new punch has been developed in boxing in 150 years, sold Nova to the fans on the basis of his "discovery," but what they saw when they crowded their way into the Polo Grounds of New York to see the professor's pet theory put into practice, was a horse of another color. They had on display the most mediocre contender for a world heavyweight championship seen since Louis took the helm, with the possible exception of Johnny Paychek and John Henry Lewis, a light-heavyweight who was thrust into the picture to help him to obtain some financial aid though he had no business in the same ring with the champion. Nova, the man who it was figured might pull another Cinderella stunt, the fighter who it was thought was destined to relieve Louis of his crown, just didn't fit into the picture. He was a complete flop.

* * *

A YOGI man frightened stiff, even when he appeared for the weigh-in, trying to relieve one of the world's greatest heavyweights of all time of his title, made the last championship fight the biggest farce perpetrated on the public in recent years. A master teacher—that was Joe Louis. A raw novice—that was the challenger, and as must be expected under such conditions, the teacher held the upper hand to such extent that there was no fight except for a few minutes in the sixth and last round in which Joe stopped his man.

Pity that Nova received the huge sum of $71,765 for his amateurish performance! From the day when I first saw Nova work out in camp and then watched Louis, I was convinced of the result—a knockout of the Yogi man and a terrible shellacking if the fight continued beyond five rounds. Why? Because the Yogi nonsense went to Nova's head. He was so absorbed in following the teachings of a cult that he lost all his boxing technique, and he certainly had some when he fought in New York on previous occasions.

As Gene Tunney, retired world heavyweight king, so aptly put it in an interview after the fight, "The contest was the most amateurish heavyweight championship battle I had ever seen, barring none." And so it was. It was a battle so unlike the action bout when Billy Conn faced the Bomber, that the public, of whom 59,549 paid $583,821 to see the encounter, left in disgust, wondering how they fell for such sucker tripe as was fed them by the scribes covering the training camps and which they absorbed as honest-to-goodness opinions of experts.

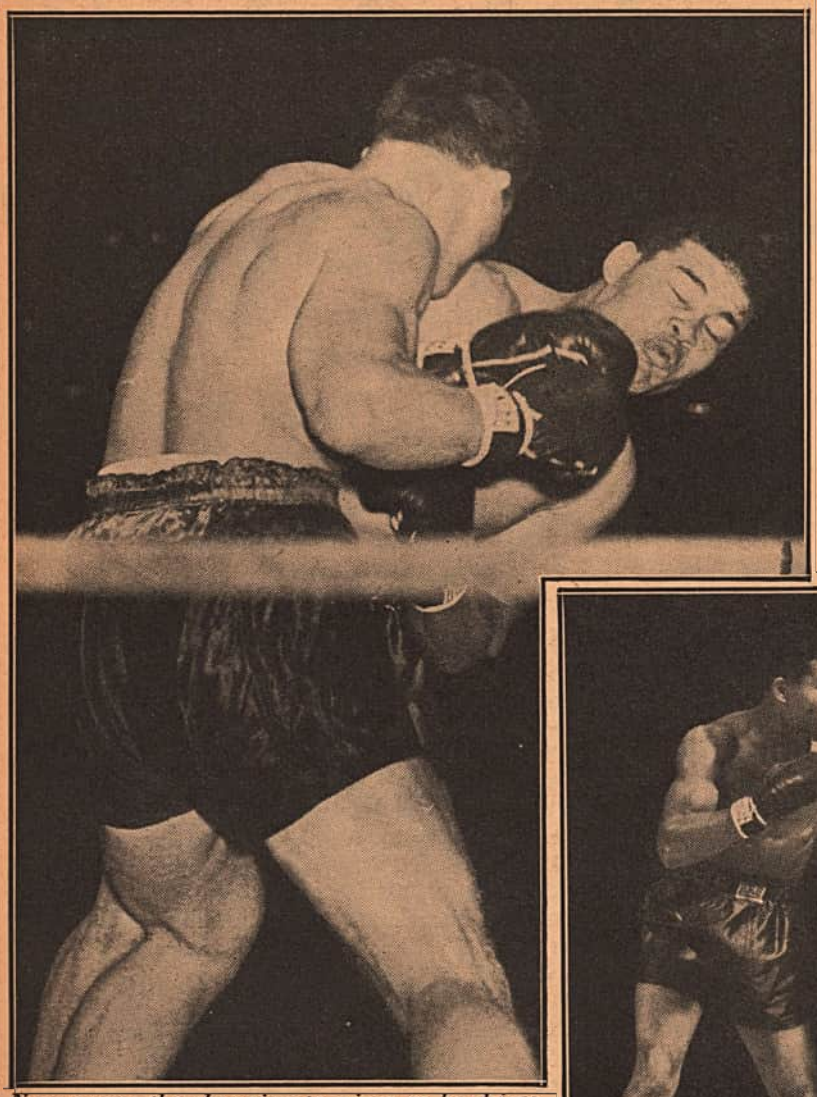
We mustn't blame the reporters for what they did. It is their job to give the odds-and-ends of training camp workouts and to make their yarns as interesting as is possible, and in covering the assignments, they couldn't possibly ignore the human interest yarns associated with the "Dynamic Stance" and the "Cosmic Punch." Unfortunately the public took those stories too seriously. They failed to get the humor behind the obvious ridicule.

* * *

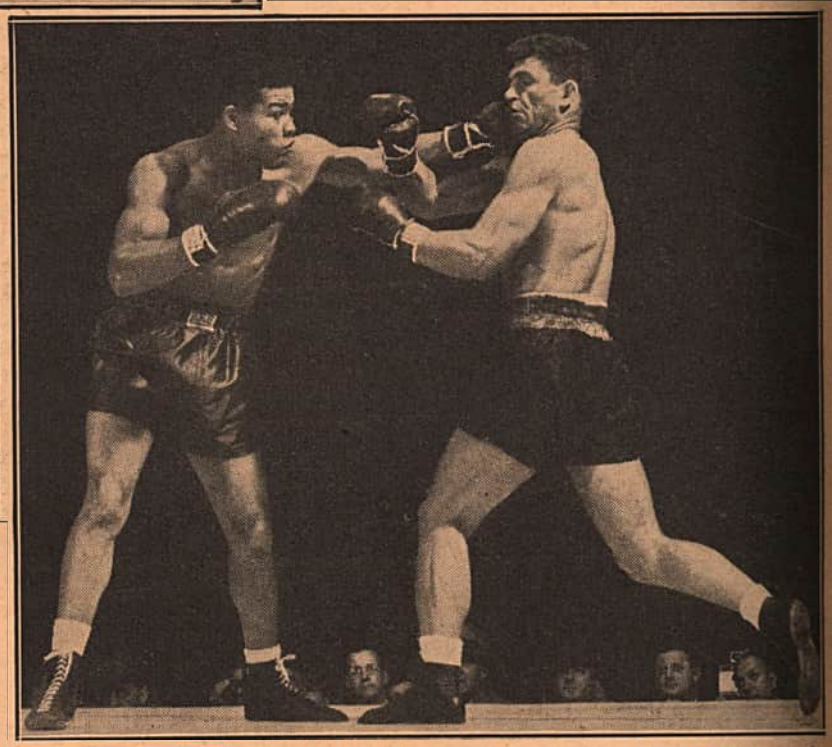
IF what Lou Nova displayed against Louis was the "cosmic punch" and the "dynamic stance," then Lou had better start all over again. I saw much better fighting among raw novices, soldier boys and civilian amateurs in Albuquerque, New Mexico, recently. If Lou has any intentions of making a comeback, he had better make up his mind now to toss overboard all the hokum which he has been practicing for months and take a few lessons on boxing, hitting and blocking from the books which I have written for novices. He'll learn more from those booklets than he has from Prof. Brown's Yogi silliness.

After Referee Donovan had halted the "contest" in 2:59 of the sixth round, when Nova was so helpless he was falling all over himself, Lou handed the millions of fight fans who were listening to the broadcast additional hokum when he indignantly accused the competent referee, Arthur Donovan, of gross unfairness in stopping the fight. To those listening to Lou's squawk, the beaten fighter seemed justified in his tirade against Donovan, but if the radio fans had been on the scene and had noted the helpless condition of Lou even while he was sending that ridiculous message over the airwaves, they never would have taken his side in the controversy. He couldn't stand erect while speaking into the mike, yet wanted to know why Donovan stopped him!

I say controversy, because of the hundreds of letters from Nova bettors and other followers who heard Nova's post-bellum squawk and wrote to THE RING, demanding a campaign against Donovan. To them I say that if Arthur Donovan had not acted as he did, I would have lost all my respect for him, and today, I still regard



Nova causes the champion to wince as he drives home a hard left in the fourth round. It was one of two effective blows Lou landed in the whole fight.



Just to show that he could do the same, the Brown Bomber came back immediately after with a corking left to Lou's cheek that brought a quake to the Californian's body. It shook him from head to heels.

even count one even. The one round in which so little was accomplished by either, a waiting session, the third, I awarded to Louis because he was cleverer and landed what little punches were recorded.

* * *

UNDER the circumstances, why take up the cudgels on behalf of a thoroughly licked fighter? Nova didn't have a chance and he knew it. When he stepped into the room to be weighed on the afternoon of the fight, and the medical examiners explained that Lou was nervous and his blood pressure was high, I also noted the drawn, worried look on his face as compared to the happy-go-lucky feeling of Louis who conversed with his friends, was chewing gum and was the most unconcerned man in the room. I stepped up to Jimmy Dawson, boxing writer for The New York *Times*, and remarked:

"Jimmy, there's the fight. He's licked before the start. All the confidence he displayed at camp is gone. He's frightened stiff. He won't go eight rounds tonight."

My surmise was correct. He lost all of his fighting qualities in that room. He saw what he had to face in the evening, a perfect physical specimen, and it was too much for him. The thought seemed to take all the fight out of him. And so it proved.

Save for one minute of action in the last session, there really was no fight. What little action there was, came from the champ.

Nova kept back stepping, though not in the same manner as did Bob Pastor in his first fight with Joe, and Louis either was too wary of what might happen to cut loose in the early rounds, or else was willing to test out his man before taking action, to fully convince himself that he could afford to take chances to end the battle via the kayo route.

Joe feinted his opponent into knots, made him look ridiculous as Nova tried his "cosmic" stance and then tossed a right that missed by a mile. Once in the fourth round Nova tried a wide, sweeping left that missed by a foot, and as Lou was wide open following that attempt, Dead Pan Joe, for the first time in any of his fights, burst into laughter. He wasn't the only one. The crowd whistled and guffawed at Nova's ineffective efforts. He acted like one scared stiff.

him as New York's ace referee. When he halted the bout, regardless of whether his action was taken one second before the end of the round or after the bell had sounded, as many declare he did, he acted in the nick of time. One more punch might have meant another Frankie Campbell case for boxing.

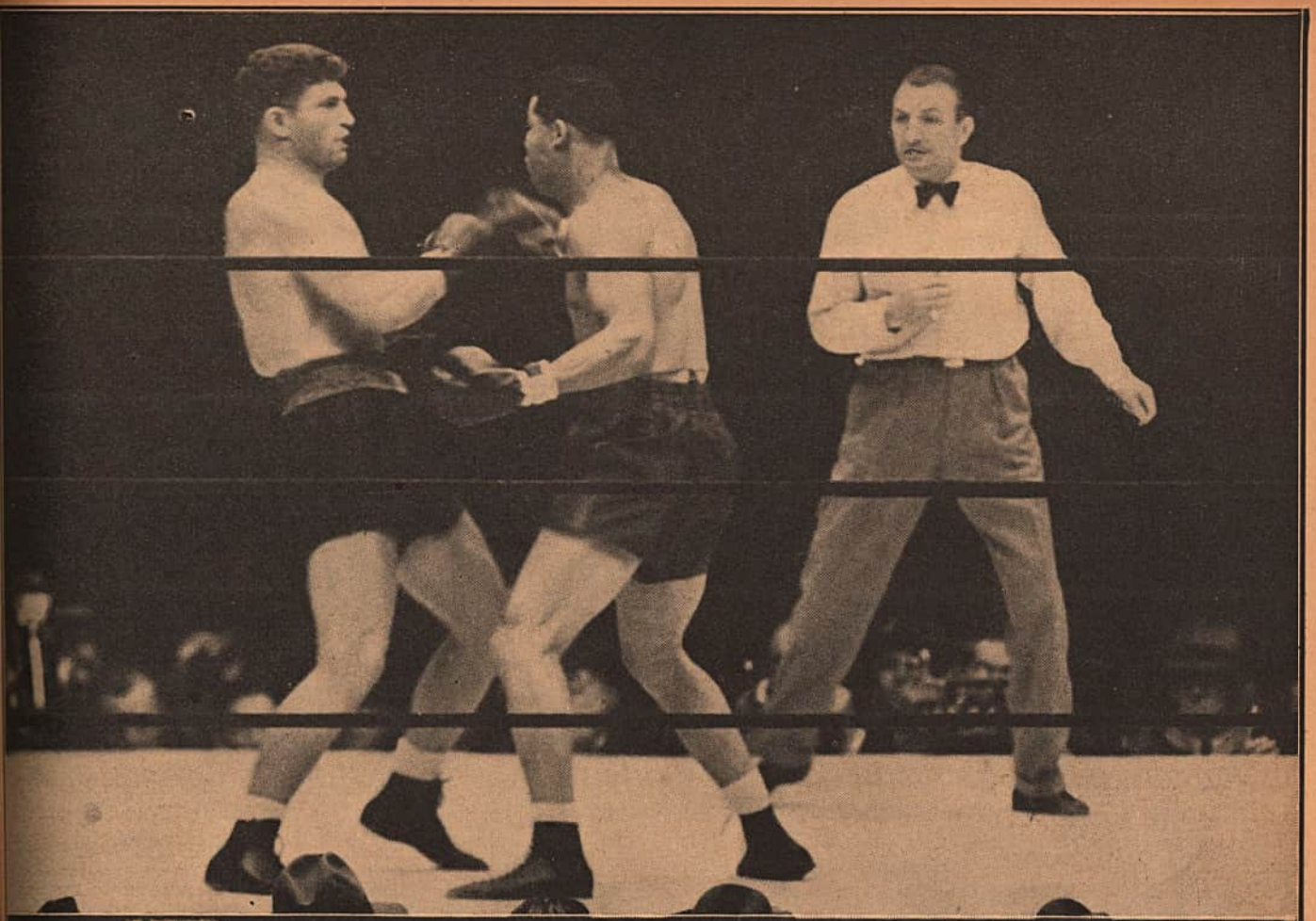
* * *

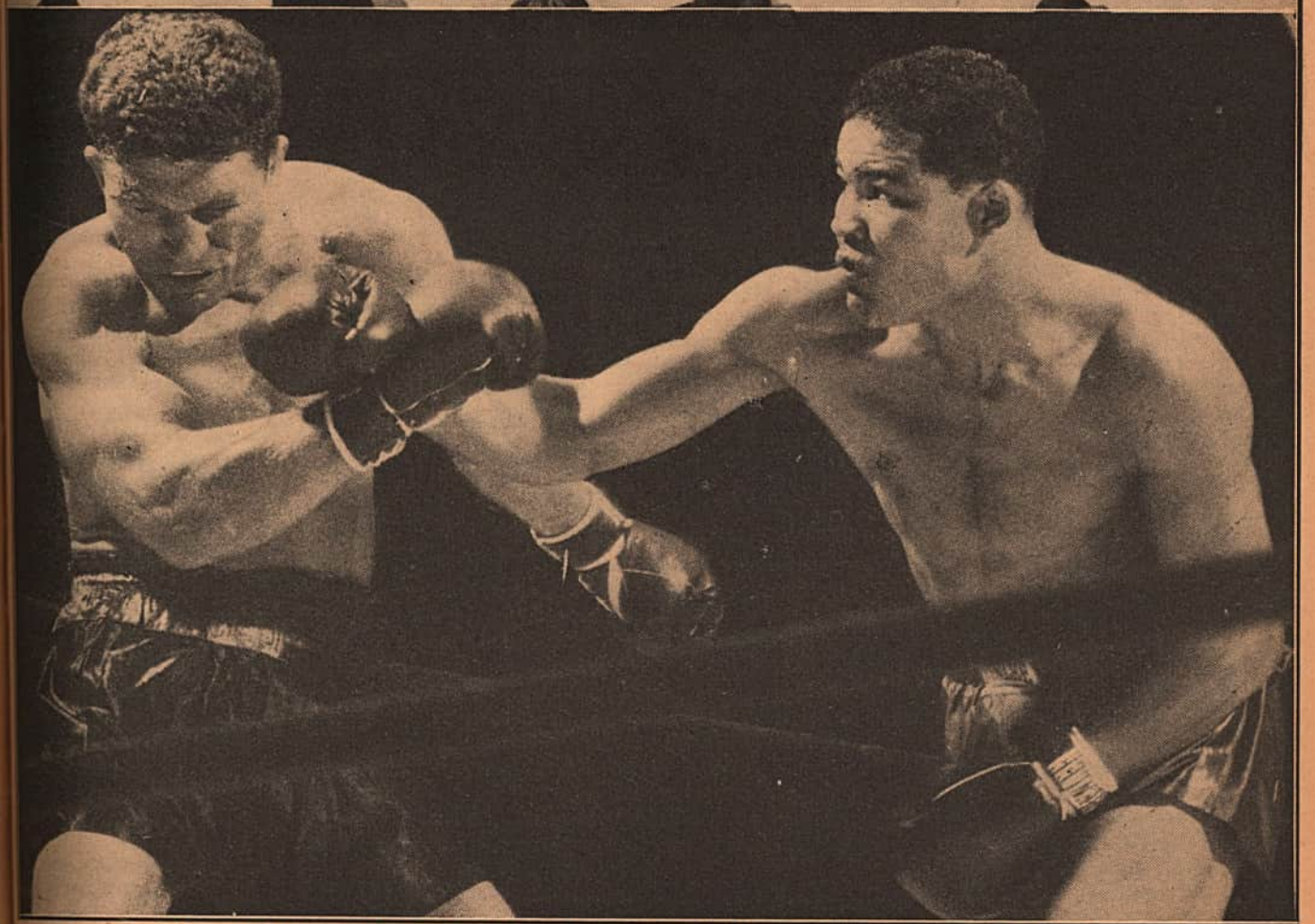
AS Donovan properly remarked, "Louis had battered Nova all over the ring. I was the most amazed man in the arena when I saw Lou get to his feet at the count of nine after receiving the hardest punch I have ever seen Louis land in the eighteen fights I have refereed in which he was a contestant. What followed that knockdown is public knowledge. The Bomber hammered away with lefts and rights, probably thirty such terrific wallops, and had Nova at his mercy.

"As in the case of Max Schmeling and Paulino, Lou started to turn his back to avoid more punishment. Louis had his right cocked for one more blow. Had I not stepped between the pair, that punch would have landed behind Lou's ear, one of the most dangerous parts of the human body. Death takes its toll often in a fraction of a second. What mattered it, whether I stopped the fight one second before the time limit of the round, or between the rounds? Dr. Walker agreed with me. He said he would not have permitted Lou to continue. Hence, why the squawk?"

That is a fair summation of the case. Were I in Donovan's place, I would have acted as he did. It was excellent judgment. The fans had seen enough of a frightened fighter and a killer.

Nova was so far outclassed, I didn't give him a round. I didn't





Above—Nova, scared as the fifth round ends, looks helpless as Louis is about to shoot across a left hook. It landed a fraction of a second before the bell clanged. It was one of a number which Lou received in the last minute of that session.
Below—Here is the long right that started Nova to his doom. Louis shot it out like a catapult. Everyone in the ball park saw it coming except his opponent.

LIKE an ox felled with one stroke of an ax, Nova was put out of the picture. One powerful right to the jaw proved Lou's undoing. The student of Yoga was finished after that punch connected. That one haymaker was Louis' answer to the much heralded "cosmic" punch. It came out of a clear sky after five rounds of a most uninteresting battle, dulled Lou's brain, paralyzed his nervous system so that he couldn't get his bearings after he got to his feet, and made him a target for an assault that might have proved fatal had not Arthur Donovan intervened. It was a dynamic punch and it proved far superior to a dynamic stance.

For almost five rounds the champion and challenger, with little exception, pawed ineffectively at each other, each trying to feel the other out. Louis had occasionally landed a good wallop that caused Nova to double his cautiousness, especially in the fourth and fifth rounds, but the Bomber seemed in no hurry to end the mill.

He was bent, so it appeared, on testing this Yoga man's theory. He was eager to note the difference, if any, in the Nova of this contest with the Nova of the past. It didn't take Joe long to learn that what difference there was, could be chalked up on the wrong side of the ledger. Lou not only was no improvement, but actually was far inferior to the Nova seen in the bout with Max Baer.

* * *

ONCE Louis ascertained that, he decided to work on his man. Nova, cocky after the champion's knees had just been buckled by a chopping right hand, one of the two really hard blows Lou had landed, pulled back his long left hand as he had done on several previous occasions, but this time Louis took quick advantage of the wide opening. He didn't hesitate.

The champ spotted the opening and quick as a flash, bang went his right, and Nova lay prostrate on the canvas. He was felled with such force that the thud could be heard for some distance from the ring. It was the heaviest blow, with possibly one or two exceptions, that the Brown Bomber had ever smashed against the chin of an opponent.

Nova didn't know what hit him. His eyes showed that. He had lost all sense of direction. Only the fighter's instinct to rise seemed to remain with him.

No one in that vast assembly, not even Joe Louis, had expected that Nova would rise before he could be counted out. But in some miraculous manner—possibly his Yoga teachings came to the rescue—the Californian just beat the count as Donovan hesitated on tolling the doleful decimal.

Lou lurched forward. He was half bent over, his head facing the canvas, when he sought to get into a clinch. But Joe was too determined on the kill, now that he had his man groggy, to permit this to happen.

* * *

THE killer was on the prey in less time than it takes to write the words. Without a second's delay, he shot across another effective right. It landed on the forehead. Then came a fusillade, right and left, left and right, one blow after the other as Nova staggered around the ring trying to find a place where he could get out of range of his tormentor.

The champ didn't let up for a fraction of a second. I counted twenty-one whacks as Louis let go punches from all angles and to every part of the upper section of the challenger's anatomy. And they were murderous blows! Every one carried far more than a sting. There was dynamite to each punch and how Nova, who showed superhuman courage during that minute, could stand on his feet and take it, was beyond conception. But he did and might have gone into another round if Referee Donovan had not so wisely called a halt.

When the action of the third man took place, Nova was on the ropes in a neutral corner, opposite his own. As far as the Californian was concerned, the bout was over. He didn't have a chance no matter what the action of the referee might have been.

Like a wild beast of the jungle, Louis, showing more of the killer instinct than I have ever seen him display, was after his man. He pressed his advantage and had no thought of permitting his prey to get away. The end was in sight and the Bomber meant to end it quickly.

Joe stood before the challenger, now glassy-eyed and absolutely helpless, unable to raise his gloved hands to protect himself. The Bomber cocked his right. He pulled the hand back ready for the final blow. Arthur Donovan sensed the danger as Lou turned his back towards Joe, and in a jiffy the fight was over. He spared Lou further punishment and possible injury. It was a wise move.

* * *

THE appearance of Nova as the bout ended and the bell rang, disproved his later statement that he was in condition to go on. He was so helpless that Donovan had to aid his seconds to keep him from toppling to the canvas. His right eye was bleeding profusely from a severe cut and his body was limp. He was little better when a few minutes later he held on to the ropes while talking into the microphone. Yet he would have the millions of listeners believe that an injustice was done in halting the bout!

Those who have condemned Donovan should compliment him instead. Joe Louis needs no assistance from any referee. He never has required any. He is the cleanest fighter in the history of pugilism. He is a true sportsman and when he wins, as he has to date, it is solely by his own efforts. Only a sore loser who picked Nova and found his predictions gone haywire, would attack Donovan for "giving Joe some help." The drum-fire of smashing punches to jaw and head licked Nova, not Arthur Donovan.

As for the complaints that Donovan was molesting Nova because of the vaseline his seconds were putting on his face, Arthur did what any good official would have done. It is contrary to the rules.

By his great performance, Louis remains all we have called him—the fighter of the age. He remains the Brown Bomber, the Michigan Assassin, the Dark Destroyer—one of the greatest heavyweight kings of all time.

By taking his nineteenth consecutive opponent into camp in a championship bout, Joe set a record that will be difficult to pass. He has defended his crown more often than any other titleholder. In fact, he is close to the record set by the combined champions since Corbett dethroned Sullivan.

* * *

WHEN he beat Nova he beat a man who was considered by all experts as the fighter with the best chance to beat Joe because in height, weight, and several other points, they were on an equal basis. But style is what finally counted and in that Louis had a huge advantage.

Not for one moment during the long training siege could one conceive that fear would play a part in Nova's fall, but it did. Going into the ring a 1 to 3 favorite, Louis, as matters turned out, should have been quoted a 1 to 30 shot. The fighting fury, the reckless abandon with which Nova had promised to sail into his opponent, was nowhere seen. He was as tame as a novice Golden Glover going into his first battle.

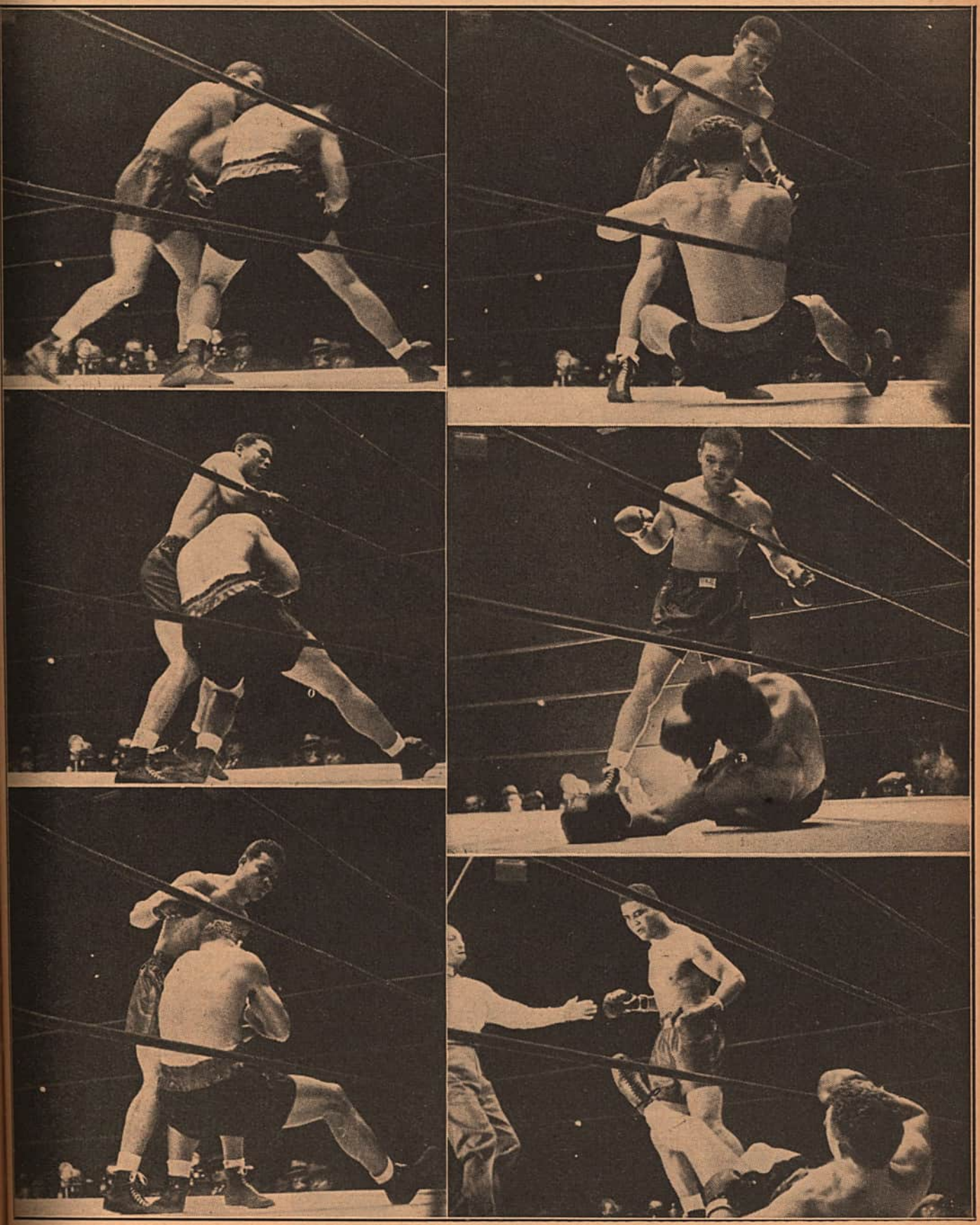
Louis got his wish. He had hoped that when he joined the army he could don the khaki of Uncle Sam's service boys as world champion. It was plain enough during his training that he had a special incentive. He was riled at the talk that he had gone back, that he was now ready to be taken and that Nova would be the man to turn the trick. He was peeved at the oft-repeated remarks over the air that he had lost his punch. He disliked the idea of going into the army as a has-been.

These all spelled defeat for Nova even before he entered the ring. You could see it in Joe's eyes when he weighed in. You could detect his eagerness to retire, if need be, with the championship crown still on his head by the manner in which he conducted himself as he walked to his stool to don the mitts and as he sailed into Nova once he realized that he had nothing to fear from Yoga Lou.

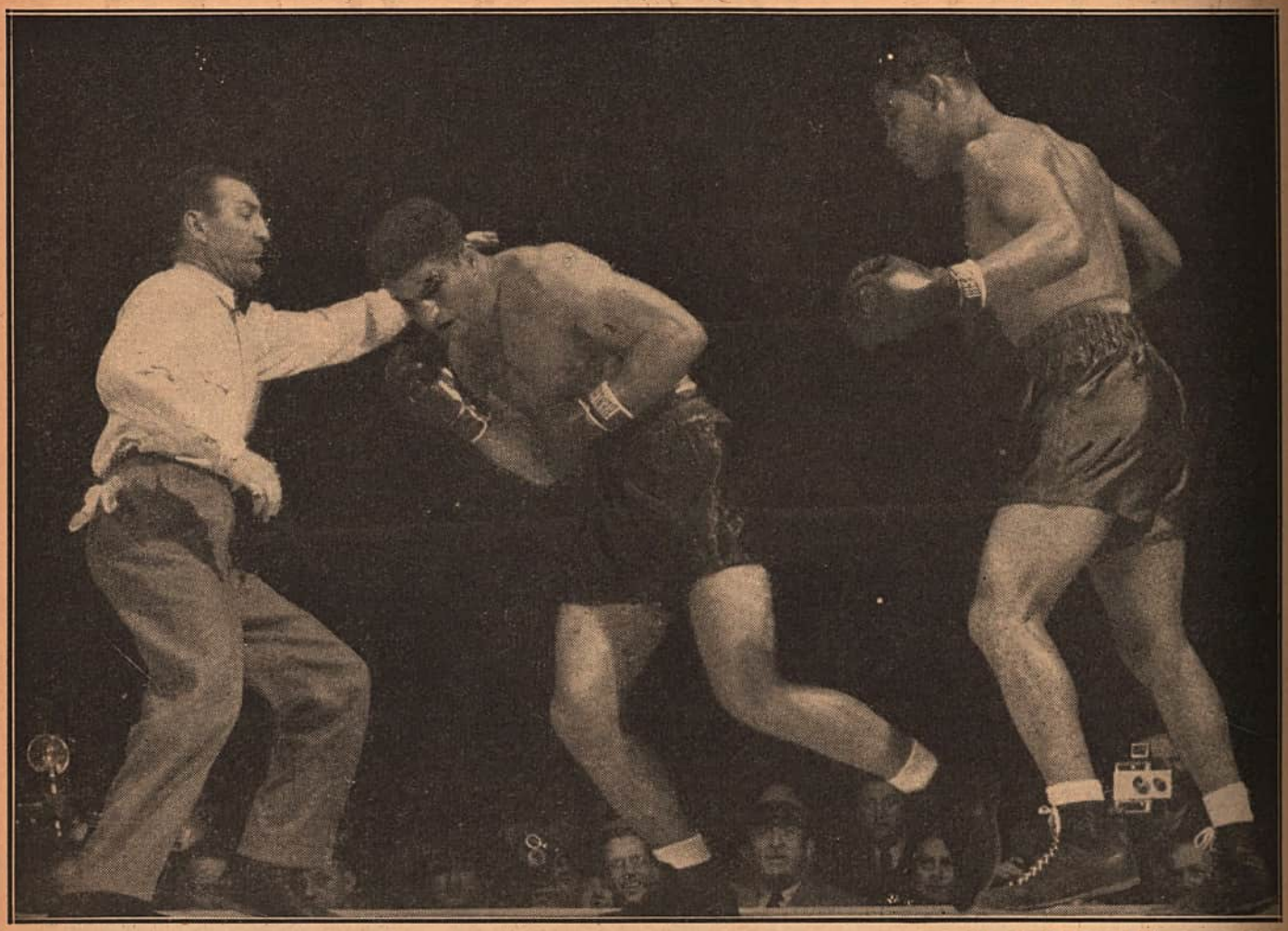
* * *

ONLY in the fourth round and a portion of the next, did Nova show any fighting instinct. The crowd began to hoot as the boys remained inactive. Those who had paid their good money and had come from all parts of the country to see a contest were beginning to wonder if they really would view one. Almost two minutes of idleness had passed in that session when

COSMIC THEORY EXPLODED



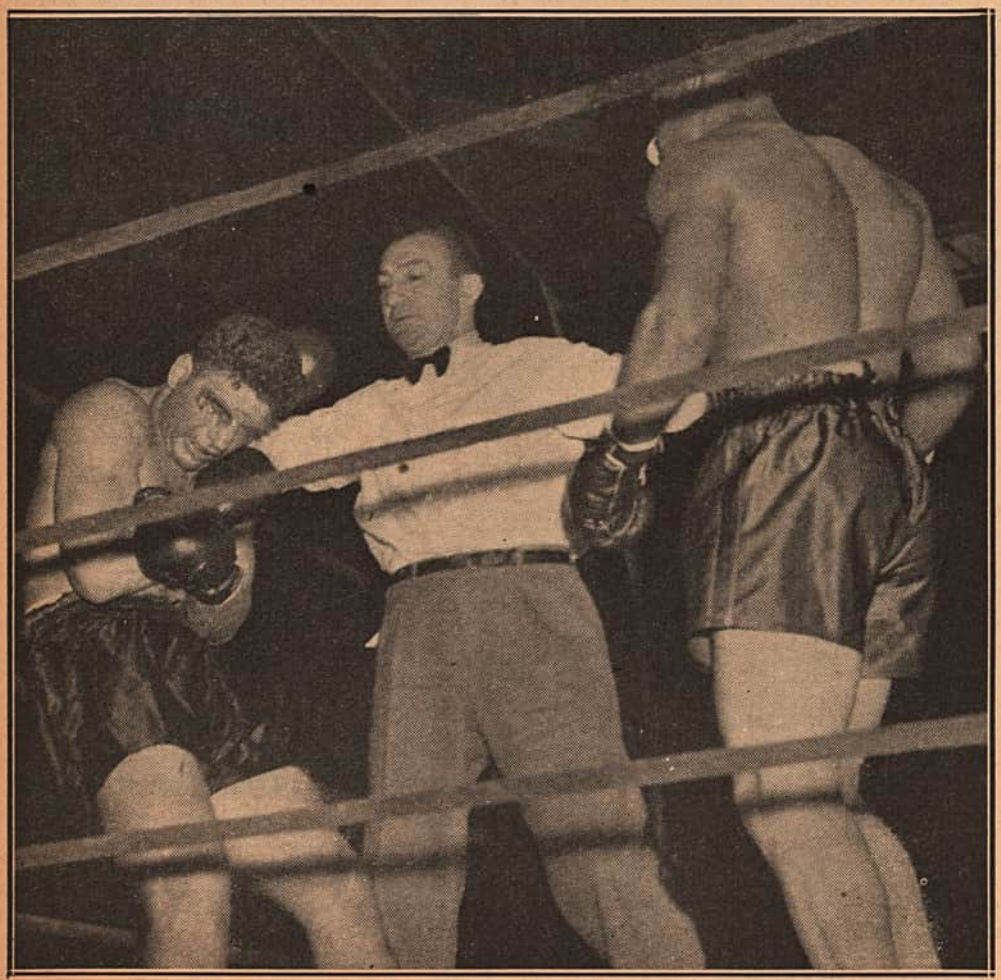
The magic eye here catches the climax of the Louis-Nova bout. The Brown Bomber crashed his powerful right against Nova's jaw and down goes Lou. Note the stages of his flop to the canvas. It was the hardest punch Louis ever landed on an opponent. It was a dynamic punch and it proved superior to the "Dynamic Stance." Louis and his opponent sparred for almost a minute without a blow of consequence being landed. Then the fireworks began. As Nova missed a right, the champ let go a long right that carried terrific power behind it. It landed on the chin and Lou forgot all about his dynamic stance. He crumpled up like one shot by a bullet and eventually landed on his back, with legs in the air. By instinct, he got to his feet at nine, only to be battered all over the ring.



Louis followed Nova around the ring after the Californian had gotten to his feet and bombarded him with more than twenty punches, each a terrific wallop. Arthur Donovan sensed the danger and leaped forward to prevent further injury to Lou.

Louis suddenly decided to test his man. He whipped across a right hand to Lou's chin. It hurt Nova. His head bobbed back and his knees almost buckled under him.

Now the Californian was hurt and Louis went after him. One of the punches almost turned Lou around. Joe followed with a hard left to the jaw and followed quickly with a right. The crowd sensed the action for which it was craving had gotten under way. Nova was stung and he came back at the champ. The round was almost over, but he steadied himself and exchanged blows with Louis until the bell sounded. *(Continued on page 44)*



Here we see Lou, unable to protect himself, his right eye bleeding profusely, helpless in a neutral corner. The referee stepped between him and Louis as Joe was about to toss the "execution" punch and called a halt. For this Arthur was criticized because there was only a second more to go before the round was over, but he acted as he should have. Lou was absolutely through.

BACK *from* SOUTH AMERICA

Sonny Jones, star welterweight

Katsumi Morioka, Canadian-Japanese welterweight.

By JIMMY JONES

Manager of Sonny Jones and Katsumi Morioka

SOUTH AMERICA is ripe for boxing promotion on a large scale. That is the message I bring to this country after a sojourn of two years in various parts of the Southern hemisphere with my two fighters, Sonny Jones and the Canadian-Japanese, Katsumi Morioka. Two years is a long stretch for one to be away from the United States, but when I started my long journey, the prospects painted to me were so rosy, that I signed agreements for long term appearances of my fighters and like a true sportsman, I went through with those contracts regardless of my pining for "home sweet home."

A few weeks ago we returned to New York, and during our visit to THE RING office, where we went to pay our respects to THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer, whose name, I learned upon my arrival in South America, carries considerable weight in boxing circles, induced me to write a little account of our trip, and give the American readers of this publication first hand information about conditions in the lands which lie below the Panama Canal.

It was our first trip to the Latin-American countries and we looked forward to it with considerable pleasure. To say that we were overjoyed when we landed at Valparaiso, on the western side of the continent, would be putting it mildly. We were in ecstasy as we neared the land and once we landed, the sights that greeted us, made us feel that we would be at home no matter how long we stayed though we lost some of that feeling a little later.

While it wasn't exactly so good, we found the people in every land we visited, a hospitable bunch. They know their fighting, those Latin-Americans, make no mistake about that, and they also know how to root home their local boys, the idols of their country.

When I landed in Chile, I didn't know a word of Spanish, but that being the native tongue, I studied it and in three months I became proficient in its use. I know how to speak the language fluently now, and believe me, it was a tremendous help to Sonny, Morioka and myself in our long stay.

We were bound for Santiago, about 100 miles inland, where my boys did most of their boxing. The month of May is the beginning of winter there, and it's cold and damp and rainy. Both of my fighters caught cold, because the gymnasiums there are inadequately heated, and they don't have hot water. But my welterweight, Sonny Jones, who holds the Canadian 147-pound title and desires to meet any welter in the world, in spite of the fact that he could get no sparring partners to sharpen up on his boxing, did pretty well, considering.

I'm not exaggerating when I say that it's very difficult for an outsider to win a fight on points against a native in South America. He can only win by a kayo. Even then they might call it a foul.

Sonny Jones gave Raul Carrabantes such tough fights that Raul refused to meet Jones a third time.

After summer had arrived with its warmth and sunshine, Jones was over his illness and was boxing in great form. He looked so keen and clever in the ring, that middleweights even refused to box him. And Antonio Fernandez, welter and middleweight champion of Chile, who I understand, has been fighting in N. Y. with great success, was among those who refused to meet Jones.

* * *

THAT was our most difficult problem—how to get fights for Morioka and Jones without having them meet fellows twenty or more pounds heavier. The South Americans are a proud people. They cherish a good athlete, be he a fighter, tennis player, soccer player or a polo hero, and they will do all within their power to help keep those idols on top. It wouldn't pay a promoter to have a first rate boxer, for example, lose to an American boy, especially at equal weights, but should perchance the unfortunate happen, such downfall is explained in any number of ways, particularly by accusing the visitor of foul work. So it goes all over the continent and as a result, it is tough to get matches and tougher still, to get one's money unless all terms of the agreement, as interpreted by the promoter, are met.

However, I wouldn't say that for Messrs. Pace and Lectoure, the owners of Luna Park of Argentine, who advertise in THE RING. They know that Nat Fleischer stands behind his ads, and that Nat would not tolerate rough treatment of American visitors, hence they play ball with visitors from the United States. That's where THE RING comes in. It is a tremendous help to Americans because of the high regard those who can read it, have for this international publication. I never realized until my visit to South America, the true meaning of THE RING Magazine in international boxing circles. Now I know!

* * *

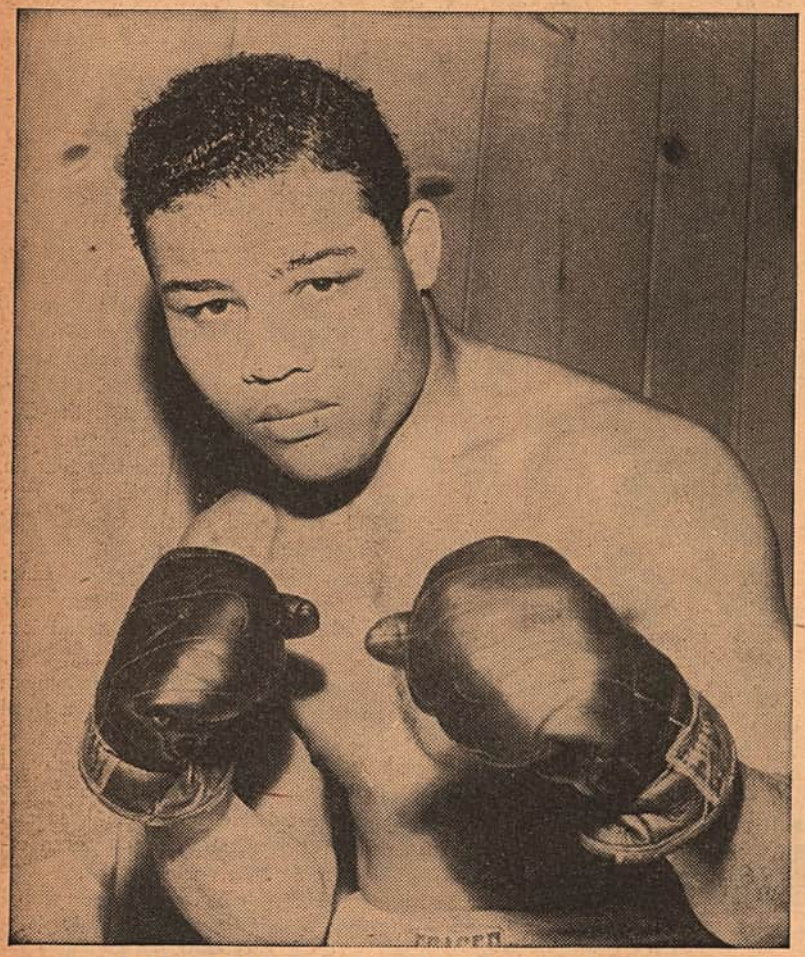
AS for my other protege, Katsumi Morioka, Canadian-born Jap, he has developed into a full-fledged featherweight. He has filled out and become strong. His boxing has greatly improved. And he has learned the art of punching.

Before he left with me for South America, Katsumi fought such lads as Georgie Pace, *(Continued on page 44)*

LOUIS RESTS UNTIL

Champion's Entry Into Army Perhaps Imminent As He Lays Off For Indoor Season

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Joe Louis in a waiting pose, his winter a vacation.

IN baseball, they say "Anything can happen in Brooklyn." The fans always look to the Brooklyn club to find some new way of losing a game—as it did in the world series, when Mickey Owen missed that third strike. In boxing, one can look to the New York Commission to outdo the rest of the ring governing bodies in ludicrousness.

The New York Commission's epidemic of suspensions, topped by the six months' sentence for Ray Carlin, manager of Lou Nova, for having used the word caution in his pre-fight instructions to Lou in the Joe Louis engagement, certainly is the last word in silliness.

For some reason not discernible to the naked eye, the New York Boxing Commission has been outstanding in numbskull decisions ever since it was authorized by law. Even Jim Farley, clever as he was, found himself led into numerous silly verdicts when he was a member of the New York body.

Just why the New York Commission objects to Carlin's use of the word "caution" in a fight with Louis is not exactly clear.

Did the Commission expect Carlin to say, "Now, Lou, you are going out to fight this man Louis, who has a murderous punch. I want you to forget all about your wife, your child, your hopes for a life on earth and one in the hereafter, and wade into Joe?" Did the Commission want that in writing?

Or perhaps it looked to Carlin to deliver this pre-fight oration; "Mr. Nova, you and I have been friends for some time. But tonight, you meet Louis, and you know what that means.

"It means you have to wade in and take the most terrific beating of your life. I could say to you—'Lou, old pal, I know how Louis hits and I want you to win, but not take your life in your hands. I want you to use caution.' But the Boxing Commission has issued a new rule which says that no manager, promoter, handler, second or anybody else connected with a fighter is permitted to use the word caution. Fact is, right now I could be suspended for a year if any of the Commission's Gestapo overheard this conversation.

"'So I say to you, Nova, go in there without caution, and take the beating of your life. Don't pay any attention to folks who tell you to give some thought to your future and your family. The people who pay their dough want blood, and you've got to go in there with the spirit of the old Roman gladiators, who won or died. Remember, I never said anything about caution.

* * *

AS it turned out, Nova never had a chance against Louis. Lou had whipped Max Baer. But against the Negro, Lou was a child. He hit the champion with everything he had just once and it had absolutely no effect. Later, Louis said, "Nova hit me in the fourth round with that there cosmetic punch, and when it didn't hurt me, I knew I had him."

Well, the Nova fight has been forgotten. Except by the New York Commission for the Suppression of the Word Caution. We all know now that Nova was over-matched; that in the fight he never had a chance. His Yogi stuff, his cosmic punch—all so much bologna. It was okeh before the fight, made a lot of funny stories. But once Nova got into the ring, it somehow was not funny at all.

Before the so-called contest many felt that Louis would be a worried man—worried over his impending entry into the army; worried over personal affairs; lacking impetus to a hard training regimen. Be all that as it was, Louis did not look worried when he belted Nova. Apparently his reclassification, and placement for call to the service, had come as a relief to Joe. At least, so it seemed to those who sat up close and watched the champion go to work on Nova.

With Nova out of the way—what now for the title holder? Well, first there is his entry into the army. Just when and where, and how, nobody knows at this writing. What will Joe do in the army? Where will he train? How soon is he going? And—is he going?

It seems from Mike Jacobs' plans that Louis' presence in the service will not interfere with his ring work. Michael already has arranged for Joe to engage Billy Conn a second time, next June.

It is quite conceivable that Louis will be able to get a furlough for a sufficiently long period to do his training and fighting. However, all that is quite a way ahead.

It looks certain that Louis will let this indoor season pass without a fight. Last winter Joe spent considerable time polishing off various alleged contenders. But now, who is there? Louis would have to start all over again, and wind up a second time with Buddy Baer, before going into the ring again with Conn.

* * *

BY the way, what has become of Buddy? For a heavy who not so very long ago was laying claim to the title on a foul in the Washington encounter with Joe, Buddy certainly has kept his mouth shut a long time. Usually they holler and keep right on hollering. But it may be that the younger Baer is not so eager

SECOND CONN FIGHT

to mingle with Joe again. Baer took considerable punishment, as do all the battlers who get into the ring with Louis. Buddy has been ill, but it is reported soon will be available again.

Conn got his, just as Nova got his. Only the beating Billy took was forgotten in the excitement of the one punch which came so close to making him champion.

As a matter of fact, Louis gave Conn a terrible beating. Billy might not have come out for that next round even if he had weathered the thirteenth. Conn is not ready to fight anybody as yet, and it is feared that when he once more faces Louis—if that match does take place—the Pittsburgher will find it rather difficult to forget the punishment Louis meted out to him in the New York fight.

Conn just now is taking it easy. He has been engaged in making a picture, and then again, he still is on his honeymoon. It will be some time before Billy will think of getting in shape again, and when he comes to that, the old edge may prove elusive.

Buddy Baer, recuperating from his encounter with the Brown Bomber, his next move in doubt.

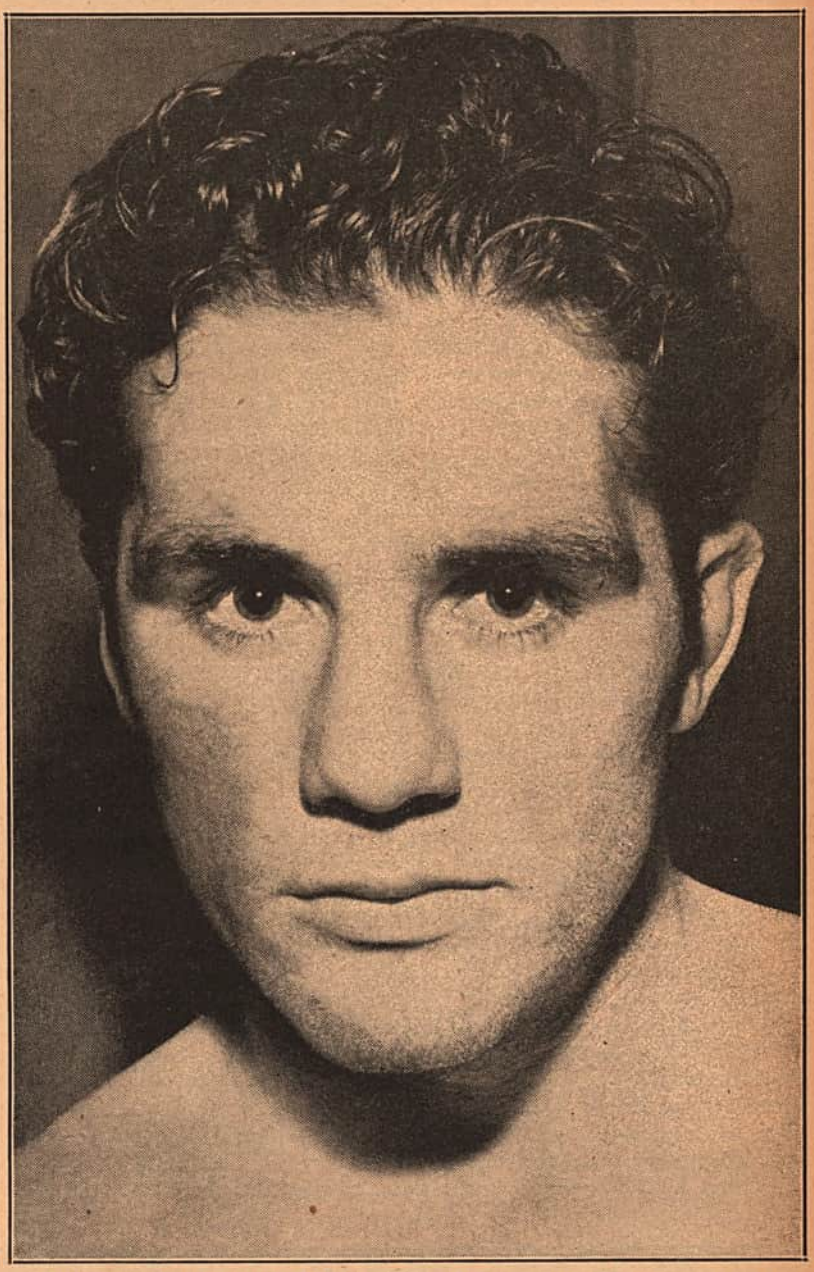
However, that's what we are down to in the heavyweight class—Louis and Conn, who the Negro confesses, gave him the toughest fight of all. For serious contention, wait until they tangle again.

* * *

BUT that certainly doesn't mean the indoor season will be a flop. On the contrary. There are a lot of coming heavies. They need competition among themselves. Not one of them is ready to give Louis even so much as a dirty look, but they may develop.

Out of these not-readies may come a heavy who by next Summer will look as good as Buddy Baer in the heavyweight situation.

Frankly, those on the inside do not believe that, close as Conn made it in the first meeting with Louis, he will be able to go eight rounds with Louis the second time. When Joe fights a man again, he is plain murder, particularly if his pride has been touched.



Billy Conn, who will be the heavyweight champion's next opponent, but not until next June.

And as we have said before, Conn got a more severe beating from Joe than reports had it. That fight was not quite the near-holocaust for Louis that spot stories made it out to be.

Conn, of course, made mistakes. One BIG mistake, when he lost his head and started to FIGHT the champion. Billy admitted that not 10 minutes after the fight, as he sat in his dressing room.

"It will not happen in the second fight," he promised later on. But—won't it?

The leopard changes not his spots, nor does a battler in a vital encounter change his manner, system, and above all, his disposition.

However, talk of what happened to Conn the first time is old stuff, and talk of what might happen to Billy the second time is rather premature, for the No. 2 fight is not to go on until June.

This leaves Louis with better

(Continued on page 47)

Amateurs Show Skill

New Mexico Golden Gloves Tournament Has Many Fine Prospects On Display—Army Developing Excellent Talent

By "THE RING" EDITOR

BOYS in the service of Uncle Sam may not be the best fistic fighters in the world, but when it comes to giving the public a run for their money, they are Johnny-on-the-spot. They proved that conclusively in the recent Albuquerque K. of C. Golden Gloves tournament, under the able management of Les Showers and Dick Russell, for which I was the guest referee, by furnishing the thrills of the tournament in every bout in which they appeared. Despite the burden placed upon them by the amount of work exacted of each and the little training they could put in to meet the stiff opposition they expected, the army and air force representatives in the nine states tourney, were the cream of the performers. If what I saw at Albuquerque, New Mexico, is a criterion, then I feel doubly certain that by the time the emergency is ended, and the boys in camp get back to normal life, the field of pugilism will be enriched considerably with army and navy talent that should bring a long period of prosperity and keen competition to the sport.

The army, navy and air force are doing a world of good for the boys physically, and with boxing the biggest attractions in line of recreation, lads who never put on a glove before joining the colors, are now vieing with the veterans for a place in the fistic spotlight. While Gene Tunney is cornering the market with professional fighters who already have made the grade, some champions, the recreation directors in the mid-west and southwestern camps, in Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Michigan, Colorado, Nebraska and Missouri are developing young men in the amateur field, who, though they lack the experience of fighters like Georgie Abrams, Red Cochrane, Pete Sarron, Steve Belloise, Cal Cagni, Tommy Tucker, Frank Poreda, among others of their skill, thrill the spectators with a brand of battling that holds the attention from start to finish.

I've seen that quite frequently of late in my travels around the country and I'm sure that I cannot be mistaken in my enthusiasm. What happened in the last world war when a flock of fine fighters came back to follow boxing professionally, is being repeated. They are amateurs now, Golden Glovers they call themselves, but a year or two from now they will be battling for the dough, and giving a good account of themselves. In the East, the bulk of the service men engaging in boxing are veteran professionals but in the mid-west, southwest and northwest, they are all bona fide simon-pures, but fighters every one of them.

Clean-cut lads, well built, bronzed from their outdoor work, physically fit, they enter the ring with only one objective—to give a good account of themselves for the glory of their outfit and win or lose, they do just that. I have seen thousands of ring battles, amateur and professional; I have refereed several hundred contests among both money chasers and simon-pures; world championship battles, sectional title bouts and Golden Gloves tournaments, and I say without any exaggeration that the present crop of amateurs, country-wide, is by far the best new talent seen in a decade.

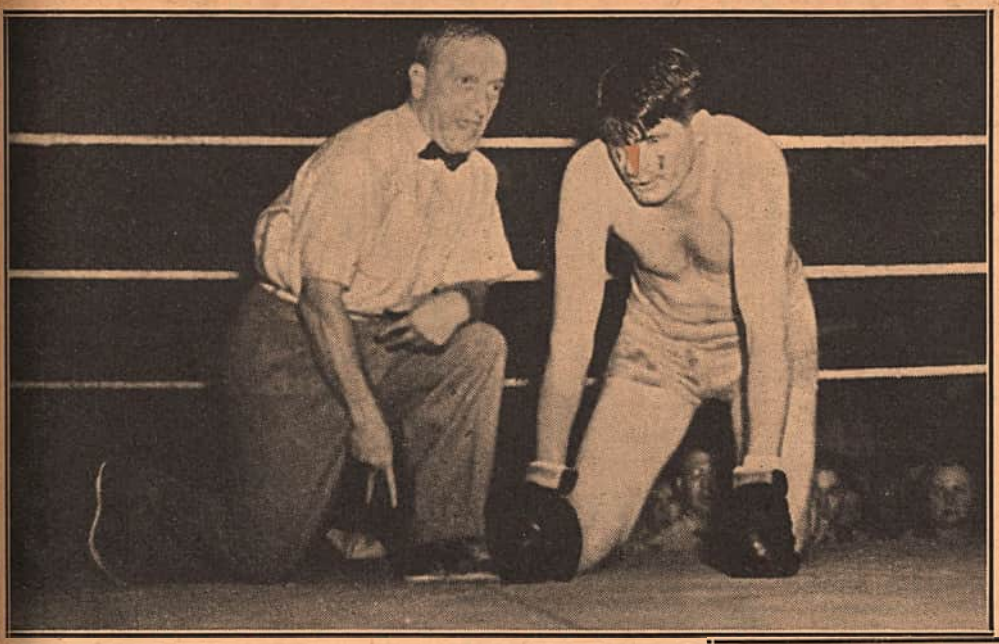
For several years the cry has been that the lower divisions of pugilism, from flyweight to welterweight, are lacking good fighters. Well, they're coming out now. Not a mere handful, but many. While the divisions from middleweight up present ordinary talent, the flyweights, bantams, feathers, lightweights and welters, from my observation, are turning out the kind of lads who should cut a big figure in boxing within the next year or two.

* * *

MY mission to Albuquerque was well repaid. I saw at least nine lads who could give our better pros in their respective divisions a tough battle and in several classes, carry off the honors. That's no bold assertion. It is based on my knowledge of boxers and present day pro talent.

At least four bantams and two flyweights took part in that tournament who would fit in splendidly against the cream of the pros in their division. The bantams are La Verne Roche of Lubbock, Texas; Eugene White of Gallup; Johnny O'Leary of the Denver C.Y.O., Danny Blair of Albuquerque, Keeah Begay of Gallup. The flyweights are Floyd Leeds of the University of New Mexico and Bobby Molino of Albuquerque. They possess everything that is an asset to a good boxer. They have speed, are clever and carry a fine wallop and unless I miss my guess, at least one of that quartet, Roche or Blair, will be heard from in the near future.

The winners of RING *belts, eight in all, donated by Nat Fleischer to the Albuquerque tournament. Left to right are Wayne Choate, Danny Blair, John Patrick O'Leary, Martin Zamora, Bobby Molino, Keeah Begay, Nat Fleischer, the referee; Abel Lujan, Leroy Davis.*



Nat Fleischer counting over Paul Stracener in bout with Leroy Davis. Stracener received a badly cut eye and the bout was halted in the second round. Paul won the light-heavyweight, Class B title.

Though there is still a scarcity of light-heavyweight and heavyweight material even among the amateurs, the same cannot be said of the other divisions. From flyweight through middleweight, the talent among the medal and cup chasers in the middlewest, southwest and far west is excellent. It won't be long before the professional field will be enriched with a few more fistic drawing cards like Tony Canzoneri, Lou Ambers, Ray Robinson, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, and other stars who graduated from the ranks of the simon-pures, if what I have seen in my travels around the country is a criterion.

In Albuquerque, in the K. of C. soldier vs. civilian Golden Gloves title tournament, managed by Les Showers and Dick Russell, I was amazed at the good talent. Not in several years have I seen such well developed boxers, boys who possessed cleverness and hitting power, compete for cups and RING Magazine belts, eight of which I awarded at the end of the four nights' tourney.

* * *

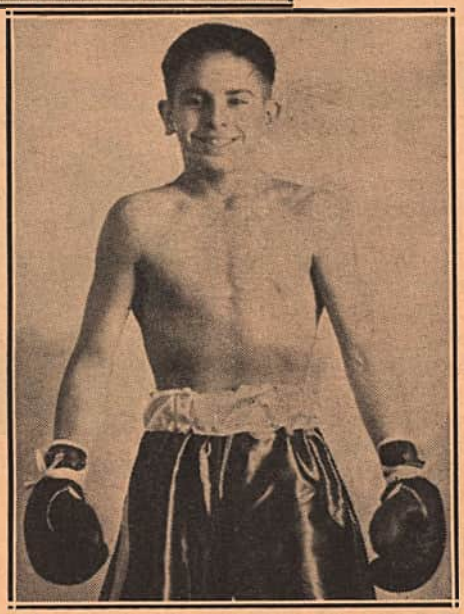
PARTICULARLY sweet was I on a number of flyweights and bantams, boys who, with a little more training, will make the grade without any difficulty. Verne Roche of Lubbock, Texas, is the outstanding boy among the smaller lads. Though he lost the championship in the final round in a very close engagement with a more experienced boy, John Patrick O'Leary of the Denver Catholic Youth Organization, he was the class of the tournament. He'll do in my opinion. He expects shortly to turn pro and if he does, he'll make a fine addition to the ranks of the money chasers.

O'Leary is another bantam of class. He can hit, can take it, is clever and knows the ropes. I thought highly of his fighting qualities.

Then there is Eugene White of Gallup, a lad who dropped his contest but on a split decision. I gave him the nod. He is an excellent prospect among the bantams, as is Danny Blair of Albuquerque, a rounded-out fighter who will go a long way should he continue in the game. Danny, who won the special trophy awarded to the gamest boy in the tourney, lost a close, tough one to Roche in the semi-finals.

Keeah Begay of Gallup, gained the verdict over Manuel Ortiz of El Paso, Texas, in a thrilling battle, a nip and tuck affair. The winner is a comer.

A resident of the same city, Bobby Molino of Gallup, scored the quickest knockout in the final night and the second quickest kayo of the tourney when he put Wayne Hughlett of Roswell away in 1:21 of the first round. They fought in the flyweight class. Molino can shoot his left with force. He has a jarring punch that should bring him towards the top if he decides to make boxing his profession.



George Stevens, Jr., the best amateur prospect in New Mexico, a bantam who possesses skill and a punch.

BUT those boys were not the only ones to whom I took a fancy. I have attended many amateur shows, but can candidly say that the one in Albuquerque had better talent, taken as a whole, than any of the Golden Gloves tournaments staged during the year in New York, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and Chicago, and in the lighter classes, compared most favorably with the lads who competed in the National championships at Boston. I would like to see the Albuquerque winners against the *Daily News* winners in New York or the Chicago *Tribune* winners and I'd put my dough on the New Mexico boys.

Besides those mentioned, I was highly impressed by Floyd Leeds, a flyweight of the University of New Mexico, a clever boxer who fights on the style of the famed Pancho Villa; Martin Zamora, brilliant Albuquerque welterweight who beat Art Lopez of El Paso in the final, and Johnny Jarvis of the Denver Catholic Youth Organization, who lost the final match to Wayne Choate of Gallup. Johnny, a legitimate middleweight who can sock like Harry Balsamo, Solly Krieger, Al Hostak and Tony Zale, did well in his own division then had to go against a heavier and better experienced man in the final round. He put up a fine scrap but found Choate, a light-heavyweight who is clever and has a good punch, too much for him. But I think Jarvis, despite his loss, was the "find" of the tourney. With proper development and a little science, Jarvis will go a long way. He wants to turn pro now, but I induced him to wait for six months before doing that.

* * *

THE quickest kayo trophy went to a raw novice, Paul Stracener, a big, lumbering wheat grower of Wichita, Kansas, who knocked out Red Hicks of Littlefield, Texas, in 14 seconds of the first round. Paul lost the final, however, to the veteran Leroy Davis. A gash in the forehead from which the blood was spurting, caused me to halt the bout in 20 seconds of the second round. Stracener needs plenty of schooling. If he gets that, his gameness and his punch should aid him to make the grade, but it will require much time as he is a newcomer to boxing.

He received a complete outfit from me *(Continued on page 45)*

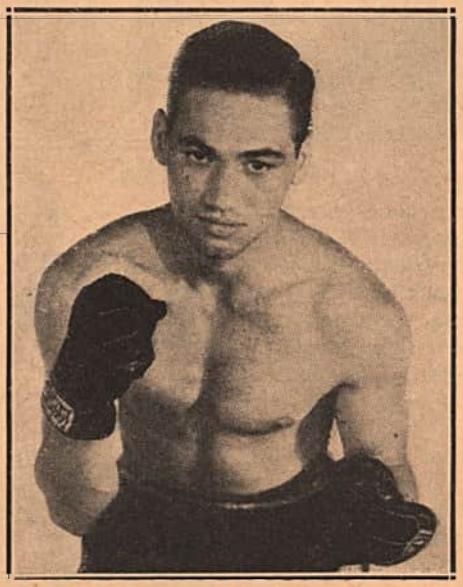
Outdoor Fights Made Three New Champions

By TED CARROLL

Corp. Marty Servo, a young soldier with a bright future.

TIME was when the good old summer time was regarded as the slack season of the boxing campaign. To be sure, there were occasional big fights, but in the main the hot weather produced nothing more than ennui. But that's all changed now. In the summer, the big drawing cards of the winter are planted, and when the weather turns cold, like chrysanthemums they blossom.

The outdoor season of 1941 came to a close in the knockout victory of Joe Louis over Lou Nova. This was one fight which produced no new title holder. But the season that ended with the Louis triumph produced three undisputed new champions—Gus Lesnevich, light-heavyweight; Red Cochrane, welterweight; and Chalky Wright, featherweight. In addition, Richie Lemos displaced Pete Scalzo as the standout featherweight contender.



Patsy Giovanelli, Brooklyn's star lightweight.

Though scrappers of ability, the three new title winners are new to such lofty heights. Their triumphant situations are the rewards of persistence and gameness. Particularly is this true of Lesnevich, who for 10 years knocked around, threatening now, slipping then—and at last a champion in the class hitherto dominated by Billy Conn.

For a fighter of his merit, Gus had been singularly inactive, but he now faces the busiest year of his long career. As light-heavyweight champion of the world, he will be called upon to defend his newly won crown against Young Tami Mauriello this month. If successful, there are prospective bouts with Bob Pastor and other leading heavyweights awaiting him.

Lesnevich is counted on to provide half the opposition in several Garden attractions during the winter months. While anything but a newcomer to the game, he is enjoying a brand new position in the fistic scheme of things, and although a real ring veteran, he can be called one of the outstanding indoor headliners.

Fight fans and followers pleased at Gus' new found eminence are also rejoicing at the welcome turn in the fortunes of his mentors, Joe Vella, who has just been released from the Army, where he served for a year, and the mastodonic Lew Diamond. This colorful colossus, known far and wide as the Honest Brakeman, and self-elected mayor of Jacobs Beach, has found the going far from easy for the past few years but now he and Vella are in the big money.

No one deserves this break better than the likeable Joe, Lew and their veteran title-holder. Their new success is hailed by everyone with general rejoicing.

Another veteran pilot who faces the winter with a deep satisfaction is the one-time Tex Rickard of Germany, Paul Damski. Damski, like Diamond, has been having his share of hard going recently after many years of international successes. At one time or another the guiding genius of such notables as Max Schmeling, Walter Neusel, Gunnar Barlund and Eric Seelig, the learned Mr. Damski, a linguist who speaks seven languages, has been a mighty figure in the boxing world for years.

The passing years had caused a change in Paul's outlook, however, as one after the other of the above fell by the wayside. Paul had begun to despair of ever reaching the top again until his path crossed that of a young man from New York's West Side, Johnny Colan, an Italian lad who looks like a Scandinavian. One of the boxing game's rarest judges of talent, it only took Damski a few minutes to realize that here was a boy who might make him forget all his other celebrated charges.

* * *

NOVEMBER, 1941, reveals Damski as a pilot of rare perception. Colan at the moment is being called a second Ketchel, no less, in Chicago, where he is the hottest thing to come along in the punching line since Louis. Chicagoans refuse to believe that any middleweight in the world socks like this blond, mild appearing lad. Windy City fans haven't seen anybody go the distance with him yet and that's why Johnny Colan is the likeliest bet in his division as a crowd puller in the big indoor arenas this winter.

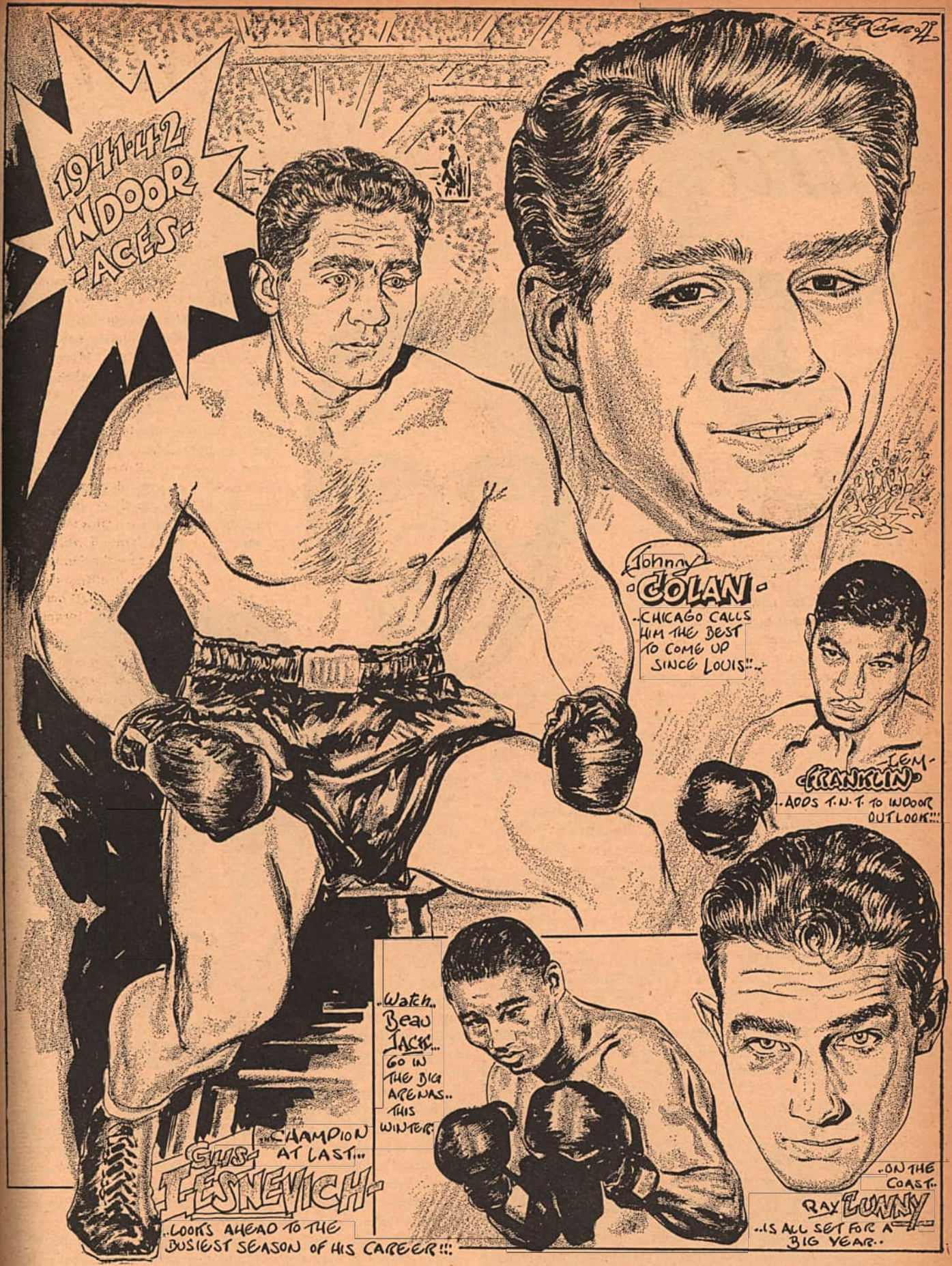
After flattening four tough local boys in a row, the Chicago outfit brought in nationally known, rugged Steve Mamakos for Colan. The 20-year-old Colan disposed of the granite-like Greek in seven stanzas, and the whole country sat up and took notice. The promoters followed up by getting dangerous Ernie Vigh for their new sensation and the young New Yorker finished him off in eight, Vigh's first kayo.

Colan offers the strange example of a boy who had to leave his own home town, New York, the world's greatest boxing center, to make good. When Horace Greeley spoke his deathless lines, "Go West, young man," Colan can affirm he said a mouthful. While regarded as a fine prospect and a potential great in his native metropolis, Colan is today considered Chicago's ace of aces.

Much of the credit for Colan's startling development must go to his trainer, Al Ramo, whose confidence in the kid had lots of the so-called wise ones calling him crazy. "Nobody in the ring punches like this kid," exuberates Al. "He had Mamakos down five times, and Vigh on the deck three, every time with a single punch. And," Al fairly screams, "he's still growing and hitting harder all the time! In Chicago they love him, and wait'll they get a load of him in the Garden this winter, they won't believe their eyes."

* * *

HISTORY has a way of repeating itself and looming on the fistic horizon like a great menacing storm is the forbidding shadow of the latest of the dark menaces, big Lem Franklin, cataclysmic clouter from Cleveland. Few heavyweight kings have escaped the shadow of the dark menace.



A half century ago, John L. Sullivan had Peter Jackson stalking him; the Dempsey-Wills controversy went on for years; George Godfrey, Dark Shadow of Leiperville, disturbed the slumbers of no less than three world's champs, Tunney, Schmeling and Sharkey; even Jack Johnson was plagued by a member of his own race, squat Sam Langford, and like Johnson, Joe Louis may have to begin to worry about the rising tide of Lem Franklin.

A bone-shattering clouter for some time, Franklin until quite recently was singularly inept in other departments. Out-slapped by Freddie Fiducia in his lone New York appearance some time

Pete Scalzo, who is making headway as a lightweight.

ago, he was written off summarily by most fans as just another Golden Gloves champion. That was in 1938. But this is another year. Since the first of the year, only one man has heard the final gong against the sinewy socker. The remaining nine of his ten foes have been thoroughly and completely flattened. Included in this galaxy of vanquished are such capables as Jimmy Bivins, Eddie Simms, Curtis Sheppard and tough Tony Musto.

The Musto win alone qualifies Franklin as the likeliest top-notcher to come along since last winter in the heavyweight class. When it is recalled that Baby Tank Tony stuck around for nine sessions with the great Louis himself and then was batted out in two—yes, *two*—by young Mr. Franklin, little more need be said about Franklin's pretensions as a menace of big league variety.

Whether he gets a title shot or not, Franklin, if opposition can be found for him, should be a tremendous magnet in the big boxing temples by the time snow flies. Aggressive, astute Jack Hurley, who has few equals at that sort of thing, is plotting a campaign designed to force the issue between his man and the Brown Bomber that calls for appearances all over the country for the new dynamiter.

* * *

UP in the front rank of the likeliest winter winners out on the Coast we find Ray Lunney, fast rising lightweight. While California Jackie Wilson has been all the rage in the southern part of California, Lunney has kept pace with the colored sensation in the north. The San Francisco lad is undefeated for the past two years; he hasn't even been held even since 1939. He is counted upon to keep the turnstiles humming in Frisco's arenas this winter.

Fight followers have to go all the way back to Tex Rickard's fabled 600 millionaires to come up with as eminent a collection of moneyed men as the clique who provide young Beau Jack with moral support. This Armstrong-like youngster picked up this distinguished aggregation through the connection his manager and discoverer, Mr. Bowman Milligan of Springfield, Mass., has with one of New England's swankiest country clubs. They turn out en masse for all the Springfield boy's goes.

Beau Jack has something more than an exclusive following, though. His style of boxing reeks with color. He is one of those rare performers with that natural gift for stirring a crowd to the highest pitch of excitement.

Each of his four contests in New York had the fans on the chairs yelling their heads off, and Matchmaker Nat Rogers sheds tears of joy when he contemplates the possibilities for Jack on Garden cards this season. Not quite of Garden main event stature yet, Jack is a real find as a card bolster upper, and at the rate he is moving, his thrilling style should place him in the top spots before springtime rolls around.

* * *

SO much has been said and written about Harlem's Sugar-Baby, Ray Robinson, that little can be added. Robinson won't have completed a year in the professional ring until this month, but in that time, he has come along to the point where he looks like the answer to a promoter's dream for the coming winter. This dazzling Death-Ray of the lightweights should prove every bit as tremendous a card in the lighter classes as the magnetic Kid Chocolate was a decade or more ago.

Stepping right along with Robinson in the New York boy's pet spot of Philadelphia is Bob Montgomery, whose slashing win over Mike Kaplan, plus his victory over Lightweight Champion Lew Jenkins, establishes him as the No. 1 contender in both the welter and lightweight classes. There has been considerable doubt as to Monty's ability to make the lightweight limit and be himself, but for Kaplan, the Philly mauler weighed only 136, which seems to remove that suspicion. As Montgomery has been a Philly headliner for the past few years, he cannot be called a product of the summer of '41, but nonetheless he can't be omitted from any roundup of the coming stars of the season.

Chalky Wright, newly crowned feather king.

Bobby Ruffin, a New Yorker who can thrill the fans.

Like Gus Lesnevich, Vet Chalky Wright waited a long, long time before finally coming to Green Pastures. A fighter of such ability that he was forced to concede as much as 25 pounds against welters such as Jimmy Leto and Cocoa Kid, Chalky, a legitimate 126-pounder, was given the freeze-out by members of his own class for years. Persistent Manager Eddie Walker never lost hope, and after an extended campaign marked by much patience, perseverance and publicity, finally cornered Joey Archibald and wound up with the featherweight crown for his man.

Walker's trick of taking the ancient Chalky at a time when he appeared well over the hill, and then steering his charge into a title, stands out as a masterpiece of managerial maneuvering.

The Californian did his share by gaining a new lease on life, and today, while over 30 years of age, looks better than he ever has before.

Unlike recent winters, the new champion faces this one with a warm glow of satisfaction as he realizes he is in a spot worthy of his ability, at long last.

(Continued on page 45)

Johnson dropped by Ketchel at start of the twelfth.

The Cowboy Crushed

Ringside Spectator at Johnson-Ketchel Fight Tells How World Heavyweight Champion Disposed of the Michigan Assassin

By HARVEY MCCLELLAN

FROM time to time there have appeared in THE RING articles on the fight between Jack Johnson and Stanley Ketchel, and on each occasion the version seems to be different. Seldom have the facts been presented as they should, showing how far superior Johnson was to the Michigan Assassin.

The fight was a handicap match so far as weight was concerned, but it was a title bout, with the world heavyweight championship at stake, and for that reason if for no other, Johnson should have taken the match more seriously than he did. Johnson scaled 210 pounds to Ketchel's 170—a difference of 40 pounds. When the contracts were signed the Galveston Negro figured the contest to be a cinch for him, and up to the time that Ketchel started training, Jack didn't really believe that the affair would take place.

But Sam Fitzpatrick, manager of Johnson, knew and thought otherwise. He was aware from the day the articles were signed that Ketchel meant business. He had his mind set on relieving Johnson of his crown and had been promised big money from Western gamblers if he could turn the trick, hence, once the bout was assured, he set himself down to hard, honest work to prepare himself for the greatest fight of his career, as he told his friends.

Naturally, the fight fans of America were eager to see Stanley win. Strong, game fighter that he was, with all of his heavy, vicious punching, they figured he had a chance even though weight and experience were against him. But, despite those assets, Stanley proved easy meat for the Galveston Negro.

Except for the fact that the champion heavyweight of the world had treated the match with contempt from the very start, no one would have given Ketchel a tumble. But it was common knowledge that Johnson wasn't doing any training and that he figured on coming into the ring with anything but his true fighting form. That's why Ketchel had the backing of much wise money.

It was only after Fitzpatrick laid down the law to the champ and advised him that he had better be on his mettle or the title would change hands, that Jack undertook to do a little rope skipping, calisthenics and bag punching. In all, he didn't train more than eight days for so important a fight. He started working out a fortnight before the mill but didn't go at it every day.

I was among those present and did a story on the fight for a Denver newspaper; hence, as an eyewitness, I have decided to give RING readers once and for all time, a ringside, unbiased, accurate narrative of what took place. So here goes:

* * *

KETCHEL entered the ring to a tornado of cheering and Johnson followed to a chorus of hoots and hisses. Not that his greeting worried the Negro in the slightest. He just parted his lips in a wide smile, exposing to view all his gold teeth, and he just remained smiling all the time until the last round when he became serious. He faced up to Ketchel and stood flat-footed on the defensive.

Ketchel carried the fight right to him throughout, a policy, which just suited Johnson's book. The cowboy kept cool and slugged away for all he was worth, but reach Johnson he couldn't. The Negro blocked most of his wild drives and either stopped or dodged the others. Ketchel kept on plugging away, with Johnson's beaming grin shooting itself at intervals over the Michigan Assassin's shoulder. Occasionally Johnson upper-cut Stanley to the body, thumped his kidneys with the right and jabbed his left in Stanley's face.

Ketchel was sent down, but rose again and kept forcing Johnson around the ring, although his face was badly swollen, cut and bleeding before the end of the third round. His pluck and staying power were amazing. Johnson fought on the retreat and continued to smile.

Johnson dodged and slipped blow after blow, Stanley only getting home on an average once in every dozen tries. But the cowboy continued to sling in the heaviest of blows, trusting vainly to Providence (which was, as usual, on the side of the big battalions).

Four times did Stanley topple over from the force of these missed swings, twice almost pitching over the ropes clean out of the ring, but Johnson never worried. Johnson rushed only now and then, but on two occasions when he did so, he charged Ketchel right over, without even striking a blow at him.

* * *

IN the tenth round Ketchel rushed Johnson all over the ring amid frantic cheering, and sent a vicious right hook to the body. They came to grips and Johnson displayed his enormous strength by lifting Stanley with one arm and carrying him back to the center of the ring. Johnson went for Ketchel after this, obviously feeling the effects of that hook, and the cowboy was pounded pretty badly. *(Continued on page 44)*

Ketchel knocked out by Jack Johnson in twelfth round after the Michigan Assassin had floored the champion.

NEW PUNCHES

Nova's Publicised Cosmic Wallop Had Many Odd Predecessors in Pugilistic History When Press Agents Boosted Fistic Stars as Shrewd Inventors of Weird Blows—All Punches as Old as the Hills. Louis Dealt Only in Trade Stock of Conventional Jabs and Jolts

By GEORGE TICKELL

Bob Fitzsimmons illustrating how he delivered the solar plexus punch, which was nothing more than a blow to the stomach, used by thousands of other fighters long before his punch became famous.

WHILE this issue of THE RING Magazine went to press too early for inclusion of the heavyweight championship battle between Joe Louis and Lou Nova, events leading up to that contest are still worth discussing. Especially those relating to the switch in date from September 19 to 29 and the stories about Louis losing his punch.

There had been around that the bout might not come off at all, but would drop quietly into oblivion, as did the scheduled combat between Buddy Baer and Abe Simon. You heard it whispered that Louis was panicky, sensed defeat, would be only too glad to have the engagement cancelled. When such reports gain currency, they swell and increase in volume amazingly. Something like a run on a bank, when disaster seems to loom larger and larger with the passage of time.

As regards the supposed Louis timidity, that gave us the laugh of the year. Imagine a fighter being timid who set an all-time fight record with 18 defenses of his title! There are only two recorded instances where a heavyweight champion was actually afraid that a challenger would lick him, because the said challenger was the better man. One was the sidestepping of Fitzsimmons for three years by Jim Corbett; the other, Jim Braddock's persistent avoidance of Max Schmeling.

Corbett's first defense of the title he won from John L. Sullivan was dated January 25, 1894, when he kayoed Charlie Mitchell in three rounds at Jacksonville, Fla. From that time the heavyweight king was continually challenged by Bob Fitzsimmons. Corbett tried to ignore the formidable Australian, but was severely criticized by the press.

The champion suddenly announced that he would retire and hand over the title to Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight. This was rank absurdity, as Corbett very well knew. But he banked on a chance of Maher fighting Fitz, and perhaps being lucky enough to out the man from the antipodes. James J. felt pretty sure he could beat Maher, but was by no means certain of his ability to handle Fitz. Later developments proved that he had the right angle concerning the slugger from way down yonder.

Fitzsimmons took on Maher and knocked him out in less than a round at Langtry, Texas, on February 21, 1896. In December of the same year Fitz stopped Tom Sharkey in San Francisco with a right to the stomach, the same sort of punch that afterwards made him champion. Sharkey was given the decision on a supposed foul by Referee Wyatt Earp. But the whole sport world knew that Fitzsimmons won on the level, and had been jobbed by the Golden Gate gambling bandits.

Sharkey was easy for Fitzsimmons. Yet in the preceding June, the same Sharkey had Corbett nearly out in the final frame of a four-round bout staged in Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco, which was declared a draw.

Fitzsimmons then ranged hotter and harder than ever on the Corbett trail. Yet Corbett managed to stall off the inevitable meeting until March 17, 1897, when he was knocked out by the ex-blacksmith in 14 rounds at Reno, Nevada. It had taken the victor over three years to corner the elusive James J. and bring him to time!

Had Corbett been permitted to have his way, he never would have fought Ruby Robert. Persistency on the part of Fitzsimmons, is what got him the match. Gentleman Jim feared Fitz.

* * *

George La Blanche, "inventor" of the pivot punch which, according to the records, was used 100 years ago, though under a different name.

LESS fortunate than Fitzsimmons in the latter's pursuit of Corbett was Max Schmeling, who never did succeed in catching up with Jim Braddock. Max had every right to a match with Braddock and challenged him frequently, after Jim won the heavyweight title from Max Baer in 1935.

But the Braddock interests promptly sidetracked Schmeling. The German was going great guns just then and looked like bad medicine to swallow. Schmeling's 12-round knockout of Joe Louis in 1936 had boomed his stock tremendously. It was best to leave him alone and not risk the transference of the heavyweight title to a foreign land. Considered from an unbiased standpoint, one is forced to the conclusion that Max

Tom Sharkey, whose powerful right-hand wallop was termed "The Navy Crusher," a blow that came down with a swing and landed with terrific force. Like other punches, it was long in use before Sailor Tom popularized it.

Schmeling would have whipped Braddock at that time, and that Jim and his backers felt just that way about it. But they never met, and in 1937 Joe Louis kayoed Braddock and became champion.

To be physically afraid of Lou Nova, or of any other fighter, was something never experienced by Joe Louis. The only fear that beset the champion was that he might not be in 100 per cent scrapping trim, and so fail to live up to his true form against Nova. This insistence on being in first-class shape for battle has ever been a fetish with Joe. He has said that if he lost the title at any time, he wanted to lose the right way—with no excuse to offer on the score of poor condition.

* * *

ON steaming up the fight through publicity channels we were treated to the familiar gag of Louis having "lost his punch." They first sprung that when Louis whipped Tommy Farr, but didn't stop the Briton. In his next scrap Joe belted Nathan Mann so hard on the jaw that Nathan's feet shot into the air, and he spun round in a species of frantic whirls, before crashing to the floor, stiff as a red herring.

A few weeks later Louis blasted Harry Thomas out of the picture in five rounds, and on June 22, 1938, his devastating wallops wrecked Max Schmeling in less than a round, and put the Teuton heavyweight in the hospital.

A long time elapsed after that man-crippling exhibition before the "lost-his-punch" gab was renewed. But it was revived in due time, because such speculation regarding a champion always interests readers of the sport pages. And, of course, every fighter is bound to hit the down-grade sometime, if he stays long enough in the game.

In Louis's case, the publicity-feeders never fell back on the time-honored expedient of crediting him with the invention of some new, extraordinary punch. He did so much damage with an established brand of socking material that they probably didn't think it necessary.

But from the Nova camp came plentiful hints of the deadly nature of an attack designed by Lou in collaboration with a Dr. Brown, professor of physics. This visualized dynamic balance and a "cosmic" or "bullet" punch. And one learned with mild astonishment that a "cosmic" sockdologer was responsible for the flattening of Max Baer by Nova last April.

To one unversed in the weird science of manufactured wallops in a mystic atmosphere, it looked like a plain, hearty right-hand biff that bounced on Max's already battered mug. But it's all right with us to label it "cosmic." "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and a kayo slam on the chin-button registers tops, call it what you will.

Nova is tabbed as a student of yogi philosophy and a delver in the occult, hence the air of mystery with which his sponsors and press agent surrounded him. How much or little he believes in this stuff nobody knows but himself, and it isn't really a matter of importance what cultural, religious, mystic or moral opinions a scrapper may hold. The payoff is on the crude old conventional knockout, just the same! Lou had tasted the kayo wallop!

Nobody ever suspected Gene Tunney of literary leanings until his feet were well set on the championship trail. Then we learned he could quote Shakespeare as well as land a left jab. But he was limited to book-research, he didn't invent a new punch!

* * *

THE last time the "new punch" racket figured in a heavyweight campaign was when Primo Carnera was being readied-up for his title-scrap with Jack Sharkey, which took place June 29, 1933, and resulted in the Venetian mammoth scoring a six round kayo. The Carnera boosters released a lot of press-dope, which included darkly significant references to the birth of a secret punch that would pretty near revolutionize the whole pugilistic industry when Primo demonstrated its power.

But there wasn't any revolution. The wallop that stopped Sharkey was an old-fashioned swinging right uppercut that tagged the ex-gob on the chin, and that was that! The secret annihilator never figured in the affair at all. Maybe it was too fiendishly horrible a weapon to employ!

When Jack Dempsey was bowling 'em all over, he frequently mussed opponents up a lot by deft use of a chopping blow on the back of the neck, administered with the side of a glove. That was the rabbit punch, which is now outlawed. One of Jack's press boosters had an article published which stated that the Manassa Mauler invented the neck-chopping stunt. The ingenious scribe didn't claim that Mr. Dempsey also invented the left jab, right cross counter and uppercut, which he might have done with just as much reason as in the case of the rabbit punch.

The blow in question was used even back in the London Prize Ring days by the bare-knuckle men, though they didn't call it a rabbit punch. But in many of those oldtime mills, the chroniclers refer to blows given with the fist at the base of the brain, which amounts to the same thing.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN kayoed out several opponents with sweeping right punches that landed back of the neck, but he didn't specialize in that particular delivery. It was much the same to John L., whether he copped 'em on the jaw, jugular vein or neck, and the recipients were never in a condition to argue regarding the exact spot where the wallop landed.

The real rabbit punch was never much in evidence in this country until the early nineties, when Australian glovemen began invading the U.S., in large numbers. The blow was used as a matter of course in the prize rings of the antipodes. The late Captain Cook, when editor of the Boston Police News, covered a battle between Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight king, and Joe Goddard of Australia, known as the Barrier Champion, which took place in New York city, in 1892.

Goddard kayoed Maher in three rounds of savage slugging, and Cook, in his report of the contest, called attention to Goddard's habit of disengaging his right glove when Maher clinched him, and then bringing the side of the mitt down like an axe on the back of the Celt's neck.

"Goddard worked that neck-wallop on Peter several times," wrote Cook, "and it's certainly a punisher calculated to take all the fight out of the man it lands on. It assuredly hurt the big Irishman and helped along his defeat."

The fight-publicity chap hadn't flowered into bloom in those distant days. Otherwise, Joe Goddard would have been hailed in the sport-press as the discoverer of the *(Continued on page 46)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jenkins-Cochrane Fiasco Shocks Fans
Weird Exhibition Brings Weirder Action
New York Boxing Commission Goes Haywire

THE 12,182 persons who paid a total of $31,111 to see Lew Jenkins, the lightweight champion of the world, and Freddie Red Cochrane, the welter king, clash in a handicap match in Madison Square Garden, left the House That Tex Built sadly disappointed. What had been advertised as a contest which presaged plenty of action, developed into one of the most weird, unsatisfactory, uninteresting, listless performances seen by a New York crowd in many moons. So terrible was the affair that the less said about it the better.

Cochrane was a willing fighter, ever eager to carry on his end of the bargain with the public, but in his adversary he found a champion who was so far unfit to engage in fistic warfare, that the New York State Boxing Commission had better find another means of checking on its boxers before the Goose That Laid The Golden Egg is killed in the Empire State. If what Lew Jenkins and his managers told me and other newspaper men, in the dressing room after the contest, is taken at face value, then a gross injustice was done to those who paid their good money to see a fight but saw a fiasco.

Lew declared that he had informed those in charge that he was unfit to continue training because of his motorcycle injury, yet the Boxing Commission passed him as fit and as a result he gave a sorry performance. The Commission and Mike Jacobs deny that Jenkins at any time had asked to have the fight called off because of his poor physical condition, hence it is difficult to state just where the blame rests for the sorry joke that was perpetrated on the public. I feel confident that had Mike Jacobs known of the true condition of Jenkins he never would have permitted Lew to enter the ring against Cochrane. The investigation that took place after the fight is another case of closing the stable door after the horse has been stolen.

* * *

THE fight showed only one thing other than the fact that the quicker Lew Jenkins is shorn of his crown, the better for the sport. He is the most unfit title-holder the ring has seen in thirty years.

With him, the honor of being champion apparently means absolutely nothing. Pride is not part of his makeup. He has mocked at the sport that has brought him fame and fortune, the vocation that brought him up from nowhere into the spotlight as an international figure in boxing—from rags to riches. There are a number of high class lightweights clamoring for a chance such as Jenkins received, who cannot obtain it yet who in my opinion, were they granted that opportunity, would be worthy of it.

As for Cochrane, he is a willing battler, ready at all times to give his best, a lad who cherishes the crown he now wears and who apparently was more hurt by the terrible performance of his opponent than was the gathering that spent more than $30,000 to attend the show. Cochrane was ever the aggressor, floored his man four times and Lew slipped once, but even in the poor condition that Jenkins found himself, Freddie could not put him away. Thus Cochrane proved that the fighter from whom he won the championship still remains the world's outstanding welterweight. Cochrane and his mentors have announced that they will not agree to give Fritzie Zivic a return bout, at least not until such time as they are good and ready.

Cochrane is a good club fighter, but if what he displayed against Jenkins is the best he can offer, then either Fritzie Zivic has gone back a long way or else I am sadly mistaken in the ability of the former welterweight king.

Up to the time that Fritzie was whipped by Cochrane, he proved that he was best man in his division and his superiority could not be questioned. Therefore, Fritzie is entitled to another engagement with Cochrane, as per their agreement, if for no other reason than to give the followers of both fighters an opportunity to test the matter of supremacy at this stage.

Jenkins cannot possibly be as bad as what he showed against Cochrane. He is a terrific puncher when he can connect properly, but in the Garden contest he was so weak that he could not even jab with effectiveness. The only asset Jenkins possesses, stiff punching, was never in evidence against Cochrane. Not even the poorest preliminary lads, appearing in the small clubs of New York, have, to my knowledge in years, displayed such a weakness as did Jenkins in this fiasco.

* * *

THE three members of the New York Commission, General Phelan, Col. Wear and Bill Brown pulled one for the books when they put their heads together and thought up a disinfecting plan to rid the sour taste from the mouths of the thousands of disgruntled fans who had attended the Louis-Nova and Jenkins-Cochrane "battles." Unable to take it on the chin, as they should have for permitting Jenkins to get into the ring in an overweight match for which he was physically unfit, the commission decided to take it out on several managers, trainers and fighters.

First, they suspended Ray Carlen, manager of Nova, for a period of six months, "for giving Nova advice inimical to the best interests of the public; sixty days to Ray Arcel, chief trainer for Nova, "for the same reasons"; sixty days to Willie Gilzenberg, manager of Cochrane, "for instructing the welterweight king to take things easy during the early part of his bout with Jenkins," and holding up $1500 of Jenkins money until such time as he placed forfeit money up to assure his appearance against Angott, though Mike Jacobs at the time declared he was not willing to stage the fight now because of the sorry showing of Jenkins.

All this came as an aftermath of the dismal showing of Lou against Cochrane. Covering up commission inefficiency by such weird action brought a merry laugh from the fight fans. How come that the commission passed Jenkins both during his training period and on the day of the fight, when Willie Ketchum, his chief trainer, and Lew himself, declared that he was unfit to fight?

Since when, might we ask, does a commission take upon itself the duties of manager, trainer and chief second? Isn't the job of supervising the training of the fighters a big enough task for them to tackle?

What need of having any seconds or managers at all, if the commission is going to tell them how to handle the fighter in the ring? Were the members of the New York board consistent, they would have suspended dozens of fighters, managers and trainers for what they penalized Arcel, Nova and Gilzenberg.

History records the great deeds of many famous seconds, men who won the fight for their charges by clever handling of difficult

situations. A second knows, or should know, his man. He has studied him and likewise his opponent. That is his job.

If he thought, as Nova's mentor had a perfect right to do, that the best plan to avoid defeat, or at least assure the Californian of proper protection against such a devastating hitter as Louis, was to keep Lou from mixing matters from the start, there certainly can be no fault finding with that plan. That it acted adversely, caused Nova to lose prestige and forced the public to witness one of the poorest heavyweight championship bouts of all time, was something that couldn't be foreseen. The chief second was within his rights in not sending Lou out to the slaughter from the start.

* * *

APPARENTLY the commissioners are splendid second guessers! They say it was preposterous of Carlin and Arcel to spend several months pointing out such strategy to Nova. The pre-fight strategy is O.K. if it is conducive to a fine battle, say the commissioners, but the use of tactics that enable a fighter to last long but turn in a bad performance, is reprehensible.

My suggestion is that General Phelan take over the helm of manager over all fighters licensed by the New York Commission; Col. Wear to be chief of staff on the board of strategy, since he is so well acquainted with maneuvers, and Bill Brown, an excellent physical culturist, assume the post of chief second for all fighters. That would be a combine assuring the fans who pay $30 for a ringside seat at a fight perfect entertainment. There could surely be no aftermath of disappointment under such imperial control!

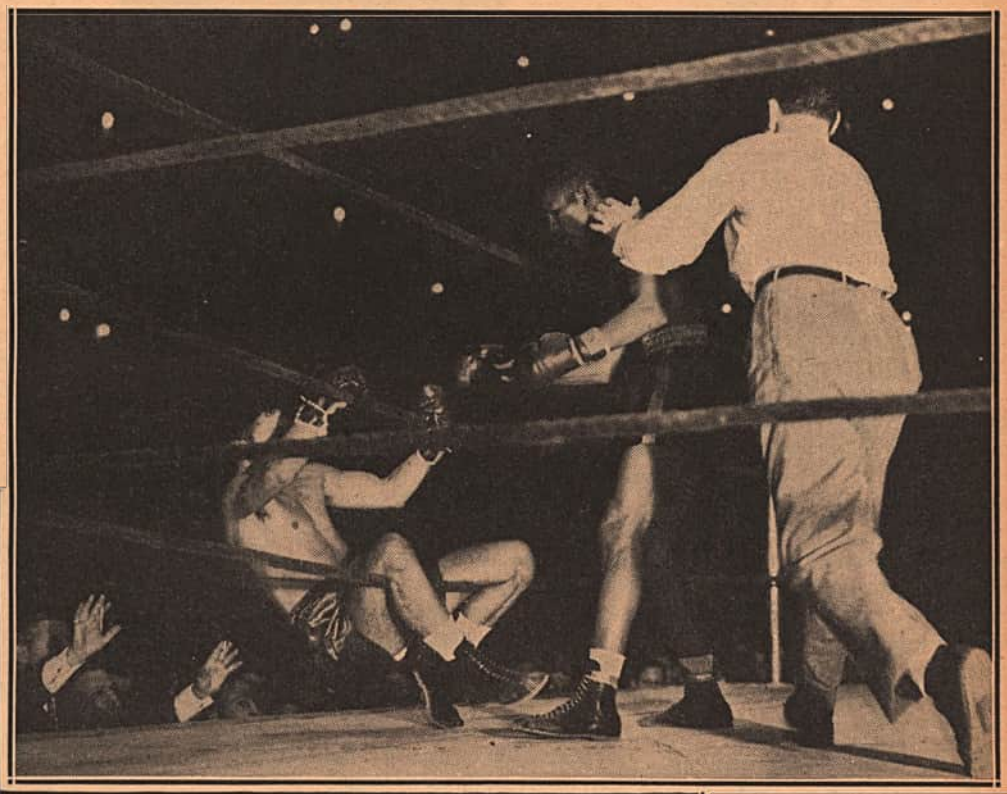
The action of the boxing board implies that only Pier 6 or "dock rat" bouts are wanted in New York henceforth. Boxing science and ring strategy are to go by the board! Slugging alone, hereafter, will suit the men who are, by law, required to look after the welfare of the sport, its patrons and its competitors!

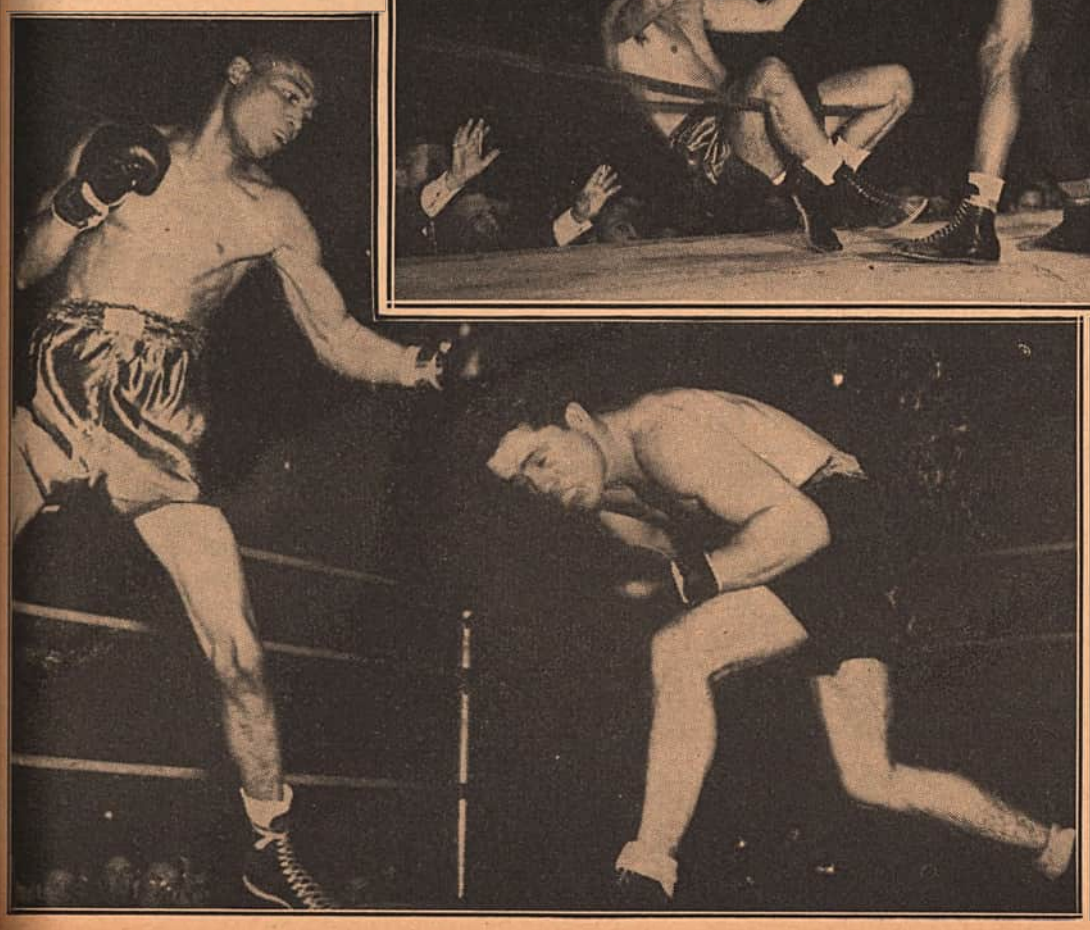
Apparently, as Ray Carlen remarked when he left the commission offices: "I should have sent my boy out to the slaughter from the start. He should have gone out with his chin struck out to satisfy the commission.

"There is no wisdom in the latest edict of the commission. The fact that my plan of strategy didn't work out the way it was conceived, is no excuse for the commission to take away my license for six months nor to take away the bread and butter of a man who acted according to my instructions as second, Ray Arcel. We were trying to win the heavyweight title and I had every reason in the world, as have thousands of other handlers done in the past, to lay out the plan of battle for my fighter."

Correctly said, Mr. Carlen. Pity that you must suffer for an attack of the heat suffered by the three members of the New York commission on the day they suspended you!

Billy McCarney, veteran handler of many famous fighters, among them Luther McCarty, predicted that boxing would degenerate into the lowest form of bar-room brawls if the edict of the commission is permitted to stand. A manager and chief second





Action photos of America's outstanding lightweight contender, Ray Robinson. In the photo above, we see Maxie Shapiro, New York lightweight, on the ropes in Madison Square Garden, just before Referee Donovan stepped in to halt proceedings as Maxie was outclassed. In the other photo, taken in Convention Hall, Philadelphia, Robinson is pictured with Marty Servo from Schenectady, N. Y. The victory which Baby Face Robinson gained was his twenty-fifth straight.

hereafter will be afraid to steer his fighter through a fight.

"What are we coming to," he remarked. "If we are to have a scienceless pastime, we had better do away with commissions. The only reason boxing commissions have been appointed through legislative law, is to do away with the type of fighting seen in the old days and now the New York moguls come forth with a bold statement that we must go back to those ruthless, heartless days to satisfy the whim of the commission and to give them and the fans better entertainment!"

* * *

WHERE do the commissioners get off to tell managers and seconds that they have no right to map out the strategy for a fight? Where do they get off to tell a manager that the fighter under their control must go out and fight his head off in the opening round as do the kids seeking medals in the Golden Gloves or Diamond Belts tournaments? I've been through thirty-seven years of boxing and never heard of such silliness as this new order. If defensive strategy is not the right of a second, then boxing is in for a sorry spell in New York.

This despite the fact that I thought the Louis-Nova fight the worst heavyweight battle in years. Fear on the part of Nova is what made that bout smell to the heavens.

Joe Louis was just as guilty as was Nova of steering clear of ring activity in the first four rounds. He did little more than Lou. He, like the challenger, was following the ring strategy of feeling out his opponent, yet not even a word of reprimand was issued against him, or those who had charge of his strategy, Messrs. Roxborough, Black and Blackburn.

What's good for the goose is good for the gander. If Arcel and Carlen were guilty, then Louis' mentors were likewise holding back "entertainment of the fans" by forcing Joe to maneuver about the ring waiting for Nova to lead. There is no finer counter puncher in the game than Louis and he purposely withheld going after the challenger in those early rounds until he was certain that he had his man where he wanted him.

* * *

THE only constructive piece of legislation passed by the commission in many months was that pertaining to over-the-weight matches. The commission declared itself against further matches in which one champion would be pitted against another, with neither title at stake.

Well, Commissioners, I'm mighty happy to see that at least this one of many suggestions made by THE RING Magazine, has been adopted. Let's see what this writer said in an editorial, following the Soose-Abrams battle:

"If ever there was a good argument for forcing a champion to defend his title every time he came to bat, it is the case of Georgie Abrams. I term the Boxing Commission lax in its duty when it permits such a condition to exist in the guise of sportsmanship. A commission that sanctions violations of sportsmanship rules by permitting an opponent to force his opponent to come in beyond his normal weight in order to protect a title, should investigate itself."

And in another editorial, THE RING Editor said:

"It is high time that the New York Commission and all other boxing moguls get busy on the question of overweight matches. A champion who finds it more lucrative to go out of his class than to fight legitimate challengers, of whom there are many, is not worthy of the title. Especially is this true in cases where champions of two divisions are permitted to enter the ring in a handicap match with no crown at stake.

"I contend that when a champion of a lower division faces a champion of the higher division and defeats him, regardless of their contracts, the winner would annex the crown of the loser. But why permit such bouts at all? The commissions are lax when they condone such procedure. Such practice should be stopped. Let's have no more handicap matches. In this way alone can the sport be protected!"

Captain St. John Dean, sports officer to the South African troops, famous referee and sportsman who officiated in the last Olympic boxing championships.

* * *

PERHAPS the New York Commissioners saw these editorials, and perhaps not. Whether they did or didn't, the fact remains that they decided to play ball with the promoter, Mike Jacobs, as against the better sportsmanship and firmer protection of boxing over which they rule, by sanctioning such bouts. As Dan Parker, eminent Sports Editor of the New York *Mirror*, most fearless and best American writer on boxing, so aptly put it:

"The Boxing Commission is on the spot in the Jenkins-Cochrane bout. Long experience has proved that whenever two champions in different divisions meet each other, the chances of a bit of business being transacted is multiplied. A promoter doesn't want either champion to be knocked off any more than the fighters involved want to have a defeat charged against them. Hence the chances of a good fight are very slim."

That sums it all well. There was no collusion in the Jenkins-Cochrane fight, but there wasn't any action on the part of one champion who was afraid that he might be knocked off because he was out of condition. Cochrane wasn't at fault. One might wonder how so weak a hitter could floor his man four times, but one couldn't say that he wasn't trying his best at all times.

His manager, Willie Gilzenberg, did what every first rate chief second would do under the same conditions, when he told Cochrane to coast after he had won all but one round. Jenkins is a stiff puncher. That much is well known. There was no telling whether he was just kidding Cochrane into believing Lew was as bad as he appeared, and Gilzenberg took no chances when Red had the fight won by a mile.

What was wrong with that, Messrs. Commissioners? Suspending a competent second who has guided his man properly through ten rounds is a shock to all true sports lovers. Why take it out of Gilzenberg for the shortcomings of the commission? More common sense should be displayed by the rulers of boxing.

* * *

AMONG the newcomers who have come to the front in the last half year, one must not overlook Joe Peralta, who boxes out of Tamaqua, Pa. Big Joey, who is a lightweight, showed his skill by his recent triumph over Chalky Wright, newly crowned featherweight king, who scaled 126 pounds to 133 for his opponent. Although no title was at stake, Peralta's victory, despite the big weight advantage he carried into the ring, was such as to arouse national comment in his favor. He carried the fighting to his hard-hitting featherweight opponent, and in almost every respect showed that he must be reckoned with among the good boys of his own class during the indoor season.

The Pennsylvania Mexican is the type of fighter who is recognized by the boxing profession as a finished fighter. He knows the tricks of the game from A to Z and can manipulate things within the roped square in a manner that baffles his opponent. He is a welcome addition to the large number of boys in the lower divisions who are coming to the front in leaps and bounds and are certain to keep the pot boiling during the next six months.

He is a reminder of Bobby Garcia, who retired from the ring about six years ago.

* * *

FROM Anthony G. Heron of King George VI Barracks, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, came a letter to me asking me to comment on an article that appeared in the *Rhodesian Service Men's Record*, written by Dr. Jokl, titled "The Medical Aspect of Boxing."

The writings of Dr. Jokl have drawn considerable adverse criticism from the soldiers in South Africa, and in my humble opinion, correctly so. In his article on boxing, he says, "Scientific evidence, collected over a period of ten years' research, is so alarming that the conclusion to be drawn is boxing must go." The doctor continues:

"I found that the 'ordinary' chin knockout is due to a contre coup concussion of the most sensitive portion of the brain, the medulla oblongata. That every blow to the head produces a more or less severe concussion of the brain. That the serious injury underlying the impairment of consciousness in the 'groggy' state indicates permanent damage to the central nervous system.

"That deterioration of intelligence, initiative, efficiency and personality, due to the innumerable head blows received by boxers, is a frequently observed result of this 'sport.' And that fatal accidents are common occurrences in the ring. Among the numerous case histories on which my conclusions are based, are the descriptions of three deaths of South African amateur boxers on whom careful autopsies were carried out.

"Let those who can disprove my evidence as well as evidence gathered by numerous medical men all over the world who have corroborated in my findings and conclusions, come forth with their data. Facts, not opinions, count.

"Boxing is the only sport in which injuries are deliberately produced. Injuries in all other sports are accidental events. This is the reason why boxing must be considered from a special point of view. And this is also the reason why, of all the popular sports, boxing and boxing alone will have to disappear."

* * *

DR. JOKL, from my observations over a stretch of 36 years, certainly has not taken his data from proper sources. Were he in America, the boxing center of the world, where thousands of boys annually engage in boxing and less than one per cent leave the field disabled, he would not write as he has.

Four years ago I completed an investigation that had lasted for five years, and then compared my figures with those of Dr. Walker, chief of the medical staff of the New York State Athletic Commission, and we found that the percentage of disabled, punch-drunk fighters, boxers who in sports parlance "walk on their heels," was so small as to be almost negligible compared to the vast army of unharmed lads who competed in boxing over that same period.

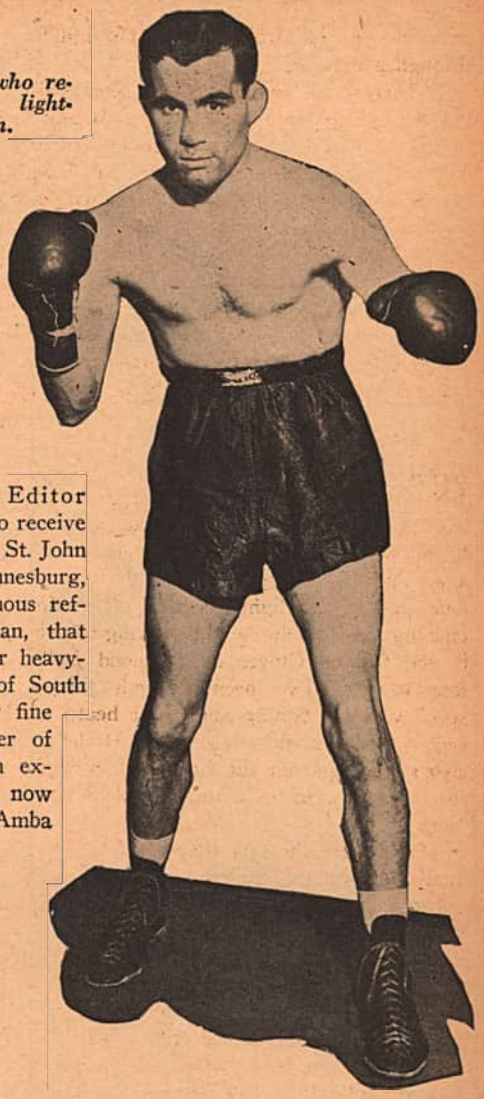
We found that less boys were injured in boxing than in football, yet Dr. Jokl says that injuries such as are suffered in sports other than boxing are accidental and, therefore, I presume, must be ignored.

I'm afraid that Dr. Jokl's findings would be passed on in our country as inconsequential, because we see too many boxers here, high strung lads, clean-cut, full of vigor, their senses unimpaired, many highly educated, box for years without being injured. The type portrayed by Dr. Jokl, and because of whom he would eliminate boxing as a sport, are few and far between. Perhaps not so where Dr. Jokl lives, but that being the case, his writings should be for that center only and not for universal consumption.

Boxing is the greatest sport in the world. It is a sport that develops all muscles. It brings into play the qualities that help to develop so many traits of character which figure in one's daily life, that it furnishes a moral training in itself.

It is a sport that sharpens the brain. It aids in the development of character and personality. It builds up confidence in one's self, coolness, perseverance, self-control, manliness, determination, tenacity, courage and keenness of eye.

Dr. Jokl would have to go a long way to disprove the above. For every disabled or punch-drunk fighter there are 1000 able-bodied young men following the sport who are physically fit and as mentally sound as the best of the human race.



Dave Castilloux, who retained Canadian lightweight crown.

* * *

THE RING Editor was pleased to receive word from Captain St. John Dean of Johannesburg, South Africa, famous referee and sportsman, that Ben Foord, former heavyweight champion of South Africa, is doing fine work as a member of the South African expeditionary force now operating at Amba Alagi. To those who have written me asking for information about Ben, I am happy to relate that the former British Empire title-holder is alive and kicking.

In a message to Captain Dean, which in turn was sent to me at Foord's request, genial Ben says that he is quite well after helping to chase the Itos out of East Africa and that he has had bags of fun doing it. Ben Foord, who always hated hard work and never cared for training, but always had his heart in the right place, had an opportunity to get a commission with the home guard but turned it down to get active service with his pals as a private. Johannesburg has furnished a large quota of men for the expeditionary force.

Incidentally, Captain "Tiny" Dean, who is well known in New York, is one of the oldest men in the Service. He is the sports officer, whose duties are to serve proper entertainment for the South African soldiers. Tiny sends his regards to his many American friends and well wishers. He has found time even during these strenuous days to turn out a booklet in use by the South African army athletic directors called "The Third Man in the Ring Speaks"—practical tips on scoring in boxing contests.

The United States Army officials would do well to adopt the methods used by the recreation officers in the British Expeditionary Forces to perk up the morale and to offer proper entertainment, especially in boxing, for the boys in the service. From personal observation around the country in Uncle Sam's camps, I find that we are entirely too lax. Our system of teaching boxing, a most vital art of American defense methods, is most unsatisfactory.

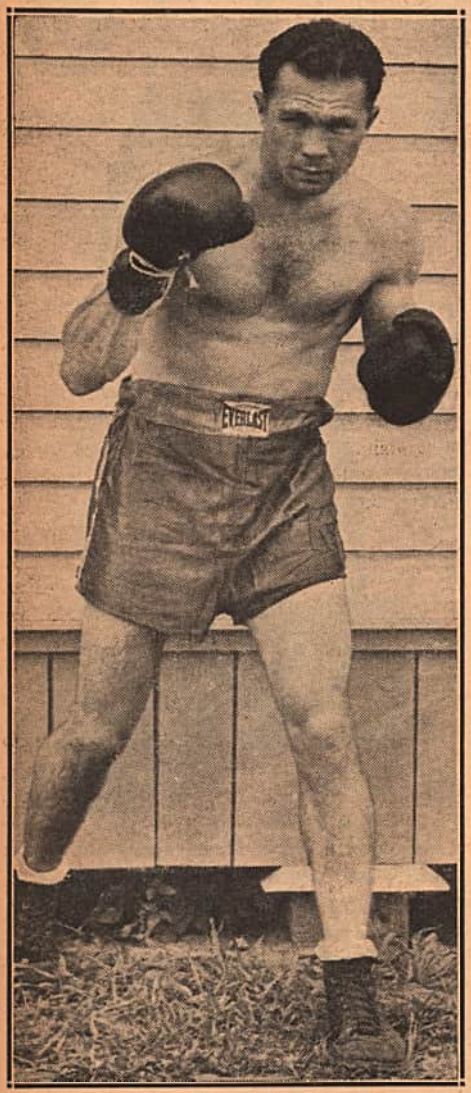
Not only are incompetents placed in charge in most cases, but even those who are doing their best to help build up the physique and the boxing technique of our men, so important in bayonet efficiency, find themselves hampered by officers who refuse to give their consent to the teaching of boxing.

Here is one section of the American defense teachings that could be brought to a high standard *(Continued on page 47)*

INSTRUCTORS NEEDED

Army Should Encourage the Holders of Physical Education Degrees by Offering Them Commissions as Morale Officers or Recreation Directors, Instead of Keeping Them as Privates

By
"THE SPORTSMAN"



Mark Cohn, New York Physical Education Director who is boxing instructor at Fort Knox.

DOWN in Fort Knox, Kentucky, there's a young man really doing a good job for the U. S. Army. This man is no national figure, and doesn't have the nation-wide prestige of a Gene Tunney, or a Jack Dempsey; but what he lacks in universal reputation, is more than compensated for in educational background, practical experience in teaching, and ability to conduct a program.

This person is Mark Cohn whom New Yorkers remember as 1936 Lightweight Golden Gloves Champion, winner of the Yale Rubin Memorial Trophy for his outstanding skill and sportsmanship in Madison Square Garden, and member of the International Boxing Team that fought in London the same year.

Unlike most Golden Gloves champions, Mark did not continue in the professional game. Instead, he devoted his energies to the teaching and instruction of boxing and to the pedagogy of physical education in general. Cohn is a graduate of New York City College where he specialized in Physical Education and Recreation, and at present has completed three quarters of the work required for a Masters Degree.

But his qualifications are not limited solely to courses at college since he has had a good deal of practical experience in conducting athletic programs, and teaching. He served 5 years as a playground director for the New York City Department of Parks; worked 3 years as athletic instructor at the Ostend Athletic Club, in Far Rockaway, N. Y.; taught boxing for 3 seasons at Camp Rockaway, Long Island, and has worked in the capacity of athletic instructor at various evening and community centers throughout the city. At present he holds a license to teach Health Education in the New York City High Schools. He has specialized in boxing instruction for the masses, and should fit in nicely in Uncle Sam's programme.

COHN, in addition to having other duties in athletics, is in charge of the boxing program at the Armored Force Replacement Center at Fort Knox. He is working hard to put into effect a program of mass boxing instruction where every soldier can learn to box. He believes that the best system for large scale instruction has been developed by Michael E. Sachey, former boxing coach of Alabama University, who is one of the outstanding authorities on boxing instruction in the country. This system provides for the teaching of as many as 2000 men at one time on a large athletic field.

Fred Apostoli, who is with Tunney's forces. Fred has scored three kayoes since joining the Navy's forces.

A rotating squad movement is used. In this, every man on the field is busy boxing, punching the light and heavy bags, rope skipping, shadow boxing, doing calisthenics, and in general undergoing a period of healthy physical exercise and development.

"Every single man in the army should be given a chance to learn the rudiments of boxing," says Cohn. "The program should not cater to just the professional fighters, but the masses, the beginner. The plain every day soldier should be allowed to actively participate in the program, and not be a mere spectator for the men who happen to come into the army as experienced boxers. Boxing can contribute too much to the physical, mental, and emotional development of the average soldier to omit him from the program.

"A comprehensive boxing program requires intelligently directed leadership. This does not mean employing professional fighters, but rather using men who have had both boxing experience, and background in teaching; men who can instruct, and run a well organized program," concluded Mark in a recent interview with THE RING Editor, his friend.

Mark is giving mass boxing drills every morning to entire battalions averaging around 750 men. In these drills basic principles of the art are taught—stance, footwork, left jab, right cross, and coordination of body, hands, and feet. He is also conducting classes in mass boxing pedagogy for soldiers at Fort Knox, so that they can go out and assist with the mass boxing instruction. A small gymnasium is in operation where novices can receive instruction during athletic periods. Inter-company and interbattalion contests are being conducted and the bouts the soldiers put on, are creating a lot of spirit in the camp.

Cohn, at the present time, is just getting his boxing program started, but the authorities at Fort Knox are very much pleased with his work thus far, and if his present progress continues, the boxing program at Fort Knox should rank among the best in the nation.

Mark Cohn, because he holds a teacher's degree in physical edu-

Here is Mark on platform, giving mass boxing drill to Fort Knox soldiers. Mark follows the famous German system of mass drills, and in this he has had considerable experience. The former City College boxing star is one of the few instructors in the army who knows how to impart his knowledge of physical education to others.

cation, is an acknowledged student of merit in boxing and from his large experience with boys in New York, can handle a vast assembly as one, should not be a buck private at Camp Knox. Men of his type are what the army needs. He should be regraded with an officers' commission and should be given either a roving commission such as Gene Tunney enjoys, or should be placed in complete charge of physical education and recreation, as one of the Morale Officers, at Camp Knox. THE RING hopes such a place will be found for so efficient a man in his profession as Mark Cohn.

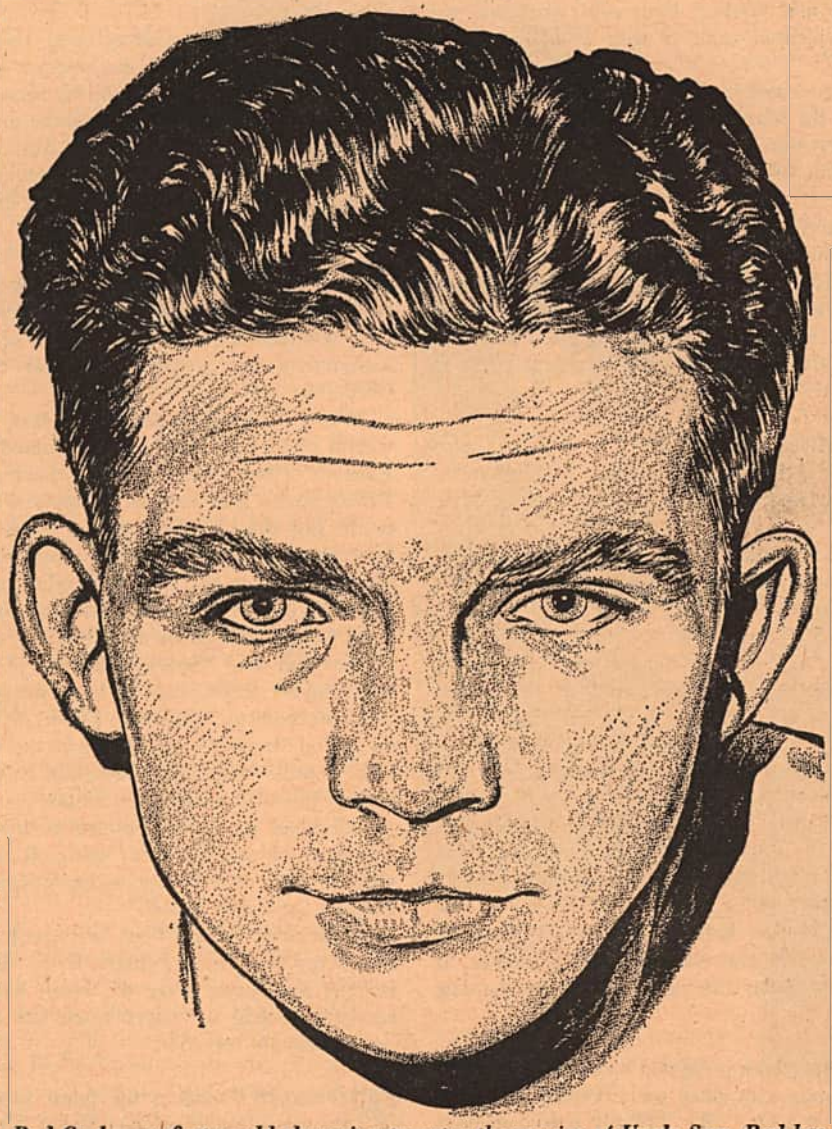
* * *

TOMMY DIXON, boxing coach at Fort Leonard Wood, is putting the steam behind the opening of the large scale boxing program mapped out for the fall and winter months. In a message to THE RING, Tommy says that with the full cooperation of the officers, it has been made possible for him to get a large number of men for systematic training. Men in all divisions are listed and preparation is in full swing. First company and inter-company bouts are to be staged and then two or more teams will be selected to represent the Fort in championship bouts.

Six units are at present represented by the pugilists, even the military police having its special squad. From the ranks of the soldiers, Instructor Dixon has obtained the services of Russ Wasser of the First Infantry and Steve Kruchko of the 182nd Field Artillery as his assistants.

Each is well known in boxing circles. They have both had professional experience and know their work well.

The headquarters and Military Police Co. Sixth Division, is boasting of its fighting non-com, Corporal William "Ikey" Ykema, who in the opinion of those who have watched him in action and know a good fighter when they see one, will be the heavyweight champion of the Sixth Division. Ykema who hails from Madella, Minn., according to Instructor Dixon, is a "find." He is a crude, clumsy farmer boy with a heart of iron, an abundance of courage and quick at picking up pointers. He is 22 years old and is a fine heavyweight prospect. He has many valuable assets for a young fighter.



Red Cochrane, first world champion to enter the service of Uncle Sam. Red has joined the Naval Aviation service and is one of Gene Tunney's boxing instructors.

* * *

LIEUT. COLONEL HARVEY L. MILLER, former president of the National Boxing Association, has been designated Division Morale Officer of the First Marines Division by Brig. Gen. Philip H. Torrey. The outfit is stationed at Jacksonville, Florida.

Col. Miller, on military leave from the District of Columbia Boxing Commission of which he is secretary and from his duties as boxing coach of the University of Maryland, has with him Marine Gunner Harry F. Volkman, a Washington referee and prominent in A.A.U. boxing circles; also Captain Leon Brusiloff, well known on the screen, the stage and in radio circles. This trio hopes to keep up the morale of the Marines to high pitch with entertainment of all kinds, particularly boxing. Col. Miller hopes to get a strong team of boxers together for special tournaments.

Service Boxing in Hawaii

By HARRY DWYER

UNDER the glaring light of a full moon, service boxers from the land of pineapples and Hula dancers, crowded the spotlight of sportsdom with their ring deeds, taking with them many complimentary remarks from both civilians and service men alike.

In recent weeks the new navy boxing arena opened to a full capacity for the first card. Since that time, weekly shows have been presented with the cream of the fistic luminaries of Uncle Sam's seagoing fleet dishing them up inside the roped square.

At the Army camps and forts the boxing industry is enjoying one of the best seasons it ever had. While only a few of the outfits are now hitting the high spots with their individual smokers, the future looks bright for all hands, and many an evening's pleasure is going to be derived by the fistic fans when the first gong sounds off.

With the many thousands of new soldiers and sailors in the service, the game of biff and bang is headed for a pleasant cruise along the gladiator shores. Recent newcomers to the islands have brought with them fisticuffing records made the hard way, the experience of which proves to be a valuable asset to the boxing camps within the service athletic regimes.

* * *

THE second of the weekly cards presented by the navy at their new boxing arena went over like water over a log and the thousands of service and civilian fans who witnessed the bouts, went away more pleased than if they had been at a championship affray.

Twelve pairs of seagoing scrappers took to the ring and demonstrated the ins and outs of the Marquis game with each bout being of the caliber of a main eventer. Two of the bouts wound up on the horizontal trail and three others traveled over the path of the T.K.O. route.

Bill "Blonde Tiger" Streeter of the battleship stable, scored the first K.O. of the evening when he sent Bill Williams of the cruisers troupe into the land of dreams shortly after the bell rang for the third canto. Streeter sent Williams to the deck in the second heat only to have the bell save him. In the final heat, Blondy shot over a fast left and then pushed a potent right to Williams' jaw for the final signal.

Mac MacMillian of the destroyers pounded out a win over E. J. Brown, a lightweight from the Subbase. K. J. Lopez, also a lightie, clocked a win over Detrick of the Subbase. J. J. Summers, welterweight from the battleship stable, took the duke over Madrid of the Minefor.

In one of the fastest and scrappiest bouts of the evening, Jimmy Timar of the battleship stable polished off "Irish" Leary in the early part of the third frame. For three heats both scrappers turned on everything they had and kept the crowd grabbing for the edges of their seats. Early in the third frame, Timar cut loose with a flock of devastating punches, sending the Irisher back to Killarney via the sleep route.

F. Laurence and M. E. Blount, a pair of Negro welters, put on a crowd pleasing affair when they stepped through three fast heats, neither giving an inch to the other. Laurence finally copped the duke after the final bell rang. E. R. Campbell of the Minefor dropped A. R. Moore of the cruisers, early in the initial heat when he slipped a powerful right to the cruiser lad's jaw.

In the final event of the evening, "Big Boy" Grabil of the Batships stable, unleased a leather barrage on Nemeckay's body and face with devastating effect and romped home a winner. It was the batship boy's fight from the opening bell to the last count.

* * *

TWO boxing smokers have been presented by the 19th Infantry leather pushers up to date with many more booked for future dates. In the bouts presented so far, the "Chicks" have garnered together an array of fistic talent which speaks well for the khaki clad warriors who like their medicine via the upholstered mittens.

At the first smoker held by the Chicks at the Schofield Barracks emporium of wallop, three of the events were real mixers, with the final bout of the evening between Wolf of Co. C, and Smart of H Co., a pair of bantams furnishing a lot of fireworks for the hundreds of fans who turned out.

Both Wolf and Smart started at the first bell and kept up a fast pace throughout the three rounds, the outcome of which was a close decision for Wolf.

Other results were as follows: Tongel of Co. K, stopped Carmenaros of L Co., in the first heat; Thompson of G, dropped the decision to Huish of K, by a T.K.O.; Brisbin of L, won from Leach of Headquarters; Lee of H, lost the duke to Wilson of Headquarters, and Lynch of G, won from James of K.

At the second smoker presented by the Chick maulers, K.O.'s featured a well matched card in which the pride of the 19th Infantry donned the mittens for the enjoyment of their buddies. Four of the bouts finished horizontally, while a pair went by T.K.O.'s.

In the opening scrap, Farren of K, took the palm over Roche of C; Burnalle of Headquarters, took the first K.O. of the card when he put McMahon out of the running in the opening round of their bout; Ebel of M, won by a T.K.O. from Raftie when the latter did not answer the bell for the final canto; Underwood of L, blasted the hopes of Snyder of E, in the second round of their melee.

In the main event Garret of L, tangled with Harp of K, in a heavyweight match with the former silencing the strings on the musical Harp by a T.K.O. in the second heat.

Other events which followed the intermission resulted in decisions for Ratto of E, who duked Mailhoit of H; Nessan of Headquarters, won by a foul from Hutchings of K, and Amandole of E, flattened Tate of G, in the initial heat of their slugfest.

* * *

SEVEN fast stepping fisticuffing affairs were run off at the Naval Air Station under the promotion of "Speedy" Bayless who has stepped up the tempo of the flyers' boxing since he inaugurated the weekly affairs at the little Madison Square Garden of Hawaii.

At the last card staged by Bayless, "Ding-Dong" Bell, welterweight of the Naval air stable, clouted out a clean cut K.O. over Ransom of the cruisers in the opening stages of the third heat. Bell, a flashy little colored scrapper who shows promise of rising to the big time in short order, staged one of the best fights of his career when he tore into Ransom at the opening bell and held his adversary at bay until the right opportunity arrived.

Bill Williams from the cruisers took a three-round decision from "Cally" Callahan of the tenders in a fast bout. Pat Tine of Navalair and "Sparky" Sparks of the cruisers traveled at a fast clip for three heats to have the bout wind up even-stephen. A right cross by "Speedy" Timar of the batships livery, spelled doom for Moore of the tenders in the second round of their swatfest. Timar's wallop went straight to the button and finished the bout with a K.O. going to Timar.

Individual smokers by outfits of the Army are booked for the first part of the new year with all cantonments and companies staging their own affairs to be followed later by the championships of the Army posts.

While no word has been forthcoming regarding bouts between the Army and Navy fighters, many of the individual outfits are issuing challenges, some of which have been taken up and the smokers booked for dates when the scrappers of both services can be brought together.

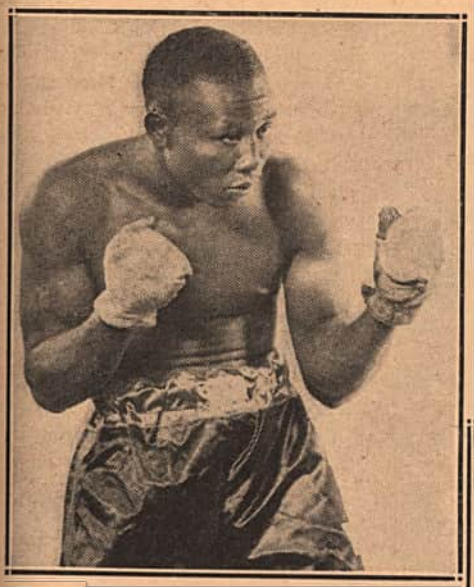
* * *

BOASTING one of the finest boxing stables on the Island, the newly commissioned Naval Air Station at Kaneoha, under the guidance of "Frenchy" Alleman, *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW FACES

By

HARVEY THORNE



Waddell Washington, promising New England middleweight.

The 21 year old Hebrew is a recent college graduate, having secured a degree in engineering, and with his school days behind him, it is Sammy's choice of a few more years in the ring before he starts to capitalize on his college knowledge.

Hydler has high hopes that some day he may attain the pugilistic heights so that he can really have things to talk about when he is building bridges and dams and whatever it is that engineers of the skilled variety are called upon to build.

Oddly enough, it was a knockout of the college champion that started him on the boxing road. Sammy entered the amateur ranks and won the welterweight championship of the state of New Jersey in 1937. Two years later he turned pro, expecting to pay for his tuition from his ring earnings. He made hits wherever he boxed, and scored some fine triumphs over Paul Klang, Lou Schwartz, Sean Hynes, Benny Cartegena, Charlie Bochio, and Pete Muscarnera among others.

He lost a bitterly contested 8 round bout to Doug Marsh, the highly heralded Canadian now serving his country in a semi-final contest at the Bronx Coliseum. Following that loss, Sammy left the ring for a spell to finish his college course and now that he has his degree, young Hydler is again ready to make his fistic mark.

He is a stand-up boxer with a good punch in either hand, and the type of fighter a paying customer likes to look at. He is managed by the popular Mitchell Silvers.

* * *

GEORGE FELTES

GEORGE FELTES, Milwaukee's young rugged middleweight, now fights out of the services of the Great Lakes Naval training station. George is a Naval Reservist who has been called for the second time into active duty for an indefinite period. He holds the rank of Seaman 2nd class.

He is a crowd-pleasing fighter who never fails to give the fans a good show. To date, he's had 22 fights with some of the most promising boys in the middle west, winning the majority. He is a very tough boy with a good punch in either mitt.

SAMMY HYDLER now can devote all his time to the prize ring and great things are expected from the Newark, N. J. welterweight.

Combined with his bobbing and weaving style, he throws a nifty left hook from both long and short range. Here's a boy that is sure to make it tough for any middleweight in due time.

* * *

George Feltes, Milwaukee's young, rugged middleweight.

Willie Pep, Hartford, Conn., featherweight star.

WILLIE PEP

ONE of the brightest stars among New England newcomers, is little Willie Pep, Hartford, Con-

(Continued on page 43)

Don Wallenfang, former national Diamond Glove champion lightweight.

DONALD WALLENFANG, West Allis, Wis., 1941 National Diamond Belt lightweight champion who recently turned pro in Milwaukee, is considered by many as the best pro prospect in the state. Wallenfang also holds two other "unofficial" amateur titles. In the course of winning the Diamond Belt at Detroit and Boston, he beat the current National Golden Glove and National junior A.A.U. champions.

Don is a clever boxer with a good punch in either hand. He got off to a bad start in the pros by losing to another local star, but since then, he has come through with three decisive wins. To give an idea of the high popularity that Don carries throughout the state, a resolution was introduced in the state legislature giving him full honors for "pugilistic accomplishment and fine sportsmanship". This is the first time any such honors have been paid a professional or amateur boxer.

With proper handling this boy will prove a champion. Incidentally Don was recently drafted. He is now in camp.

Sammy Hydler, a welterweight from Newark, N. J., who looks promising.

MAKING THE GRADE

By FRED EISENSTADT

TIPPY LARKIN

THE comeback kid of the lightweight division. That is what rabid Jersey fight fans are calling the state 135-lb. king Tippy Larkin, Garfield's pride and joy. Larkin, like many other boxers has put his tiny home town on the map and is making it familiar to thousands who otherwise would never have heard of the place.

The rangy, sharp hitting Italian youngster is performing in a manner calculated to make his fellow citizens proud of him. Three years ago he was hailed as one of the greatest prospects ever to come out of the state of New Jersey as he rolled up win after win until his streak reached the staggering total of 55 in a row.

Included in this brilliant run, were the cream of the state's lightweights. He beat the present world's welterweight champion Red Cochrane, no less than five times! He turned back competent Maxie Fisher three times, and capped his streak by stopping Billy Beauhuld in Madison Square Garden in a bout advertised as for the lightweight championship of New Jersey.

He first discovered his ability to box in the C.C.C. camps. As far as is known, he is the outstanding boxer to be developed by this worthy project. His brother Bobby took the name of Larkin as an amateur and most of the family adopted the monicker when Brother Bob achieved success as a simon-pure.

Following his 1940 defeats against Al Davis, to whom he conceded much weight, and Lew Jenkins, who nailed him before he could gain his bearings, Tippy took a short rest and then returned to the wars. Since these setbacks he has shown vastly improved punching power, and he has seemed to be all the better for the two reverses.

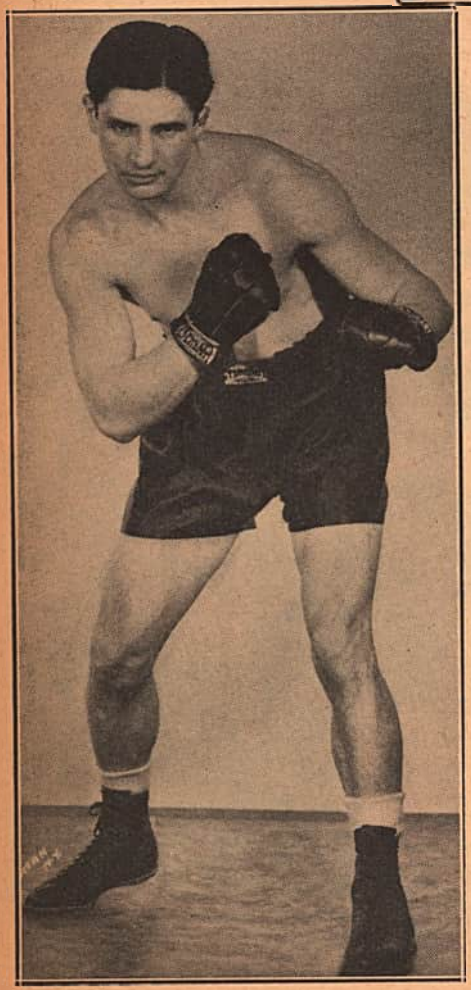
Early in his ring career he displayed great potential power as a hitter but discarded the free swinging style of his early days in favor of a more polished style of boxing. Until the sudden ending of his bout with big Al Davis, he had given a superb demonstration of cleverness and skill.

Since the beginning of this year, he has sacrificed some of his fancy dan tactics, and this has resulted in increased punching power. Only one of his seven foes have lasted the limit against him this year. So capable a warrior as Freddie Archer, went out in a single heat and among the other victims of his reborn wallop are Joey Silva, Norman Rahn, Abe Cohen and Joey Zodda.

He has really come back to the fore with a bang and his dapper and polished little manager, Angelo Pucci, best dressed man in Jersey, has a busy winter campaign lined up for him.

A fighter with a punch is always welcome with fight fans, and Larkin, the boxer turned slugger, shapes up as one of the best hitters in the class right now.

Antonio Fernandez, welter and middleweight champion of South America, who has a good record since coming to the States.



Sal Bartolo, one of the outstanding contenders for Chalky Wright's crown.

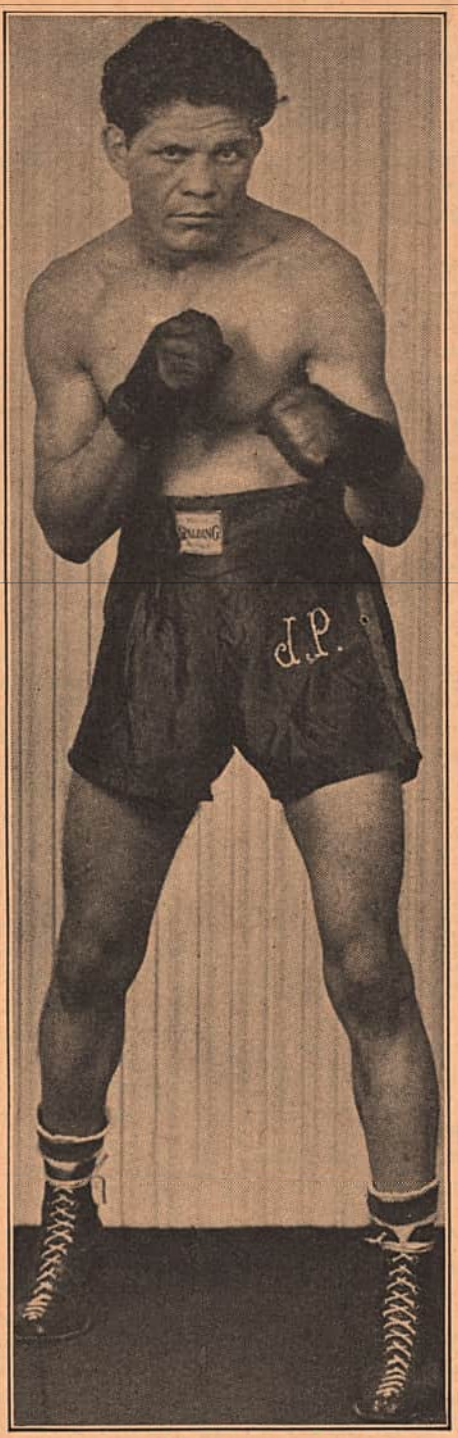
* * *

IZZY REDMAN

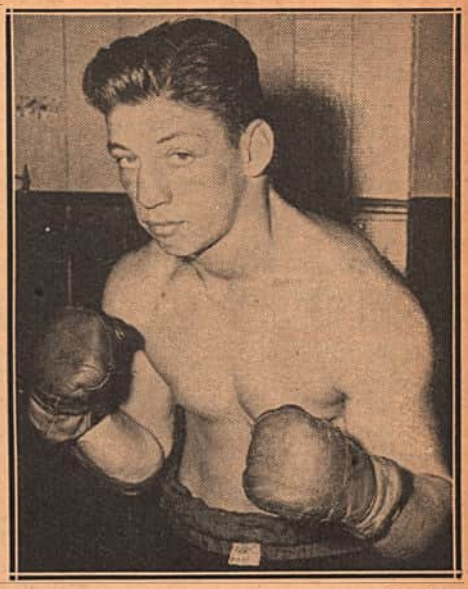
IN the last year and a half, during which time he has taken part in 16 bouts, Izzy Redman, Brownsville Brawler, is undefeated. In his last showing at Madison Square Garden, Redman scored a sensational five-round knockout over the durable Brooklynite, Harry Ginsberg. Among those Izzy set back before that are Marty Marino, Johnny Flores, Jackie Bird and Johnny Colan. Colan is the lad who recently kayoed Steve Mamakos and Ernie Vigh.

Izzy Redman, a 155-pound socker from Brooklyn, who is travelling with the top-notchers.

Tippy Larkin, the comeback kid of the lightweight division.



Joe Peralta, Mexican lightweight, who has come to the front with a bang.



Lou Schwartz, Brownsville, Brooklyn's fast-rising light-heavyweight.

The marked improvement in Redman as a boxer and fighter since his defeat at the hands of Jackie Donovan, is a revelation. Izzy's mighty fists have banged out 19 straight impressive victories since then. Nothing would please the Brownsville Brawler than to get another crack at Donovan.

Powerfully built, rugged and one of the hardest punchers in his division, Izzy is a busy fighter from the opening gong. Fearless and amazingly strong, Redman doesn't wait for opponents to lead. He walks right into them and tosses gloved dynamite at them. He carries a smashing left hook and a thunderbolt right. Redman is right at home at infighting. He keeps his strong arms pumping till he almost breaks his foes in two. He has *never* been in a disappointing ring battle.

He was born on June 22, 1916. After two years at high school, he left to work in a restaurant. He started as an amateur at the age of 17. He entered a Golden Gloves tournament in which the friend was entered. The results were ironical: Redman won, while his friend—an experienced boxer—lost. Although Redman lost eight of his 24 bouts as a simon-pure, he felt that he'd make the grade as a professional. So he turned pro on December 26, 1936, and was handled by his trainer, the well-known maker of many successful boxers, Froike Kane.

At the beginning of his career, Izzy depended mostly on his courage—his ability to take a good punch. But he soon realized that there is more to ring scrapping than sheer brute force, that it required skill, speed, concentration, a quick eye and a quicker brain. Also that footwork was necessary.

Slowly and patiently, the Brownsville Brawler learned a boxing proficiency. Redman has learned the art of shooting a left jab with speed and accuracy, learned how to feint, to block, side-step and roll with a punch. He has also learned how to put his shoulder behind right hand punches —as he demonstrated in his bout with Ginsberg.

Izzy dropped the tough Teddy Mogil, who weighs around 170 pounds, with a powerful right to the chin, to win the decision in his latest battle. Redman also fought Stanley Hasrato, a good light-heavyweight, a hectic draw. Izzy scaled only 152 pounds for that fight. His weight now is 155 pounds.

Redman has had 41 pro fights. He has fought two draws, lost 6 and scored 16 kayoes. He is under the management of Lew Burston—who is anxious to match the Brownsville Brawler-Boxer with any 160-pound scrapper in the world. And judging by the manner in which Izzy has been behaving against opponents in the ring of late, Redman is likely to kayo or outfight the cleverest and the most durable.

* * *

SAL BARTOLO

THE most dangerous threat to Chalky Wright's newly acquired featherweight title is in the person of Sal Bartolo. Many fistic experts are of the opinion that the Bostonian can defeat Chalky. In their recent bout at Madison Square Garden, Wright gained the verdict though many thought that the boy from Boston, and not the Mexican-born Negro, was entitled to the decision.

Bartolo certainly fought like a champion that evening. That Sal is made of Championship timber, is recognized by the experts. A legitimate featherweight, Bartolo is solidly built, light on his feet, is possessed of a lightning-like left jab, carries dynamite in his right fist and is an exceptionally clever boxer. Among those who have tasted Sal's kayo wallops in his 48 battles as a pro are, Johnny Cockfield, Sammy Caro, Frankie Merrill, Emil Dumont, Tony Saunders, Art Nadeau, Everett Rightmire and others. Fighters he's beaten are, Bobby "Poison" Ivy, Ginger Foran, Abe Denner, Tony Dupre, Monty Pignatore, Sammy Garcia, Paco Villa, Maxie Shapiro.

Born in Boston on November 5, 1917, Salvatore Bartolo is one of ten children—eight boys. All his brothers were amateur boxers;

it was natural, therefore, that Sal follow their example. Unable to overcome their objections—but determined to become a boxer, nevertheless, little Sal shined shoes in order to earn sufficient money to purchase the proper boxing paraphernalia. So anxious was he to fight, that even before he had the opportunity to make use of his equipment in a gym, Sal entered an amateur tournament—and lost his first bout. Two more, with similar results, convinced him that training and acquiring boxing technique were necessary in the hazardous sport of fisticuffs.

While still attending high school, and fighting under the name of Dominick Salvati, he pursued his fistic career. But his brothers got wind of the kid's subterfuge and put a stop to his boxing—but not to his ambition. They relented a year later, and—under the instructions of his brother Ross—began to compete at local boxing arenas. After only three bouts he won a Golden Gloves 118-pound tournament. And within a period of two years he had participated in some 100 bouts.

He turned pro in 1937 and was a hit in his home town. He fought there with great success, but after taking part in thirty battles in and around Boston, he began to hear the call of the Big City. So he came to New York and placed himself under the management of his cousin, Louis Schiro. Schiro turned the boy over to Lew Burston—one of the most capable fight pilots in the business.

The Boston battler has reversed almost every decision he lost, with the exception of Joey Fontana, who is a lightweight. That's because Fontana refuses to give Bartolo a return match. Sal would also like to even the score with Petey Scalzo and Chalky Wright.

* * *

ANTONIO FERNANDEZ

IN a year of campaigning around the New York boxing rings, Antonio Fernandez—holder of the welter and middleweight titles of South America, has more than made a great impression on the followers of fistiana here. The product of Santiago, Chile, has treated the fight fans with something new in fisticuffs—new in boxing style and new in the way of thrills. When Antonio begins to toss leather, the most reserved fight fans are impelled to stand up and cheer. Thoroughly experienced, Fernandez knows all the moves and all the punches—and makes good use of his knowledge when performing in a prize ring.

Of the 23 bouts in which he engaged during a year's stay in New York, Fernandez has been declared winner 21 times. The two bouts he lost were split decisions to Holman Williams. Among the lads Antonio has licked are, Tony Ferrara, Andre Jessurun, Jose Basora, Freddie Camuso, Tony Cianciola Martin, "Wild Bill" McDowell and other well-known welters and middleweights. His manager, Sammy Scheer, will gladly match his scrapper with any 147 or 160 pounder in the world.

Fernandez began his career as an amateur boxer early in life. He has engaged in 145 simon-pure battles, annexing several titles. Out of these, he fought 10 draws, and lost only four bouts. That, indeed, is a record to boast about. As for his pro career, outside of the fights he has had in this country, Antonio had taken part in 79 bouts in South America. He drew four times and lost but three times.

Which should give you an idea of his cleverness in the squared circle. His record shows a draw with the great Kid Tunero, who is well-known here as well as all over the world for his boxing skill and hard punching.

The reason Antonio Fernandez came to New York is that he had fought himself out of opponents. And seeing him in action, that's easily understood. He moves around the ring swiftly and lightly and he punches with amazing speed. He is a difficult target to set up for a solid smash, because experience has taught him the meaning of every move, every feint, every muscular action. No fight fan has seen class and speed and fistic skill till he's seen Antonio Fernandez perform. Compared with the average topnotcher who wants to meet the champion, the South American mittman is a super-boxer.

Although the official decision at Madison Square Garden in his battle with Steve Belloise was a draw, most of the sports writers reported it in favor of Fernandez.

JOE PERALTA

THREE years ago, Lester Krell, Arizona sportsman and boxing promoter, while in Mexico City, met a 20-year-old Mexican whom he thought would make the grade and brought the boy back to his, Lester's, home town, Douglas, Arizona. Step by step Krell took this slam-bangster along by leaps and bounds until he figured he was ready for better opposition. In his handling, he has had the boy in 45 bouts and the lad, Joe Peralta has been undefeated.

Tony Mar, Sabino Aslas, Al Lopez, Joe Lucero, Chato Valencia, Manuel Camacho, Frankie Catalina, Soldier Ed Stanley, Norbert Neehan, Ray Price, Billy Hale, Jorge Morelia, Johnny Fasano were beaten among others and he drew with Cecil Hudson.

On account of business enterprises Krell moved into the town of Tamaqua, Penna. and took this young prospect along with him. There Joe caught on like a house afire. He has mowed down all opposition.

His first bout there was with Billy Davis, pride of the Anthracite region, and the best Joey could get for his efforts of trouncing Billy, was a draw. They were rematched for twelve rounds and this time so convincing was the shellacing Billy received, that even the officials could do nothing but give the Mexican the duke unanimously. Then came clever Georgie "Dusty" Brown whom Joe polished off with ease.

Going out of his class to meet the best Coal Region welterweight, Howard Burton, Peralta gave Howard the same dose of medicine. The next bout was against Bill Speary, Pennsylvania's hope for the feather title, who had beaten Jeffra, Raffa, Archibald and others, yet Speary had no chance against the rugged lad from the land of Sombreros and Joe again was the winner.

Following up his good work, Joe moved his stuff up in to New Haven, Conn. and there took the town by storm, trouncing Snooks Lacey, conqueror of Bobby Ivy. Then came the kid's big chance and he jumped at the opportunity to meet the most feared fighter among the little fellows of the present day, Chalky Wright, and the Featherweight King received the surprise of his life when Peralta out-fought, and outpunched the champion all the way to win a popular, unanimous decision, thus placing himself as the Star of the year and in line for a shot at Lew Jenkins' title.

A mutual friend of both Krell and George Sheppard, popular New York manager had them meet and together they hope to lead the boy into the World's Lightweight Championship. Another star has risen in the fistic horizon in Peralta.

* * *

LOU SCHWARTZ

A VICTORY over the clever and thoroughly experienced Andre Jessurun, is something for an up-and-coming youngster to crow about. But when the youngster has also knocked out such men as Stanley Berl, twice; Frank Castiglia, Warren Peterson and Frankie Britt, it is enough to prove that he is possessed of the stuff successful boxers are made of. And seeing him in action is more than proof; it is a pleasure. He proved this when he fought the Maryland welter king, Izzy Jannazzo, and lost in 10 rounds, but held the fans attention throughout. Because Lou Schwartz is a real two-fisted fighter. And that's because he loves to fight.

When a man loves a thing the way Schwartz likes fighting, the chances are he will make a success of his pugilistic career. Lou carries terrific power in his right fist; and his left hook is far from being a love-tap. He can also shoot a stiff left jab—but it is his infighting which thrills and gets the fans jumping excitedly on their chairs and shouting with joy. Lou unleashes a volley of rights and lefts to the body which causes his rival to hold or try to protect his middle. It is then that Schwartz suddenly shifts his attack and almost rips his opponent's head off with wallops to the face and with head-jarring uppercuts.

Schwartz was placed in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum at the age of seven when his parents separated. He came out eight years later and began to shift for himself. Because he always wanted to become a boxer, Lou placed himself under the care of Patsy Fazio and Fat Yerna, who taught him the finer points of boxing. At 17, Lou entered the amateurs in the *(Continued on page 43)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

A Correction

In our last issue we stated that Joe Louis had never fought a colored man since winning the title. This was a mistake. He fought John Henry Lewis.

Tom O'Dell, Ponce City, Okla.

Q.—How many rounds did the fight between Jack Johnson and Stanley Ketchel go? When was it fought and what was the result?

A.—Twelve. Oct. 16, 1909. Johnson won by a knockout.

Harry Levins, Brockton, Mass.

Q.—In what class is the world championship in dispute?

A.—The flyweight and middleweight. Patterson and Dado lay claim to the former; Zale and Soose to the middleweight.

Cleveland Baker, Florence, S. Carolina

Q.—What is meant by muscle bound. Is it worth while for a fighter to train with heavy weights?

A.—When one is muscle bound he cannot obtain the freedom in the use of his muscle as he would if they were loosened. Weights are used by wrestlers. Few boxers take up weight lifting. Working lightly with them won't harm but if you use the heavy weights too much, you will suffer as a boxer. Use light weights, dumbbells and pulleys.

Savao Trumbello, Chile

Q.—Is Alberto Lovell still fighting?

A.—Yes, he recently fought Arturo Godoy.

Martin Trumbull, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Q.—Under what conditions should a referee step between fighters?

A.—When he finds one fighter is in a helpless state; when he finds one against the ropes with his opponent leaning heavily against him; when one opponent is badly cut and the referee wants to take a quick look at the injury. Otherwise, a referee should stay away from the boys and only if necessary, then he should touch the shoulders of the boys if he wants them to separate and they haven't obeyed his instructions.

Sam Rusnick, Providence, R. I.

Q.—How much of Joe Louis does Mike Jacobs own?

A.—No part. He is the promoter who has sole option on Louis' services as a fighter. Roxborough and Black are the only shareholders in Louis. They pay Jack Blackburn part of their share.

Q.—Is it true that Louis averaged only $58,000 a year as he said in court during the recent divorce proceedings?

A.—Yes. You see, regardless of the huge sums he has made, he splits 50-50 with his managers, and then has to pay a big income tax. That's what cuts into his receipts. His income, without his cuts, would run into thousands of dollars.

Harry Fielding, New York City

Q.—Is Tony Martelliano a welter or a middleweight? How tall is he?

A.—He is a legitimate welterweight. He usually scales 145 pounds. He is 5 feet 6¼ inches.

Harvey Nelson, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—When Jackie Wilson fought Baby Arizmendi recently, what was the result?

A.—Wilson scored a knockout in eight rounds at Los Angeles, Cal.

Sam Musnick, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is it possible for a fighter to be knocked out just before the bell rings ending a fight and yet win that fight?

A.—Yes. If the fighter had a lead, either on points or rounds, and then a few seconds before the fight ended was knocked unconscious, he could still be the winner. If his margin was extremely slight and such a thing happened, then he at least would have been entitled to a draw. Such endings have happened.

Thomas Pocock, Montreal, Canada

Q.—I say that when Marcel Thil fought Fred Apostoli on the carnival of champions, it was for the middleweight title. You have stated it wasn't. Will you explain? How many times have Al Hostak and Freddie Steele met? Can I get the first issue of The Ring magazine?

A.—At the time of the Thil-Apostoli contest, Freddie Steele was recognized as the American middleweight champion and Thil was world titleholder but was forced by Boxing Board to agree to non-title bout. Steele and Hostak boxed twice and Hostak won both events by the kayo route. We only have a few left which we keep for our own records.

Ernest Schwenert, Reading, Pa.

Q.—What were the measurements of Mickey Walker?

A.—Weight 158 pounds, height 5′ 6½″, reach 68 inches, neck 15, chest, normal 40; expanded, 44; waist 31, wrist 7½, calf 13, ankle 9, forearm 11½, biceps 13½.

Frank Oriz, Phoenix, Arizona

Q.—How did Jack Dempsey deliver his left hook? Is it very good to have a dengerous left and right hand?

A.—From a crouching position in an upward arch. Naturally it is to a fighter's advantage to have two good hands. That's what they are for in fighting.

H. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am thirteen years and weigh 93 pounds. I am 4′ 11″ tall. How much will I weigh at 18 and 21, and in what division will I fight?

A.—We have discontinued answering these questions as they are purely guesswork.

Eddie Webb, U.S.S. Vixen

Q.—What is the address of Buster Carroll? What chance has Jimmy Kidd Hatcher of becoming world featherweight champion?

A.—We have no address on Carroll. Hatcher is a good prospect. If he has any championship potentialities it will be brought out by his manager, Al Weill.

Emanuel Loupos, Bethlehem, Pa.

Q.—What is Anton Christoforidis doing now? Don't you think he deserves another title shot? What is Steve Mamakos doing now? When will he fight again and to whom did he lose last? Where can I contact Jesse James and Jack Zarnas? Why did Phil McGraw change his name and what was his real name?

A.—Christoforidis is resting and certainly deserves another title shot. Mamakos is recuperating from his recent knockout at the hands of Johnny Colan in Chicago. Address unknown. Phil Karmanos. McGraw sounded like a better fighting name.

Leonard Hickey, Blythe, California

Q.—Which two fighters best stood up under Joe Louis' punches? Which fighter entered the ring against him in the best condition? Which bout was the most thrill packed? Against what fighter has Joe looked the worst? What was his highest weight?

A.—Billy Conn and Abe Simon. Conn. The second Schmeling fight. Conn. 204½.

Donald Sauer, Kingston, Mass.

Q.—What are the addresses of Gunnar Barlund, Eric Seelig, Tony Zale, and Bob Pastor?

A.—Sorry, we don't know. On your other questions, future winners are strictly guess affairs and we are discontinuing our policy of attempting to pick any winners for our readers in this section of the magazine.

Ronald Kurtz, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—What are the heights of Tony Zale, Anton Christoforidis, Jimmy Webb, Ernie Vigh, Steve Belloise and Bill Poland?

A.—5 ft. 8 in.; 5 ft. 10 in.; 5 ft. 11 in.; 5 ft. 8½ in.; 5 ft. 10½ in.; 6 ft. ½ in.

Elwood Brush, Rirle, Idaho.

Q.—Has Max Baer retired? Can Buddy Baer beat Abe Simon.

A.—He says no. It would be a tough fight.

Lewis West, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—Has anyone ever started a boxing career at 24? What are his chances?

A.—Yes. Not as good, of course, as a youngster's might be, but worth a try.

Henry Blakely, Gary, Ind.

Q.—Has Joe Louis ever been in a fight where the gate was over a million dollars. How many such million dollar gates have there been since Corbett beat Sullivan?

A.—Yes, when he fought Max Baer, the gate receipts, including the radio, were $1,000.832 and when he fought Schmeling the second time, the gate was $1,015.012. The million dollar gates were: Dempsey-Tunney fights in Philadelphia and Chicago; Dempsey vs. Carpentier, Dempsey vs. Firpo, Dempsey vs. Sharkey, Louis vs. Schmeling and Louis vs. Baer.

Leon Carder, Conn.

Q.—What was the relationship of the O'Briens of Philadelphia? What were their fighting names and in what classes?

A.—Brothers. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was a great middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight. At one time claimant of the light-heavyweight and heavyweight titles. His brother, John T. Hagen, known as Young Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, was an amateur featherweight champion who when he turned pro, was one of the best feather and lightweight boxers.

Corp. Lawrence S. Pierson, Fort Francis, E. Warren, Wyo.

Q.—Did Max Baer ever fight a fellow named Campbell. If so, where and was Campbell killed?

A.—Yes, they fought in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1930, a bout in which Campbell was killed. He died shortly after he was knocked out. Read the story of the fight in my book, "Max Baer, the Glamour Boy."

Garth Henderson, St. John, New Brunswick

Q.—Was Max Baer a quitter? Was he ever afraid to fight Louis or Nova? Could he have knocked out Nova when he had him on the ropes helpless? Did he have the toughest jaw and chin of any fighter? Could he hit as hard as Louis, as Nova says?

A.—Baer was not a quitter. Read my book "Max Baer, the Glamour Boy" and you will get all the answers to your questions. He was afraid of Louis, but at the time he fought Joe, so was every other fighter. He had a very tough chin and an iron jaw when in his prime.

D. C. Patten, Gary, Ind.

Q.—What fighter made the most money in his fighting career?

A.—Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey are about on a par. When Gene received $900,000 for his one fight with Dempsey in Chicago, his total ran into bigger figures than that of any other fighter, but Dempsey made more money on a whole because of his exhibitions.

John Crawley, Roxbury, Mass.

Q.—Who was Tom Kirby of Boston? I am 19 years, 4 feet 11 inches and weigh 148 pounds. About what will I be when I mature?

A.—Kirby was former amateur heavyweight of Boston who did pretty well for a time as a pro. You should be about six feet two inches and a middleweight at 21 years.

W. Spicer, Mass.

Q.—What is the necessary equipment for a boxer in training? What is the reason for using hand bandages? What books would you say I should get to start boxing lessons?

A.—Hand bandages, skipping rope, trunks and woolen shirt, mouth piece, 14 ounce boxing training gloves, cup, head guard. Bandages are used to prevent one from hurting his knuckles and preventing injury through a spread of the fingers.

Alec Dunbar, Albuquerque, N. M.

Q.—Was there ever a world championship fight fought in New Mexico?

A.—Yes. Jack Johnson fought Fireman Jim Flynn at Las Vegas, on July 4, 1912. The police stopped the fight in the ninth round, with Johnson the winner.

Martin Shuffle, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Since Joe Louis turned professional, how many times was he floored? Who floored him? How many rounds has he fought?

A.—He was floored five times. By Schmeling, twice; Braddock, Galento and Buddy Baer. He fought a total of 303 rounds to date as champion.

Sam Wrenwick, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—When Benny Leonard fought Jimmy McLarnin, was Benny still the retired undefeated world lightweight champion?

A.—Yes. He still is. He always will be. The fact that he retired as lightweight king and then came back later to fight McLarnin as a welterweight, does not alter his status as a retired lightweight champion.

Alice Shirley, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Two fighters are felled by blows. The referee starts counting. They both get to their feet before a count of ten is made. The referee signals to go ahead with the fight. They clinch, then one fighter says he was hurt when dropped and cannot go on. Shouldn't the referee call off the bout and declare it a draw, as was the case in the Soose-Garcia fight when a butt opened a cut over Soose's head and Referee Roth halted the affair and declared the fight a draw?

A.—No, there is no reason for such action. When one of the fighters quit because he was injured, his opponent automatically won the fight on a knockout. In the case of Mr. Roth, I disagree with his verdict. Garcia should have been awarded the bout on a knockout. When a fighter cannot continue, that is his lookout, regardless of the reason therefore, unless he has been badly fouled in which case it is up to the referee to take proper action against his opponent.

Tom Sawyer, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Are fight films being shown at army camps?

A.—No. Washington authorities don't think the boys are interested. They think that Mickey Mouse and other such films are better for army morale. It is about time they woke up at Washington and got the various fight films in possession of Mike Jacobs to show at the camps. Recently at army camps I showed the Dempsey-Willard, the second Louis-Schmeling and the Buddy Baer-Louis films in sound, to show Dempsey at his best, Louis at his best and Louis on start of his decline, and the boys went daffy over the show and my discussion of these fights. They liked it so much that I was convinced of the error of the Recreation Department of the army in not showing more of these around the country.

Mario Ruiz, C.C.C. Camp Mormon, Lake Arizona

Q.—I am 17 years of age, 5′ 8½″ and weigh 151. What will be my measurements at 20? Was Ritchie Lemos ever an amateur?

A.—We have discontinued future measurements. Lemos boxed as an amateur.

The Ring Boxing Records

By WILLIAM SHULKIN AND "STANLEY"

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COLEMAN PATRICK WELCH
(Coley Welch)

Born, Portland, Maine, February 8, 1919
Nationality, Irish American
Weight, 160; Height, 5 feet 5
Managed by Chick Hayes

1938

Dave White, won 6 rds., Portland; Leo Mayo, K.O. 4 rds., Portland; Gabby Paulin, won 6 rds., Portland; Jack Lawless, won 6 rds., Portland; Chevy Chase, K.O. 1 rd., Portland; Jim McDougal, K.O. 3 rds., Portland; Dom Labbe, K.O. 6 rds., Portland; Tommy Reagan, won 8 rds., Portland; Ray McGinness, K.O. 1 rd., Portland; Charlie Sesito, K.O. 3 rds., Portland; Frankie Campbell, K.O. 4 rds., Portland; Nick Fusaro, K.O. 3 rds., Portland; Italian Jack Dempsey, K.O. 5 rds., Portland; Battling Downey, K.O. 3 rds., Portland; Larry Marrinucci, won 10 rds., Portland; Harvey Massey, lost 10 rds., Portland; Henry Chmielewski, lost 8 rds., Portland; Chick Richards, K.O. 6 rds., Portland.

1939

Sal Canatta, K.O. 2, Portland, Me.; Joe Riccoti, K.O. 1, Portland, Me.; Rony Caret, K.O. 4, Augusta, Me.; Tony Fisher, won 8, Portland, Me.; Jimmy O'Boyne, won 8, Portland, Me.; Sam Shumway, K.O. 2, Portland, Me.; Sam Shumway, K.O. 2, Portland, Me.; Billy Hughes, won 8, Portland, Me.; Henry Chmielewski, lost 8, Portland, Me.; Danny Devlin, K.O. 3, Portland, Me.; Hookie Jackson, K.O. 4, Portland, Me.; Vince Pimpinella, won 10, Portland, Me.; Enzo Iannozzi, K.O. 1, Portland, Me.

1940

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
Jan. 15	Howell King	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Jan. 26	Babe Orgovan	Worcester, Mass.	K.O. 8 rds.
Feb. 25	Johnny McHale	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 2	Frankie Nelson	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 29	Vince Pimpinella	Worcester, Mass.	D. 10 rds.
May 16	Howell King	Boston, Mass.	L. 10 rds.
June 13	Babe Verila	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
July 11	Ted Lowry	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 14	Larry Kellum	Portland, Me.	K.O. 6 rds.
Sept. 11	Ted Lowry	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 14	Ken Wardsworth	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 29	Maxie Long	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 25	Roxie Forigone	Portland, Me.	K.O. 5 rds.

1941

Jan. 2	Ernie Vigh	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Feb. 5	Augie Aurellano	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 19	Jay Macedon	Portland, Me.	K.O. 8 rds.
Mar. 7	Georgie Abrams	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Mar. 21	Henry Chmielewski	Portland, Me.	K.O. 10 rds.
Apr. 24	Johnny Seeman	Portland, Me.	W. 12 rds.
May 2	John Henry Eskew	Boston, Mass.	W. 10 rds.
June 5	Ernie Vigh	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
July 31	Tony Cisco	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 11	Jose Basora	Portland, Me.	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 24	Tony Martin	Chicago, Ill.	L. 10 rds.

ALLIE STOLZ

Born, Newark, N. J., May, 1919
Weight, 130 pounds. Height, 5 feet 7 inches
Nationality, Hebrew-American
Managed by Willie Ketchum

1937

Nov. 12	Ricardo Nunez	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 16	Joey Gatto	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 7	Sammy Rivers	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 21	Jimmy Lorenzo	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 28	Joe Novellino	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.

1938

Jan. 7	Eddie Voccia	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Jan. 15	Monty Pignatore	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Jan. 25	Tony Pagano	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 2 rds.
Feb. 5	Harry Gentile	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 9	Monty Pignatore	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Feb. 16	Matt Perfetti	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Mar. 7	Clarence Ellwood	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 21	Joe Marcienti	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 2 rds.
May 4	George Karkella	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 16	Chang Collura	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 4 rds.
June 14	Chang Collura	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 2 rds.
July 22	Joe Mendiola	Hollywood, Cal.	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 12	Olin Loy	Hollywood, Cal.	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 17	Willie Skidmore	Newark, N. J.	D. 8 rds.
Nov. 14	Willie Skidmore	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.

1939

Jan. 19	Frankie Bove	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 3	Matt Perfetti	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 23	Red Roberts	Miami, Fla.	W. 5 rds.
Mar. 17	Joey Fontana	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Apr. 17	Bobby Ruffin	Newark, N. J.	L. 8 rds.
May 3	Ginger Foran	New York City	W. 8 rds.
May 29	Bobby Ruffin	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.
July 10	Frankie Conn	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 8 rds.
Aug. 7	Charley Gomer	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 28	Monty Pignatore	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 11	Morris Parker	Newark, N. J.	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 10	Jimmy Gilligan	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 24	Ginger Foran	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 5 rds.
Nov. 27	Texas Lee Harper	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 6 rds.
Dec. 1	Petey Scalzo	New York City	K.O. by 4 rds.
Dec. 26	Pablo Dano	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.

1940

Jan. 9	Jack Sharkey, Jr.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 29	Ralph Griffen	Newark, N. J.	W. 8 rds.

1941

Mar. 3	Joe Amico	Philadelphia	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 14	Joe Amico	Philadelphia	K.O. 7 rds.
May 16	Terry Young	New York City	W. 6 rds.
June 9	Joe Marinelli	Newark, N. J.	K.O. 7 rds.
July 14	Pete Galiano	Newark, N. J.	W. (dis.) 5 rds.
July 21	Jimmy Tygh	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 2	Jimmy Tygh	Newark, N. J.	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 6	Chief Crazy Horse	New York City	W. 6 rds.

ERNIE VIGH

Born, 1919, Carteret, New Jersey
Nationality, Hungarian-American
Weight, 159 pounds. Height 5 feet 7½ inches
Managed by Sol Gold

1938

May 18	Joey Steinfeld	Long Island	D. 6 rds.
June 15	Johnny Skidmore	Long Island	K.O. 1 rd.
June 29	George Knipper	Long Island	K.O. 1 rd.
July 15	Jack Dorsey	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 23	Frankie Barnwell	Long Island	W. 4 rds.
Sept. 16	Larry Kellum	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 6	Johnny Lapinski	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Oct. 10	Eddie Ran	Garfield	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 1	Jack Ovelli	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 29	Frank Morgan	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.

1939

Jan. 6	Lou Villante	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Jan. 17	Billy Kelly	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
Jan. 21	Jimmy Weed	New Haven	K.O. 5 rds.
Feb. 10	Andy Melia	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 14	Charley Winklereed	Brooklyn	K.O. 3 rds.
Mar. 10	Teeko Born	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 21	Joe Casper	New York City	W. 6 rds.
June 15	Larry Kellum	New York City	L. 6 rds.
June 27	Joe Casper	Long Island	W. 6 rds.
July 28	Teeko Born	Brooklyn	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 5	Eddie Guerra	Long Island	K.O. 1 rd.
Sept. 19	Joe Butch Lynch	New York City	K.O. 5 rds.
Oct. 20	Tommy Campanella	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Nov. 21	Eddie Miller	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 27	Babe Orgovan	Albany	W. 8 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 9	Bep Van Klaveren	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Feb. 13	Larry Kellum	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Mar. 26	Georgie Abrams	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Apr. 30	Babe Orgovan	New York City	K.O. 8 rds.
May 23	Henry Chmielewski	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
June 4	Harvey Massey	Long Island	L. 8 rds.
July 8	Eddie Rossi	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
July 31	Eddie McLaughlin	Yonkers	K.O. 4 rds.
Sept. 6	Augie Arellano	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 22	Ben Brown	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 15	Al Bernard	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
Nov. 26	Jay Macedon	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 17	Gene Molnar	New York City	K.O. 8 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 3	Coley Welch	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 7	Billy Soose	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 7	Billy Soose	New York City	L. 12 rds.
April 9	Larry Kellum	Perth Amboy	K.O. 3 rds.
April 30	Steve Mamakos	Washington	L. 10 rds.
June 5	Coley Welch	Portland, Me.	L. 10 rds.
July 23	Tony Martin	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Sept. 11	Johnny Colan	Chicago	K.O. by 8 rds.

TERRY YOUNG (ANGELO DESANZA)

Born, New York City, April 27, 1921
Nationality, Italian-American
Weight, 135 pounds. Height, 5 feet 6
Managed by Irving Cohen

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1939		
Oct. 9	Gene Kiernan	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 23	Skippy Allen	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 6	Mickey Marinello	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 20	Carl Stein	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Nov. 28	Dom Fiantini	White Plains	W. 4 rds.
Dec. 3	Henry Longo	Brooklyn	K.O. 1 rd.
Dec. 9	Solly Pearl	Brooklyn	W. 4 rds.
Dec. 26	Jimmy Duval	White Plains	W. 4 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 15	Skippy Allen	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Jan. 25	Jimmy Duval	Bronx	W. 4 rds.
Feb. 12	Patsy Spataro	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
Feb. 17	Jimmy Mutone	Brooklyn	W. 4 rds.
Mar. 2	Johnny DeSantis	Brooklyn	W. 4 rds.
Mar. 9	Dom Fiantini	Brooklyn	W. 4 rds.
Mar. 18	Arthur Triano	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Apr. 1	Lee Watson	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Apr. 8	Eddie Cooper	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Apr. 20	Jose Rayo	Brooklyn	K.O. 4 rds.
May 6	Joe Echeverria	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 18	Al Ragone	Brooklyn	K.O. 5 rds.
June 7	Johnny Cockfield	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
June 20	Johnny Cockfield	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
July 15	Georgie Zeitz	Brooklyn	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 7	Johnny Rudd	Astoria	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 15	Davey Crawford	Brooklyn	K.O. 4 rds.
Aug. 23	Al Reid	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 14	Sammy Venti	Brooklyn	K.O. 5 rds.
Sept. 20	Charley Varre	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 5	Lee Harper	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 19	Henry Huerta	Brooklyn	K.O. 6 rds.
Nov. 2	Charley Varre	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 15	Lee Harper	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Dec. 17	Bobby Ruffin	Bronx	L. 8 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 11	Ginger Foran	Brooklyn	K.O. 4 rds.
Jan. 25	Chief Crazy Horse	Brooklyn	D. 8 rds.
Feb. 15	Danny Bartfield	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 28	Monty Pignatore	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 25	Frankie Conn	Brooklyn	K.O. 8 rds.
Apr. 4	Monty Pignatore	New York City	L. 6 rds.
May 1	Monty Pignatore	New York City	W. 8 rds.
May 16	Allie Stolz	New York City	L. 6 rds.
June 6	Joey Rivers	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
July 14	Lenny Mancini	Brooklyn	D. 8 rds.
Aug. 18	Abie Kaufman	Brooklyn	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 29	Lenny Mancini	New York City	L. 8 rds.

CHARLEY "LULU" CONSTANTINO

Born, New York City, Feb. 10, 1921
Nationality, Italian-American
Height, 5 feet 6. Weight, 126 pounds
Managed by Charley Johnston

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1939		
Apr. 17	Barry Barton	New York City	K.O. 3 rds.
May 8	Jackie White	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
May 15	Mickey Marinello	New York City	W. 4 rds.
May 22	Donnie Litt	New York City	W. 4 rds.
June 26	Al Celli	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
July 17	Lou Napoli	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 3 rds.
July 31	Al Kerner	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 7	Mickey Marinello	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
Aug. 28	Ricardo Nunez	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 8	Clyde English	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 18	Paul Trinkle	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Sept. 24	Mickey Marinello	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 4 rds.
Oct. 7	Norman Silver	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 21	Norman Silver	Brooklyn, N. Y.	D. 6 rds.
Nov. 4	Frankie Deris	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Nov. 13	Norman Silver	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Dec. 11	Joe Maldonato	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Dec. 16	Joe Maldonato	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 8	Joe Echeverria	New York City	D. 6 rds.
Feb. 23	Harold Schwartz	New York City	W. 4 rds.
Mar. 23	Dom Fiantini	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 6 rds.
Apr. 20	Frankie Deris	Brooklyn, N. Y.	K.O. 5 rds.
May 10	Norman Silver	New York City	W. 6 rds.
May 27	Joe Echeverria	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 2	Chico Hernandez	Long Beach, L. I.	W. 6 rds.
Aug. 16	Wahoo Watson	Long Beach, L. I.	K.O. 2 rds.
Aug. 30	Joe Echeverria	Long Beach, L. I.	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 21	Joe Echeverria	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Nov. 4	Dom Fiantini	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Nov. 18	Dom Fiantini	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 2	Jimmy Mutone	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 23	Sammy Venti	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 30	Joey Stack	New York City	W. 8 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 20	Carlos Cuebos	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 3	Sonny Brentz	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 17	Lou Barbetta	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 3	Minnie Demore	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 14	Curly St. Angelo	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 31	Sammy Garcia	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
May 1	Jimmy Gilligan	New York City	W. 8 rds.
May 9	Joey Iannotti	New York City	W. 8 rds.
June 23	Red Brent	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 2	Carlos Manzano	New York City	D. 8 rds.
Oct. 6	Curley Nichols	New York City	W. 6 rds.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WHEN I left New York to soldier in far off Hawaii, I thought I had left forever the memories of some of the greatest fights I had ever witnessed. However, those memories were once again revived in the persons of Mike (Joe Palooka) McMullen and Jimmy (Dynamite) Clark. These two game-hearted and talented youngsters have given us soldiers of the redlands some of the most thrilling fights ever put on in the now famous Schofield Bowl. Now that these two boys have done their share of fighting for glory I thought it proper in all respect to these two youngsters that I write to you and ask that you mention the fact that they will now try their hands at professional boxing in neighboring Honolulu rings.

PVT. MICHAEL ROSSI,
Schofield Barracks, Hawaii.

* * *

A MILLION thanks and a million congratulations for your allusion to "fixed" bouts, in your editorial in the October issue. Believe me, sir, this comes from the heart.

I have argued the same way to ignorant cynics in the past and will be happy to lend my small voice thus in the future.

From a man in your position, this argument should carry much weight.

KASPAR T. HUFF,
Densmore Hotel, Tulsa, Okla.

* * *

IN a recent issue you were asked to give some data on Johnny McGrath of Newburgh, N. Y., and you answered that you didn't know anything about him, so I'm taking the liberty to tell you something about this fine prospect. He is a promising young light-heavyweight. He started boxing while at the Newburgh Free Academy. After graduating, Johnny made frequent use of the high school gym for training and so well did he progress that upon the advice of Joe Canzoneri, manager, he decided to take up the sport.

He did swell work as an amateur middleweight before turning pro. Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, started him off as a professional. McGrath comes from the same region as Melio Bettina and Ernie Vigh. He has campaigned in New Jersey with success and hopes this fall and winter to continue his good work in and around New York. He does most of his training at Tony Canzoneri's camp in Marlboro, N. Y.

I am glad of the opportunity to make this young boxer's name known to RING readers through the medium of this fine publication, which stands as a symbol of our democratic form of government—fearless, independent, ever ready to take up the cudgels of the weaker element, and which stands for all that is good in boxing.

FRANK FARRELL,
Newburgh, N. Y.

* * *

I AM going to write you a few lines, Nat. Am in the Army at Fort Lewis, Washington, in the 103d Antitank Battalion. Just a few words about how boxing is getting along in Fort Lewis. We have many good fighters here. Each battalion has a boxing team and we go from one battalion to the next and have our boxing shows every Wednesday afternoon and evening. This National Defense is sure helping boxing and we will see many a great champion crowned after this emergency is over.

I read your RING Magazine fervently. It's the best in the world and a treat to the boys in the service. Keep up your good work, Nat. We soldiers sure like your RING Magazine.

LEONARD A. LEYENDECKER,
HQ Co., 103d Antitank Bn.
Fort Lewis, Washington.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

AFTER reading over the June issue of THE RING Magazine (which I recently obtained), I congratulate you on the way you wrote up the last two Louis fights against Simon and Musto. They sure were swell reading and there was plenty of praise and glory for the defeated men.

PRIV. ARTHUR FISCHER,
HQ. Co., 5th Infantry,
Canal Zone, Panama.

* * *

I HAVEN'T missed a copy of your magazine since 1930, but have never taken time to write you before. I have followed the game closely the last eleven years as amateur boxer, trainer, manager and promoter of amateur boxing.

Your magazine is without question "tops" in the boxing world. It has settled many questions and wagers on boxing questions without further parley.

Your ratings prove themselves the best when rated boys oppose each other.

I acted as sparring mate and second for my brother-in-law, Hubert "Kid" Dennis, former Pacific Northwest lightweight champion, for a number of years. In 1936 (May issue) Eddie Borden rated him sixth in the world. Dennis retired in 1938.

Also managed Jimmy McCusker, former Rocky Mountain bantam champ, who gave Little Dado, Jackie Jurich, Freddie Pope and Rush Dalma some great fights in California.

I've got a kick to register. (Who hasn't?)

In Jackie Wilson's record (October issue) you have left out his defeat by Ritchie Fontaine, a Montana boy. Also you list him as having K.O.'ed Baby Breese, when the opposite is what happened. This should be rectified in all fairness to Breese and Fontaine.

HAROLD "SHEIK" MANNING,
Anaconda, Montana.

(Thanks, we already corrected the Breese error. I am sorry for the oversight on Fontaine, who according to my records, defeated Wilson at Los Angeles in ten rounds on September 13, 1938.)—EDITOR'S NOTE

* * *

I HAVE read several copies of THE RING and secure it whenever possible. I think your rating, criticism and lauding of fighters all over the world is very fair and hope you will continue to be an influence in boxing for many years to come.

Out here, we only recognize a boxer as world champ if THE RING Magazine so designates him. I read in our newspapers recently of Phil Zwick's coming close to winning the "world featherweight championship" from a man who does not hold that distinction. Pete Scalzo was that man. A brilliant pugilist is Pete, but Jeffra was the world champ at the time, so we just had to laugh scornfully at the report.

E. KROEGER,
Windhoek, South West Africa.

* * *

IN this walled city of ours, hard on the banks of the St. Croix River, there has been a great deal of discussion, to put it mildly, as to whether or not Joe Louis would lose his title if Jim Robinson were to have knocked him out in their recent so-called exhibition in the Twin Cities.

As I see it, it was a competitive fight, regardless of what the commission labelled it, and, as there could be no overweight fight for a heavyweight, Louis' title was on the line. Even if a state had a rule that all championship matches must be for a certain number of rounds, if the state commission O.K.'s a match involving a heavyweight champ, that would make it really a title bout, regardless of the number of rounds. Am I correct?

So far as I know there is no precedent bearing upon the question. But do you not think that, *really*, a heavyweight champ should lose his title if K.O.'ed? Do not such so-called exhibition fights closely parallel the no-decision fights of the old days under the Frawley Law?

Pardon me for writing on both sides of this sheet, but the prison rules allow us only one sheet of writing paper. Your magazine, THE RING, is greatly read here. The boys digest every bit of news. It is a life-saver to us, the imprisoned. Although crooked ideas got most of us in this prison, we greatly admire you for your stand for all that is upright and honest in the world of boxing. You are a power in the sport and we admire your pluck in fighting even the biggest men in the sport when "right" is at stake.

BOB O'CONNOR, No. 8941,
Stillwater, Minn.

(Thanks for your compliments. I always appreciate getting the views of our readers, pro and con. Your angle on the dispute is correct. His title was at stake in the Robinson bout.)—EDITOR'S NOTE

* * *

I AM enclosing a check for $1.10, for which please send me the following: Your book, "Max Baer, Glamour Boy of the Ring," and the back issue of THE RING containing the Joe Louis-Harry Thomas fight. Also the back number containing either Tunney vs. Heeney, Carnera vs. Sharkey (title bout), or Schmeling vs. Stribling (title bout). I am naming three different fights, because I know that you do not have many of those old numbers still in stock. Thank you very much for your time.

I am only 15 years old, but have been very interested in boxing, and in your magazine, for over two years. I like THE RING because of its hard-hitting editorials, its sportsmanship in spite of race, creed, or color, its swell photographs, and its excellent descriptions of fights. It's a swell magazine, and I've saved every one I have bought.

The T.K.O. ruling is the most ridiculous thing in the book. Every time a discussion over the merits of Joe Louis starts, someone will say, "Dempsey and Jeffries scored knockouts, but Louis never scores anything but a technical knockout." Or, "Louis didn't knock out Schmeling—he just scored a T.K.O."

That's a good one! I suppose that Galento, eyes closed, mouth hanging open, held up by the referee, was not knocked out. That Paychek, flat on his back, staring at the ceiling, was not knocked out. That Schmeling, writhing on the canvas after taking the worst beating of his life, was not knocked out. For the sake of men like Louis, I hope the T.K.O. will soon be wiped out.

A "White Reader" ought to catch the next boat for Germany, where they teach intolerance of "inferior races." Of course, you have a lot about colored boxers in your magazine. In nearly every division there are outstanding Negro fighters. Right down the line from Louis to Chalky Wright, there are Negroes that have come to the fore. Such fighters as Booker Beckwith, Bob Montgomery, Jackie Wilson, Ray Robinson, Holman Williams, and Chalky Wright have added color to their different classes. How can you miss praising these fighters?

Why don't you get out a picture album of famous fights? You have a wonderful collection of photographs, and I for one would greatly enjoy seeing action shots of famous fights.

Hope I haven't bored you too much.

DAVID BONEY, JR.
Richmond, Va.

* * *

I AM one of those who would welcome a record book by you. I understand that the reason why you have not published one to date and hesitate to do so is because errors crop into such records, due to the fact, as you have written me, that you cannot get proper cooperation from fighters and managers and some even go to the extent, when sending in records, of doctoring them. I am surprised at your reasons for not publishing a RING record book.

Come now, Nat, one doesn't give up the fight because it is difficult or because it will take a long time to perfect the job. Please get down to work and start compiling that book. We want it. We need it. It is your job to do it. If everyone were to say that his job were too difficult and that he wasn't going to do it—where would we be?

Very well, so you publish one edition and later find many errors—then two or three or five years later you'll come out with an even more perfect and greater book. Everyone realizes that there will be errors and they won't complain as long as they know the errors weren't intentional. You did your best, they will say. I'm sure of that.

As for free copies to the writers—well, you don't see them coming around giving you copies of their column free. Charge them. Give no free copies to anyone. This record book is a part of your profession—just as writing a column or a book is their profession and neither must take advantage of discouraging each other because of asking for free copies or expecting them, when you must do such a vast amount of work and spend so much money on printing. You both serve the public as does the butcher, grocer or mechanic—and you should be paid in return.

Don't get me wrong—I have nothing against writers. In fact, I consider myself a writer, and that is one of the reasons I am going up to Hyannis, Mass., to get a job on their newspaper.

I'm sure that every sports writer in America will welcome your record book and be willing to pay his three dollars for same. It will be worth it, I'm certain. The books that have come out in the past, other than that of Tom Andrews in 1923, are worthless. Let's have a real one by you, with your name on the cover. It will go big, Nat, make no mistake about that. Go to it and publish it.

JOHN SALAK,
Hyannis, Mass.

* * *

I HAVE been an earnest reader of your splendid magazine for the last five years, and I have always looked to it as an authority in boxing. I believe, however, that greater care should be taken in presenting the entire record of each fighter.

For instance, Al Hostak's professional record did not begin in 1937, but several years previous to this date. I have also read in the New York *Times* that Tami Mauriello fought six and eight-round bouts five years ago. Several fights were also left out of the records of Lem Franklin and Melio Bettina. Franklin was stopped in eight rounds by Eddie Simms in 1939, and Bettina lost to Ray Miller in 1935. In the latter part of 1936, Bettina fought six times, but William Shulkin did not record any of the fights.

The results of those fights were: Buddy Ryan, N.D. 6; Fred Caruso, L. 6; Frank Zamaris, K.O. by 6; Frank Zamaris, W. 8; Buddy Ryan, W. 8; and Steve Carr, K.O. 2.

Jackie Wilson did not stop Baby Breese as Wilson's record shows in your October issue, but Breese stopped Wilson.

I hope that you will publish this letter and also reserve me a copy of the record book which you are planning to publish.

DARREL HALTER,
Grover Hill, Ohio.

(Thanks a lot for your constructive criticism. I appreciate the fact that a number of the records we have published to date are not complete and that in some, there were errors, but as I have written so often to others, I find it most difficult to check on these. We did not start filing the complete fight results of fighters in the spotlight until five years ago, and unless a fighter showed promise, we did not bother placing his early record on file.

Therefore, when a fighter reached the grade, we had to depend on managers or fighters, themselves, for the records, and it is like pulling teeth to get them to do the job. Often, knowing we cannot check properly, they falsify the record and thus get us "in bad."

We already corrected the Breese record and your letter will take care of Hostak, Bettina and Franklin. We have no record of a second fight with Simms. Only one, in which Franklin lost in ten. One of the reasons why I have not gone through with THE RING *Record Book is because I realize that I cannot be absolutely accurate and don't care to publish inaccuracies or incomplete records. I am uncertain, for that reason, whether I'll publish a record book at the end of this year.)*—EDITOR'S NOTE

WE have been regular "RING" readers for the past seven years, and although we don't agree with some of your remarks, we find your book wonderfully interesting, indeed. Our great reason for penning you this is to voice our disapproval at the sponsors of the recent "LOUIS-CONN" heavyweight championship mill broadcast. Telling you this may be out of your field, but as the one we look forward to as a boxing father in our time, we beg you to assist us in our grievance. We in the West Indies and British Guiana or should I say ninety-nine per cent of us, have short wave receiving sets and on not one American short wave station could we get English reception, yet we picked up no fewer than seven stations in Spanish and Portuguese.

This was a keen disappointment, for we missed a great battle.

We must add that we never missed one of the "ADAM HATS" Broadcasts.

The articles in THE RING are consistently good, but we would like to see more pictures of fights. Your magazine is very much read in British Guiana.

Would you please publish this in your "LETTERS FROM OUR READERS", we should greatly appreciate it.

CYRIL S. BRAND and JOHN KAWALL,
Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

* * *

I'VE just finished reading the letter written by "M. R. A." and if a letter ever burned me up, that one did. Of all the silly conceited people I've ever seen or heard about, he takes the cheese.

He said, "For every colored reader you gain through your articles on the Negroes and your praise of them, you will lose six times as many of the white race." Well, if he is the type of reader you are going to lose, I don't think you'll lose much.

He and his friends should find themselves a magazine that is more to their liking. He asks, "Have you no pride?" His pride is just sticking out all over him, isn't it? He was so proud of his little "masterpiece" that he couldn't even sign his own name. Such people are so silly and vain and conceited that they can't stand to see a Negro outdo them in anything. Thank God someone believes in giving them the praise they so justly deserve. In my opinion, Joe Louis for one, gets only about one-tenth of the recognition he deserves. Here's one reader who agrees with Vincent Woodbury to the letter.

While I was listening to the Conn-Louis fight coming over the air, I happened to remember a fight that Jack Dempsey had which was almost exactly like the Conn-Louis fight. I was thinking of the fight he had with Bill Brennan. Jack was on the receiving end of things for almost all of the fight and then finally pulled himself together to score a knockout in the twelfth round.

I honestly can't see that Louis has slipped enough to warrant all the excitement. He has lost some of his speed and keenness, but that is natural.

Any fighter who has defended his title for eighteen times and had a total of forty-nine fights since turning pro, can't be expected to have the keenness he had in his earlier fights. When he did land the kayo in that fatal thirteenth round, all the dynamite was still there.

M. TOWLER, (A white reader)
Hastings, Nebraska.

* * *

JUST a few lines of thanks for "THE RINGS" you sent me. It kind of brought me up to date with "the dope," as I've now been in the Army and out of circulation, since war started.

I passed them amongst the boys in my outfit, and believe me, Nat, the old paper couldn't have gotten better praise. The only trouble being though, that one cannot get hold of "THE RING" enough in this country right now!

The boys want me to say "thanks" to you—right from their hearts. They appreciate your kind gesture!

Re myself, I joined up at the outbreak. I have seen active service in Norway and France. This kept me out of things, as you'll understand.

You would be surprised at the number of Americans who came across with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. They are a great bunch of boys, and will certainly do their bit in hanging the K.O. on Adolf's chin! He won't get up, Nat!!!

There's little else to say, owing to censorship, but when my war effort is over, I'll be back in the States again, and maybe can give you some first hand dope. It's a date, Nat.

So long—and Muchas Gracias.

HUGH STURT,
No. 6470494,
London, England.

* * *

WE are still going strong in boxing here, despite Hitler and his gangsters. We had a first class show at The Royal Albert Hall. Packed to the doors. The fights were exciting, and everyone was pleased. To see the crowd of smiling faces, did one good, and you would not believe that there was a war on, so you see how the morale of the British people is at this serious time.

We are all O.K. and keeping our chins up, for we believe that what F.D.R. and all Americans say, will make things O.K. As soon as the Planes and Ammunition arrive from The Good Old U.S.A., we will let the HUN have more than he ever bargained for.

I spoke to some of the press boys at the fights, and they ask me to convey to you, Eddie Borden and their U.S. friends their best wishes. Was glad to receive your good wishes in these critical times. We don't get THE RING as often as before the war, but boy, when it does arrive, what a welcome it receives especially from the boys in the service.

Jimmy Butler, (Daily Herald); Frank Butler, (his son, Daily Express); Fred Dartnell, (News Chronicle); Ben Bennison, (Eve. Standard); Joe Bromley, (Sporting Life); George Casey, (Sunday Pictorial); Charlie Nash, (Eve. News); Bill Evans, (The Star); Jimmy Wilde, Syd Hulls, Jack Solomons, and Victor Berliner and others too numerous to mention whom you met when you were over last, send their greetings to THE RING.

JOHN S. SHARPE,
London, England.

* * *

WE are very grateful for what your magazine has done to help our colored boys and we want to congratulate you on the reply you gave Mr. M. R. A. of Cleveland.

I am a colored girl, have been a reader of your fine magazine for four years and admire its clean contents. My boy friend is a fighter. He brings me THE RING every month and my girl friends enjoy reading it, too, as they are all boxing fans. We never miss a local bout.

Mr. M. R. A. had better be careful the way he talks, especially at a time like this. The Negroes have always been loyal to our country and I hope they will always be.

I wonder if Mr. M. R. A. knows what democracy means.

I am urging all my friends to buy your magazine.

MISS ANN THOMPSON,
Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

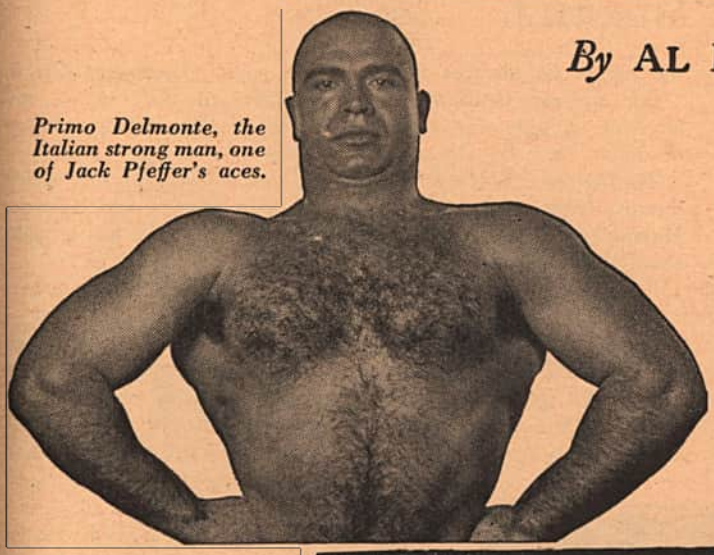
IN the August edition of THE RING Magazine two letters written by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Gavel pointed out that Max Baer was washed up and afraid of Joe Louis. Why Max Baer is only about 32 years old with still a terrific punch if backed up by endurance. It is true that Lou Nova K.O.'ed Max Baer twice, but he kayoed a man who was way out of condition, a man who should have weighed about 210 pounds instead of 223. I think Max Baer is very foolish for not getting down to serious training because it is not yet too late for him to regain the heavyweight championship of the world.

He is only about 32 years old and can easily go 15 rounds if he would only get in condition.

RUDY ADISEK,
Milwaukee, Wis.

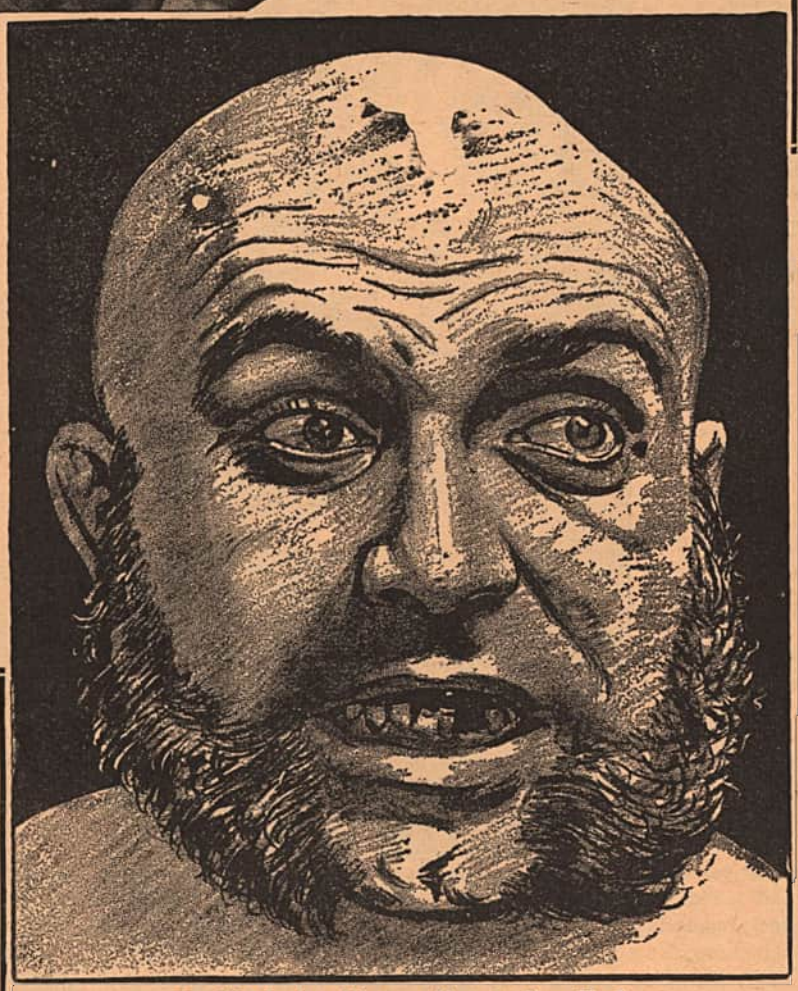
Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By AL MAYER



Primo Delmonte, the Italian strong man, one of Jack Pfeffer's aces.

ALONG about this time of the year, when the autumn season is in full bloom, wrestling comes back into its own throughout the country. In New York, where the sport has been at a standstill for four months, Jack Pfeffer, who is about to launch his nineteenth consecutive year in the mat sport, has an array of talent from all parts of the country that should enable him to satisfy the most ardent wrestling bug. He spent the summer touring the country in search of talent, and when he returned a few weeks ago, he had signed contracts of a number of new stars, and also those of the veterans who have been seen around the metropolitan section in the past. Among those who are due to appear in New York and vicinity during the indoor season are:



The "Irish Angel," a top liner in New York.

Bob Corby, the Texas Cowboy.

The *Swedish Angel* who has long established himself as a first rate wrestler, because of a long repertoire of holds, endurance and strength, rates well with the sport followers. The Swedish Angel has a steady record of victories over the top-notch wrestlers now before the public. He aims to continue his winning streak at the expense of new matmen now here making their first bid for top honors in the heavy class.

The *Irish Angel* is another. He is a bearded gentleman who likes to start a riot at the drop of a hat. He is action personified. Then there is the *Italian Angel,* with his shaven pate, his gargoyle looks and meanness. He comes into his own if you want to look at a nightmare walking. He is a real roughneck and about as rough a man as one can see anywhere in the ring. With those three veterans as a nucleus Pfeffer hopes to get a revival of interest in New York. Others he has signed include Bob Corby, who claims Texas as his native State. He is making his first bid in New York. Corby started out as a cowboy and drifted into wrestling because of the popularity of the sport in Texas. He has a powerful torso and a build which enables him to go long matches.

He came to the top the hard way, wrestling in every part of Texas against rawbone, tough men who like himself had led healthy outdoor lives. At 210 pounds, Corby has the right weight to meet outstanding heavies. He aims to do that before the season has fairly gone under way.

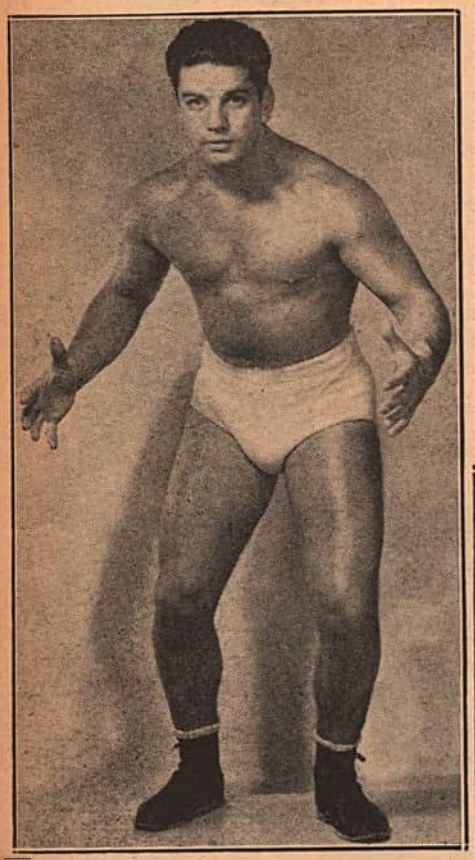
The list of new mat stars would hardly be complete without the introduction of a Public Enemy No. 1, a man rated by everyone as the ace mat villain. He is Babe Kasaboski.

Babe is a young man tipping the scales at 190 pounds, handsome, and a tricky wrestler. Known as the Polish wizard, he specializes in all sorts of complex holds mixed with speed and plenty of head work. Jack Pfeffer has been *(Continued on page 41)*

Babe Kasaboski, the Polish Wizard.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL



Jesse James, famous American wrestler now in the army. Jesse hopes to receive an assignment as athletic director for Uncle Sam's soldier boys.

FROM W. J. Foley of the Halifax, Nova Scotia, *Chronicle*, we obtained the following news: Paul Lortie, who made a hit with the fans when he defeated tough Buddy Knox in his Halifax debut, has become one of the most popular wrestlers in this city.

A handsome fellow with a slick mustache, a natty appearance in the ring, and the coolest performer seen here recently, Lortie has become an idol. His dropkicks are so beautifully timed they draw the customers off the seats and his work in and around the ropes has been a revelation to local fandom.

What helps Lortie is the fact that he's different to most of the wrestlers seen here. Good on the mat and in the air, he seems to be the master of every situation, which is a help to any fellow making a living in such a lively game.

Some weeks after Paul had made a sensational debut, young brother Bob Lortie made his first appearance. Bob has neither Paul's experience nor his coolness but has plenty to offer, including a dropkick that is different.

Right up there with Paul Lortie and Len Hughes as crowd collectors in this vicinity is Al "Dynamite" Korman, the man of the thousand and one faces. The Torontonian continually wears a scowl, carries a chip on his shoulder and is ready to start trouble at all times. Now this hasn't made him popular, but it has established him as a drawing card.

A fellow of boundless enthusiasm, Korman is action from start to finish. Just where he gets his stamina puzzles most people. He's inclined to be short, with thick legs, a broad back and a sturdy neck. The harder they slam him the higher he bounces, and the higher he bounces the more the paying customers like it.

For Korman is thoroughly disliked for his ring tactics and any time he gets a mauling the fans are as pleased as a group of kiddies from the slums around a tub of ice cream.

Throughout September there was no letdown in attendance figures, thanks to the good work of Lortie, Hughes and Korman. Having three outstanding men here at the same time has brought about Promoter Frank Lordly's most successful season.

* * *

Jesse James, one of the best performers on the mat in America, is now a member of Uncle Sam's Army. He was drafted a few weeks ago in California and hopes to carry on from time to time on the same basis as do the boxers who are in the Army and Navy. When donning the khaki uniform, James, in an interview, when asked how he felt about soldiering, replied:

"I have always tried to be a good wrestler and give the patrons the best that was in me. I shall do the same for Uncle Sam."

James hopes to be placed as an athletic director, at which work he would fit in splendidly.

* * *

SAM THOMPSON, writing from Hammond, Indiana, reports the following: At the Civic Center, Hippo Wiggins, 420 (no error), Texas, opened the fall wrestling season here by pinning Cry Baby Zarovich, 225, Chicago, in 10:46. One fall; 30 minute limit.

Jack Claybourne, 217, Portland, Ore., downed Seelie Sumara, 225, Ethiopia, 15:17. Two falls; 45 minute limit. Both men are strong, fast, aggressive and clever. These boys are colored.

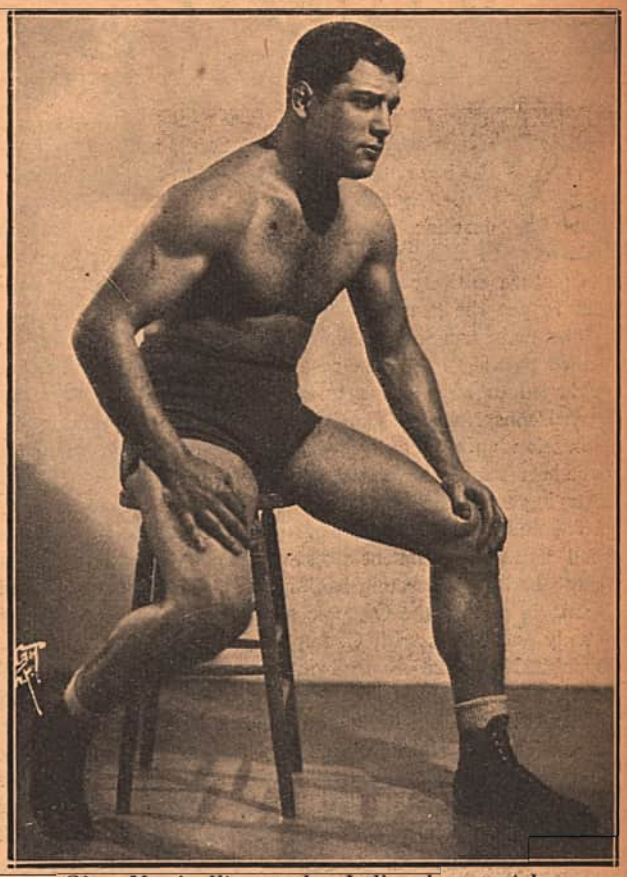
In the feature attraction, Jim McMillen, 230, took two out of three falls—one hour limit—from Fredrick Von Schact, 241, Milwaukee. Von Schact won the first fall after choking McMillen frequently and clouting him with a deluge of rabbit punches—plain, old-fashioned socks to the whiskers, and tugging away *(Continued on page 41)*

Paul Lortie, Montreal junior heavyweight wrestler, who is making a big hit before large crowds in Halifax matches.

Here is a group whose spokesman, Bill Panzen says are signing to uphold clean wrestling. Left to right are Walter Duda, John Tragas, Lou Leonard, Bill Panzen, Pete Sturges, Ghafoor Khan and Sammy Klein. These wrestlers are operating around New York.

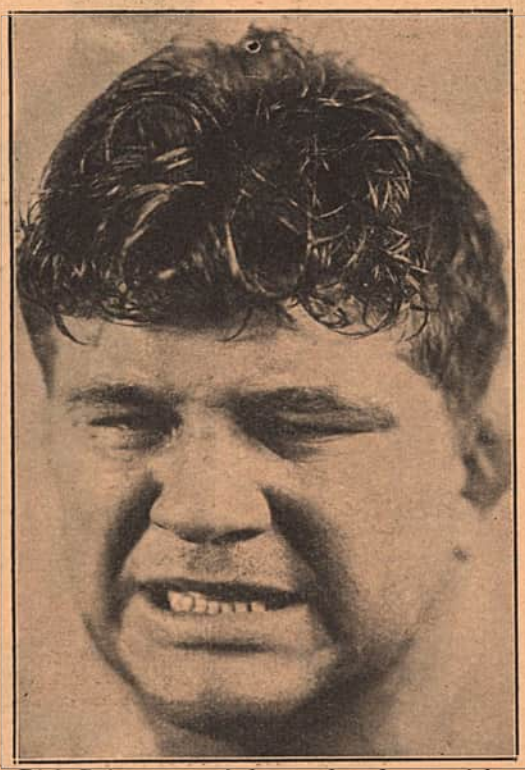
GETTING READY FOR FALL

Joe Cox, who has signed with Rudy Dusek for the indoor season.



Gino Martinelli, popular Italian heavyweight.

Ivan Zelezniak, the Russian Cossack who has just returned from South America where he gained many supporters by his fine work in the international tourney in which he beat Dick Shikat. He will appear in New York this fall and will be booked by Jack Pfeffer.



Dick Raines, one of the toughest heavyweights in the country. He is taking things easy until the fall.

Bobby Bruns, a heavyweight with a splendid record.

Wrestling in California

By BERNICE SANDBOE

SINCE scribbling our last notes, nothing of importance has been happening in regard to the promotional throne at the Olympic Auditorium. As we endeavor to beat the deadline now, the issue is still decidedly undecided as to whether or not George Zaharias will step out of the picture entirely and Ray Fabiani will assume the whip and gun to put the grapplers through their paces at the big arena.

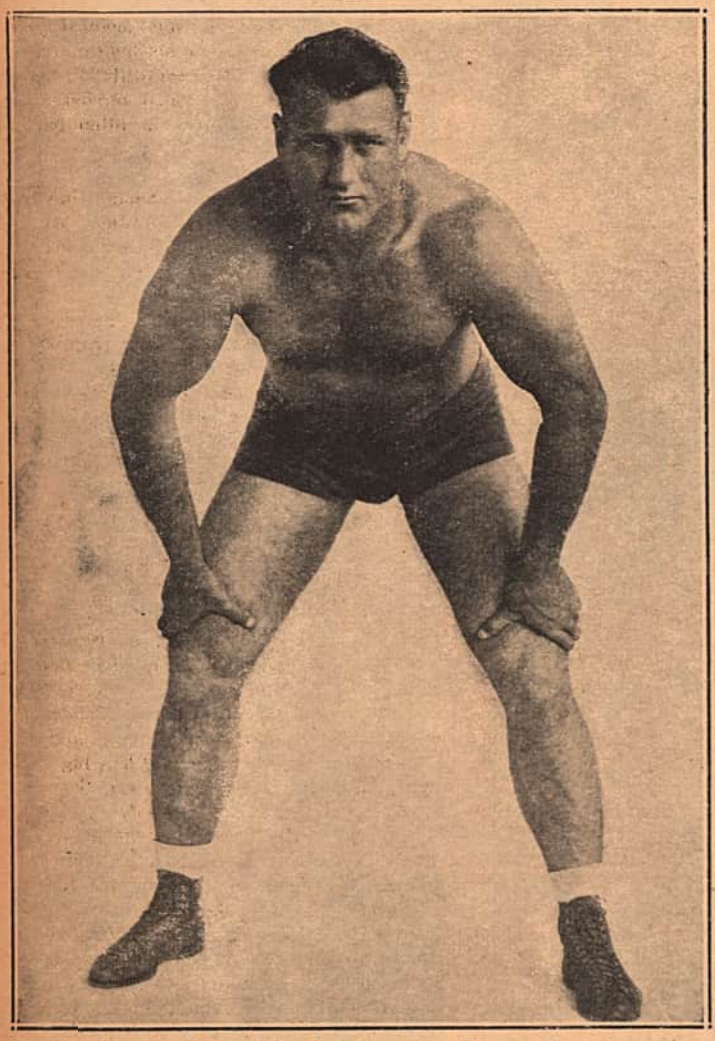
The main trouble, it seems, is the fact that Monsieur Fabiani, before packing his violin case and departing from Philadelphia; neglected to have the necessary corporation papers transferred from Pennsylvania to California. On account of this, much delay, discussion and difficulty has been incurred and many sessions have been sat by the august body of the State Athletic Commission in trying to decide whether or not to issue a license.

The lull, however, has been pleasantly filled by some corking good mat entertainment presented by Promoter Zaharias. The month had an interesting beginning as Jim Londos and Pantaleon Manlapig packed the Olympic to the sky lights and gave the fans a truly great bout with Champion Jim retaining his crown. Then Bronko Nagurski stormed into port and put considerable life in the California mat scene. He engaged in a stormy battle with Vincent Lopez which had an interesting aftermath. Lopez was tossed into the ringside, and very unwillingly detained there by interested bystanders until the referee had tolled the dreaded twenty. So infuriated was the big Latin that he immediately dashed to the printing press and arrived the next week clasping circulars in his hand, and distributing them with abandon to the crowd thronging through the turnstiles to view the Sandor Szabo-Nagurski title-tilt.

The circular was curt and to the point. Nagurski, said Lopez, had hired stooges to sit at ringside and hold him outside the ropes and the Mexican matman demanded justice. He not only demanded it, he got it. In the last fall of the Nagurski-Szabo match, when the two great grapplers had each gained a fall, Big Nag happened to take a spill from the ring, and found himself staring into the business-end of Lopez' fist. After neatly delivering several potent punches, Lopez chuckled with glee as Nagurski staggered back into the ring, an easy prey for Szabo.

However, Nagurski's wails were loud and long and the upshot of it was that he was granted a rematch with Szabo and Lopez was barred from the building for that evening. The rematch proved just as spectacular. It ended in a draw. Nagurski was set for victory in the deciding fall as he rushed forward for a flying tackle. However, he collided with Szabo's head and both matmen were knocked colder than a polar bear's nose. It was a wild affair that had the crowd on edge from start to finish. As crowd pleasers this pair are tops and they proved it in their two recent mills, especially the last engagement.

Sandor, prior to the head-on collision, had previously taken the first fall in 13 minutes 3 seconds with a Japanese toe hold and Nagurski evened matters in 4.19 with a headlock. Then after 6.59 of wrestling in the deciding *(Continued on page 47)*



Bronko Nagurski, a hot favorite with mat fans in Hollywood sector.

Vincent Lopez, Mexican Adonis, who gets those California grappling customers dizzy.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

at the referee. 13:43. McMillen took the second fall while Von Schact was busy complaining to the referee. At this stage of the bout, McMillen went on the offensive and when Von Schact returned to the business at hand, there was no daylight under his shoulder blades. 8:49. McMillen copped his second straight fall by taking advantage of Von Schact's limping condition. 12:39.

Commissioner A. B. Scott, director of Civic Center, is a graduate of Indiana University and was the "Big Ten" wrestling champ. He was a member of the 1928 Olympic team. Later he wrestled as a pro. He deserted that to become a coach in the Hammond School System. He held this job three years and turned out some wrestlers and several champion swimming teams.

When the $600,000 Civic Center, which accommodates 6000, was completed, Scott was given the job as its director and has remained in it ever since. It was only recently that he was given a post on the Boxing Commission. As soon as he arrived at the Civic Center, the wrestlers began to be seen regularly. Boxing has only drawn on an average of 1200 to 2000, while wrestling has completely filled the Center and turned them away.

* * *

WRESTLING WRISTLOCKS by J. Jimmie Amann, from Ohio, follow: Henry Koln, recognized in Ohio as world's middleweight champion, is now wrestling around Minnesota . . . . we have it on good record that Freddy Lamm will defend his welterweight title against Adam Horoschak of Shelton, Conn., by the time this goes to press . . . . this writer would like to hear from Johnny Stote, former welter king, and also Jack Reynolds, ex-titlist . . . . Dan Morris, the rough-house welterweight from Columbus, Ohio, is on the warpath for a title match with Lamm . . . . why don't Lectoure and Pace, the South American promoters, use the speed boys of the wrestling game? . . . . this writer earnestly believes that it will take the 140-165 pound wrestlers to put the game back on its feet . . . . I have contact with many of the best little men in the country . . . . Ole Holde, AFW heavyweight champion, is taking a well-earned vacation after wrestling John Pesek and several others in defense of his title . . . . Ross Leader of Cincinnati continues to present good weekly programs in the Queen City . . . . Ross' cards are always filled with clean-cut action . . . . I would like to hear from wrestling promoters in New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington and other East Coast cities who would be interested in welterweights and middleweights for their shows . . . . also from good welters and middleweights.

* * *

Gathered in and near New York—Paul Boesch, in addition to wrestling, is a lifeguard at Long Beach. He placed second in a half-mile race towards the end of last season, staged for the lifeguard members of the Long Beach Patrol . . . . Bronko Nagurski owns a 700-acre farm in Minnesota . . . . John Gudiski, who was drafted in June, has been assigned to the athletic and recreation office at Mitchell Field and has assumed duties of wrestling coach in addition to his other work . . . . Young Monday, veteran of over 30 years' wrestling, recently wrestled on one of Joe Turner's cards at Washington. Monday is employed on a defense program at the Naval Air Station, had wrestled Turner when Turner was active as a wrestler.

* * *

WRESTLING News from Hawaii, by Ted Yamachika, follows: Ben Pilar, former Hawaiian champion, seems to be headed straight for another title in the form of the newly created 175-pound light-heavyweight championship. He has already eliminated three contenders, the latest being Chester Hayes. Among those still in the running are Gene Blackley and Tony Morelli, two of the toughest hombres in Honolulu wrestling circles. If and when Pilar is crowned champion, he'll become the possessor of a new belt which recently arrived from the mainland and he'll become the first official Hawaiian champion of that division.

The arrival of Gust Johnson, who has been going great guns on the Pacific Coast, should add a lot of glamor to the local mat situation. Would he be the man to tame the wild Tony Morelli, who has given no quarter to anyone? Bill Weidner is also headed this way. The only thing we can add is that if Gust fails, well, Bill is just Tony's size and afraid of no grappler. There's a natural for you.

Taro Ito keeps up his winning ways with his sensational form of wrestling. His latest victim was none other than Gene Blackley. These two fought with so much gusto in a previous meeting that they were rematched and the house was packed. In fact, there were hundreds who had to be turned away. As for the battle itself: Bull-necked Ito copped a verdict over Blackley after a hectic slugfest. Using his head literally, Ito butted his dome into Gene's torso and reopened the old cut over his head.

Ito won the first fall with a Japanese arm bar in 39 minutes. Gene came back strong and took the next fall in two minutes as he pounded Ito on the canvas head first.

Head first pile drivers slammed into Gene won the third and deciding fall for Ito in three minutes.

* * *

NICK OLSON, Humboldt, Iowa, heavyweight, is the latest to go to South America to wrestle for the Pace and Lectoure combine, which controls the Buenos Aires Luna Park Arena. Olson, who has lost only seven bouts in more than 300 since turning professional, should make a hit with the South American fans as he is a man of action.

Nick is 5 feet 10 inches, and scales 235 pounds. He is a product of scholastic wrestling in Humboldt, the home of Frank Gotch, and is one of many others who have made good from that locality.

* * *

AMERICAN wrestlers who have visited New Zealand will regret to learn of the death of Alick Connell, son of Mrs. Connell, and brother of Jack Connell, the well known wrestling commentator, and Doris and Harry Connell, of 8 Parnell Road, Parnell, C.4, Auckland, New Zealand.

The deceased was a well known Auckland cricketer and was a great friend of all the wrestlers who visited the Connell residence. He took ill on March 5th, and died in the Auckland Hospital on May 2nd from heart failure.

* * *

SHORT biographical sketches follow: Ivan Managoff, one of the stars of matdom, is the son of an officer who served in the Russian army prior to the upheaval and slaying of the Czar. He got his big start in this country when he defeated Rudy Dusek in Washington in 1935. Since then Ivan has been traveling with the leaders and is well thought of as a headliner. He has conquered a number of the claimants to mat honors, including Cliff Olson, Vincent Lopez, Dusek, Little Beaver, Man Mountain Dean and Daniel Boone Savage, among others.

Ivan has done most of his wrestling in Texas, where he is popular. He has also appeared in many thrilling matches in the Rocky Mountain district and on the Pacific Coast. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and scales 218 pounds, and is a master of the best wrestling holds. He specializes in an airplane spin and body smash.

* * *

AL. NORCUS, who hails from Lithuania, claims the championship of that country in the light-heavyweight class. Norcus is a scientific wrestler. He is 25 years old, stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 198 pounds.

A regular rover, it was several years before Al. could conquer his love of travelling. He just couldn't keep still. He had to move on wherever the spirit moved to see what was happening in some other part of the country.

* * *

OTTO BRILL—Red Demon they call him, because he has a shock of red hair. He is rough and tough. He is a classy light-heavyweight whose style of milling borders on the "villain" type.

Like all the athletes in the lighter division, Otto is young and perfectly trained for wrestling. He is fast, knows the tricks, is proficient at Jiu-Jitsu and an all around tough nut. Otto is 26 years old, weighs 197 pounds, and stands 5 feet 9 inches.

Wrestlers in the Spotlight

(Continued from page 37)

trying to bring Kasaboski to New York for quite some time and only succeeded this year.

Still another top-notcher is Primo Delmonte, the Italian strong man, who is a good heavyweight. Delmonte is a big fellow with massive arms and chest, hairy all over like a gorilla. Curiously he is bald. Delmonte keeps his pate clean shaven. He has an enormous head, practically no neck to speak of and the head seems to grow straight from his shoulders.

With the foregoing pen pictures of mat talent already assembled here, fans have a fair idea of the results of the twelve thousand mile trip which took Jack Pfeffer to every part of the country to assemble what he believes is the most pretentious gathering of mat talent for the opening of this, his nineteenth New York wrestling season.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

(During the absence of Eddie Borden in the Canadian Army in which he enlisted for overseas service, the ratings section has been taken over by Meyer Ackerman, who was Eddie's assistant in the past, and The Ring Editor)

THERE was as much action on the boxing beat last month as one could find on the Russian-German front, but of course, of a more friendly nature and an entirely democratic interest.

Joe Louis continued his clean sweep of the heavyweight division by successfully defending his world title for the nineteenth consecutive time. He disposed of Lou Nova with one punch in the sixth round after five sessions of monotonous mauling. In the other divisions, Lew Jenkins disgraced himself by his amateurish exhibition against Freddie "Red" Cochrane in their catchweight affair; Joe Peralto whipped Chalky Wright, and Rush Dalma outpointed Lou Salica in overweight bouts. Because of his poor showing against Louis, Nova was dropped to No. 6 in the heavyweight ranks, with Pastor and Simon advancing.

Divisional challengers were exceptionally active in making this a really fine competitive month. Except for the light-heavyweight division and the flyweight class, there were many changes among the first ten ringsters.

Aside from the Louis-Nova bout, outstanding performances in the heavyweight class included Turkey Thompson's draw with huge Abe Simon, which moved the California Negro up a notch to seventh place. Melio Bettina remained in the picture by his convincing triumph over Sonny Boy Walker while Arturo Godoy, long inactive, finally broke into print with a victory over Ernesto Carnesse.

In the light-heavyweight division, Mose Brown justified his high rating by disposing of Jimmy Webb for the third successive time by the knockout route, the finish coming in the sixth round with Manager Chris Dundee throwing in the towel.

As for the middleweights, an old face broke into the ratings in the person of Ceferino Garcia by his draw verdict against Billy Soose. Coley Welch was dropped to make room for the Filipino following his loss at the hands of Tony Martin in Chicago.

The welterweight class was indeed a busy one. In it, Ernie Roderick, the British Empire champion, gets into the rating because of his triumph over Arthur Danaher. Champion Cochrane scored a one-sided triumph over an obviously out-of-conditioned Lew Jenkins, while the former king of the class, Fritzie Zivic, went out of his division to score a spectacular five-round knockout over middleweight Milt Aaron. Bob Montgomery scored a stunning one-round kayo over Davey Day, while Izzy Jannazzo, Charley Burley, Holman Williams and Cocoa Kid turned in notable triumphs. A new face, however, was added to the 147-pound list, Ray Robinson, who declared he could no longer make the lightweight limit. The Harlem Trip Hammer knocked out Maxie Shapiro in three rounds and whipped Marty Servo to keep his unbeaten record intact.

The removal of Robinson from the lightweight grouping pushed Sammy Angott into the challenging position with Jackie Wilson right behind him. Davey Day, kayoed by Montgomery, was dropped to sixth place, while Dave Castilloux supplanted him in third position because of his victory over Harry Hurst. With the removal of Robinson and the elimination of Maxie Shapiro because of his knockout at the hands of Ray, the two vacated spots were filled in by Joe Peralto, Wilkes-Barre Mexican, who shaded Chalky Wright in an overweight match, and Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini, who scored victories over Terry Young and Abie Kaufman.

With Wright losing in his first overweight bout since winning the title, and Ritchie Lemos whipping the obscure Black Joe, the real news of the featherweight division revolved around Harry Jeffra, with the former world bantamweight and featherweight champion supplanting Lou Transparenti as the No. 2 challenger by whipping the latter in their Baltimore battle during the month. There was no change down the line with most of the boys winning their battles. However, Leon Haire, promising Philadelphian, by virtue of his win over Bill Speary, served notice that he may have to be reckoned with in the future.

Lou Salica travelled to Honolulu for a fight with Rush Dalma and came out second best. The victory shoved Dalma above Tony Olivera as the No. 1 bantamweight. The most active of the bantams was Kid Tanner, who went to the post on no less than five different occasions. In the flyweight division, Lorenzo Safora was removed as he could no longer make the weight and his place taken by Joe Curran.

Now for the month's results: The old reliable, Joe Louis, led the heavyweight parade with a six-round knockout over Lou Nova. Lem Franklin knocked out Tony Musto in two rounds. Abe Simon and Turkey Thompson drew. Melio Bettina took the measure of Sonny Boy Walker. Arturo Godoy whipped Ernesto Carnesse. Harry Bobo knocked out Bill Poland in the sixth round. Pat Valentino stopped Oscar Rankins in six rounds. Lee Savold scored a six-round kayo over Lou Brooks.

Gus Dorazio whipped Clarence Jones. Pat Comiskey stopped Bob Sikes in the sixth. Jack London took the measure of Tommy Martin. Junior Munsell kayoed Paul Wyatt in one. Al Delaney beat Eddie Wenstob. Freddie Fiducia whipped Tommy Tucker. Frank Poreda defeated Henry Cooper.

Neville Beech drew with Johnny Denson, with Johnny knocking out Lee Oma in the fourth. Claudio Villar triumphed over Buddy Scott. Rodie O'Dooley decisioned Andy Kid Miller. Jim Robinson kayoed Cowboy Griggs in one. Big Boy Bray whipped Bernie Cardenas. James D. Turner whipped Joe O'Gatty.

Mose Brown again knocked out Jimmy Webb, this time in six rounds, to lead the light-heavyweight class. Joey Maxim scored victories over Lee Oma, Bill Peterson and Nate Bolden, while the latter kayoed Larry Russell in three. Pat Mangini kayoed Al Gilbert in one round. Jack LaMotta whipped Lorenzo Strickland. Tony Cisco took the measure of Georgie Miller. Johnny Romero whipped Jack Marshall, and Freddie Mills decisioned Tom Reddington.

The draw contest between Billy Soose and Ceferino Garcia heads the middleweight division. Ken Overlin trounced Wild Bill McDowell, while the latter whipped Jackie Stewart. Steve Belloise and Antonio Fernandez drew. Coley Welch whipped Joe Basora and was in turn beaten by Tony Martin. Fred Apostoli kayoed Joey Spangler in five rounds. Jimmy Reeves shaded Jack LaMotta. Ossie Harris defeated Carmen Notch.

Jackie Donovan whipped Augie Arellano and Andre Jessurun. The latter was also beaten by Lou Schwartz. Tommy Yarosz whipped Oakie Greer and kayoed Don Blatsford in five rounds. Ginger Sadd beat Eddie Maguire, Jimmy Meadows and kayoed Stan Nash in the fourth. Al Basten beat Young Frisco and Joe Delaney. Jack Hyams beat Dave McCleave and won on a foul from Freddie Mills in three rounds. Howell King decisioned Francisco Montaneri. Young Joe Louis whipped Billy Pryor.

Big Boy Hogue knocked out Bernie Cardenas in three. Harry Mathews won over Jimmy Casino. Freddie Lenn defeated Jimmy Franklin. Eddie Ellis whipped Eddie Guerra. Jimmy Casa drew with Izzy Redman. Johnny Carter drew with Bunky Wall. Joe Butch Lynch scored over Jack Kenny.

Welterweight champion Freddie "Red" Cochrane headed the division with a victory over lightweight king Lew Jenkins in a catchweight affair. Fritzie Zivic scored a five-round knockout over Milt Aaron. Bob Montgomery polished off Davey Day in a round. Izzy Jannazzo decisioned Lou Schwartz. Charley Burley triumphed over Antonio Fernandez. Holman Williams defeated Joe Basora and Raul Carrabantes.

Ray Robinson won from Marty Servo and knocked out Maxie Shapiro in the third round. Cocoa Kid walloped Bobby Britton. Ernie Roderick stopped Paddy Roche in two and whipped Arthur Danahar. Sammy Secreet kayoed Mistos Grispos in four rounds. Joe Legon whipped Yucatan Kid and knocked out Tom Sharkey in a round. Arthur Dorrell and Pete DeRuzza drew.

Harry Mizler whipped Eddie Ryan. Joe Hadad stopped Mickey Makar in the second. Billy Davis defeated Sammy Julian. Mayon Padlo knocked out Johnny Barbara in a round. Ernest "Cat" Robinson scored over Jerry Fiorello. Pedro Tomez drew with Pete Muscarnera, beat Andy Kodak but lost to Johnny Rivers. Milo Theodorescu kayoed Cowboy Coates in five.

Johnny Dean walloped Buck Streator. Young Frisco decisioned Allen Westbury. Hockey Bennell stopped Paul Sarrone in the third round. Sheik Rangel and Earl Turner drew. Vinnie Rossano scored over Frankie Velez. Irwin Kaye Kaplan took the measure of Billy Corrigan. Eddie Alzek defeated Freddy Camuso.

In the lightweight class, Lew Jenkins knocked out Cleo McNeal in three rounds of an overweight match. Sammy Angott kayoed Lee Sheppard in a round. Dave Castilloux defeated Harry Hurst. Ray Lunny scored a one-round kayo over Honey Melody. Nick Castiglione beat Julie Kogon, who in turn stopped Pete Lello in the tenth round. Lenny Mancini triumphed over Abie Kaufman and Terry Young. Joey Peralto triumphed over Chalky Wright and Snooks Lacey.

Petey Scalzo walloped Mike Raffa. Toby Vigil knocked out Verne Bybee in the fourth. Aldo Spoldi stopped Carl "Red" Guggino in seven rounds and won over Johnny Bellus. Bobby Ruffin stopped Pete Galiano and Oliver White in three and eight rounds, respectively. Beau Jack kayoed Al Reid in the seventh. Ronnie James took the measure of Harry Lazar. Vic Patrick kayoed Kid Delaney and Len Fay in three and ten rounds, respectively. Jimmy Kidd Hatcher beat Oscar Wright and Willie Roach. Willie Joyce beat Baby Breese.

Tippy Larkin stopped Joey Zodda in the fourth.

"THE RING'S" RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

For the month ending October 10:

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (161 to 175)	Middleweights (148 to 160)	Welterweights (136 to 147)
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Gus Lesnevich	Title Vacant	World's Champion Freddie Cochrane
1—Billy Conn	Booker Beckwith	Tony Zale	Fritzie Zivic
2—Buddy Baer	Mose Brown	Georgie Abrams	Bob Montgomery
3—Lem Franklin	Jimmy Bivins	Billy Soose	Mike Kaplan
4—Bob Pastor	Tami Mauriello	Ken Overlin	Izzy Jannazzo
5—Abe Simon	Anton Christoforidis	Ceferino Garcia	Charley Burley
		Steve Belloise	Ray Robinson
6—Lou Nova	Erv Sarlen		
7—Turkey Thompson	Oscar Rankins	Antonio Fernandez	Holman Williams
8—Melio Bettina	Teddy Yarosz	Shorty Hogue	Cocoa Kid
9—Arturo Godoy	Joey Maxim	Coley Welch	Young Kid McCoy
10—Alberto Lovell	Jimmy Webb	Johnny Colan	Ernie Roderick

Lightweights (127 to 135)	Featherweights (119 to 126)	Bantamweights (113 to 118)	Flyweights (Up to 112)
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Chalky Wright	World's Champion Lou Salica	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Ritchie Lemos	Rush Dalma	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Harry Jeffra	Tony Olivera	Little Dado
3—Dave Castilloux	Lou Transparenti	Kenny Lindsay	Little Pancho
4—George Latka	Bobby Ivy	Kui Kong Young	Johnny Shaughnessy
5—Ray Lunny	Joey Archibald	Tommy Forte	Warren Kendall
6—Davey Day	Sal Bartola	Manuel Ortiz	Jimmy Stubbs
7—Harry Hurst	Mike Raffa	Jim Brady	Luis Castillo
8—Nick Castiglione	Jackie Callura	Freddy Pope	Jimmy Stewart
9—Joe Peralto	Jackie Wilson	Horace Mann	Small Montana
10—Lenny Mancini	Georgie Pace	Benny Goldberg	Joe Curran

Allie Stolz decisioned Chief Crazy Horse. Larry Cisneros whipped Johnny Hutchinson. Charley Varre won over Ritchie Fontaine. George Hansford beat Andy Vasquez and Jimmy Lydell. Joe Pedroso and Tony Mar drew. Joey Fontana and Charley Roberts also drew.

Willie Joyce defeated Leonard Bennett. Freddie Archer whipped Ike Williams and Davey Crawford. Joey Iannotti took the measure of Aaron Seltzer. Joey Pirrone kayoed Gene Ward in the sixth round. Cuthbert Taylor whipped Freddie Dixon. Frankie Duane scored over Ginger Foran but lost to Tommy Speigal. Carmine Fatta beat Gene Johnson. Leo Dulmaine beat Mexican Joey Silva. Jimmy Maddox walloped Bobby Woods. Frankie Gilmore whipped Jimmy Maddox.

Ritchie Lemos scored over Black Joe to lead the featherweight division. Harry Jeffra whipped Lou Transparenti. Sal Bartola defeated Davey Crawford. Mike Raffa kayoed Joey Stack in six rounds and Ted Christie in three heats. Jackie Callura triumphed over Nick Camarata. Larry Bolvin knocked out Johnny Cockfield in the sixth.

Leon Haire took the measure of Bill Speary. Lulu Constantino whipped Curley Nichols, while the latter triumphed over Henry Hook. Nel Tarleton beat Billy Walker. Cleo Shans defeated Ray Compo. Hal Hoshino stopped Black Joe in the tenth round. Kid Young whipped Harry Fields. Young Coullimber and Loocadio Torres drew. Ellis Phillips stopped Frankie Donato in five. Morris Parker and NoNo Cuebas drew. Carlos Chavez knocked out Donnie Maes in ten. Tom Smith beat Warren Kendall.

Rush Dalma upset Lou Salica in an overweight match to head the bantamweight division. Kid Tanner beat Jimmy Stubbs, Tucker Smith and knocked out Pierce Ellis in five rounds before losing to Syd Worgan by decision and being disqualified on a foul in the first round against Jimmy Lyden. Lorenzo Safora whipped Zenobio Becerra. Eddie Miller knocked out Jem Mace in five rounds. Ernie Burke triumphed over Paul Herrick.

Among the flyweights, Joe Curran defeated Sammy Reynolds and Jimmy Gill drew with Johnny Boom.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Jackie Evans, Pontypool, Wales.
Bantamweight—Ernie Burke, Portland, Me.
Featherweight—Adolfo Giz, Cuba.
Lightweight—Wally Holm, Minneapolis, Minn.
Welterweight—Sonny Horne, Niles, Ohio.
Middleweight—Johnny McHale, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Light-heavyweight—Denver Maier, Maiden Rock, Wisconsin.
Heavyweight—Claudio Villar, South America.

New Faces

(Continued from page 27)

necticut sharpshooter. Winner of his 26 pro bouts, Pep shapes up as the best looking prospect at his weight. The June issue of The Ring named Willie the best prospect of the month in the featherweight division.

Willie first became interested in boxing when his tours around Hartford with his shoeshine box carried him to the gym. He became an ardent fan of Bobby Poison Ivy, also of Hartford, and wanted to become just like him.

Willie had his first amateur fight while only 15 years old. In his first year in the ring he won the state flyweight title and the following year he won the state amateur bantamweight title. He turned pro in 1940 and participated in 8 bouts, the other 18 pro bouts he has chalked up since the new year.

Here is his record since turning pro: Joey Marcus, Won 4; Tommy Burns KO 1; Joey Marcus, Won 4; Jimmy Ritchie, TKO 3; Al Topazio, KO 5; Joey Wasnick, Won 4; Jack Moore, Won 6; James McGovern, Won 4; Carlo Daponde, TKO 6; Jimmy Mutane, KO 2; Joe Echevarria, Won 6; Augie Almeida, TKO 6; Don Lyons, KO 2; Ruby Garcia, Won 6; Ruby Garcia, Won 6; Marty Shapiro, Won 6; Joey Gatto, KO 2; Henry Vasquez, Won 6; Mexican Joey Silva, Won 6; Lou Puglise, KO 2; Johnny Cockfield, Won 6; Harry Hitlian, Won 6; Eddie DeAngelis, KO 3; Jimmy Gilligan, Won 8; Bob Frechette, KO 3; and Eddie Flores, KO 1.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters. If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—By what names was John L. Sullivan known, besides his own?
2—What fighter fought the last bare knuckle championship fight. What two fighters engaged in the first championship fight with gloves? In what year?
3—What fighters floored Joe Louis since he turned professional?
4—What is the record for a knockout in a world heavyweight title bout?
5—Name three heavyweights who, in world championship fights, fell outside the ropes after being hit by their opponent.

CHARLIE DILWORTH

CHARLIE DILWORTH, who fights under the name of Soldier Dilworth, is undefeated since entering the professional ranks. As an amateur, he beat some of the best boys in California.

Soldier Dilworth started his boxing career while on duty in the Army in Panama, Canal Zone in 1939. During 1939 he stopped Wild Bill Haley, Panama lightweight champion, in two rounds and won a decision over Junior Frezza, Panama featherweight champion. Upon his return to the States, he engaged in 54 more amateur fights losing only 3 decisions.

The soldier boy started his professional career in Southern California and has engaged in 12 professional bouts to date.

Soldier Dilworth is under the management of Ray White, 301st C.A., Camp Davis, N. C.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 30)

138-pound class and won 34 out of 38 bouts. He turned pro under the management of Pete Reilly.

Whenever Lou fights, a great part of the attendance consists of his pals from the orphanage. They are proud of him and will travel almost anywhere to cheer him on to victory. This enthusiastic coterie has been an inspiration to Schwartz. It is for them, because of the pride and confidence they have in him, that Lou is so anxious to succeed, as well as for himself. He trains at Charlie Beecher's gym—which is now owned by Stanley Joss—and his trainer is still Patsy Fazio. Lou was outpointed by Jackie Donovan and Victor Dellicurti. The only kayo he suffered was administered by Vince Fratello.

"That didn't worry me," explained Lou during this interview. "I expected to be beaten by more experienced boxers. But I figure it's a price I'll have to pay to learn what *not* to do as well as what I *should* do in the ring when faced by a skilled and seasoned boxer. And believe me, I learned plenty by being flattened by Fratello."

If ambition and determination spell SUCCESS, Lou Schwartz is as good as made.

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Name .....

City .....

State .....

Country .....

Lou Nova

(Continued from page 8)

It was in that session that Nova missed a right by a mile and Louis laughed at Lou's discomfiture. That fourth, other than the sixth, was the only round in which the spectators were treated to some fighting.

That round illustrated to the eyes of the expert the manner in which Louis was preparing Nova for the kill.

Louis took the safe and cautious route again in the fifth, when, instead of following his attack after he had Nova groggy in the fourth, he permitted Lou to regain his equilibrium. Apparently Joe decided the time was not yet ripe for the killing and preferred to wait another round or two. He didn't have to wait long as subsequent events proved. There was more action in the fifth than in any of the other rounds.

Louis answered all the queries hurled at him in the past few months by his kayo of Nova. He proved that he has not gone back sufficiently for any of the present crop of heavyweights to take him. He convinced the public that he has not lost any of his love for fighting. He showed that he still possesses the lethal wallop that has laid low so many of his opponents. Above all, he proved that Uncle Sam will obtain in him, a true-hearted fighter, a sportsman whose presence in the army should bolster morale, at least among his own people, a thousandfold.

Joe Louis has earned a rest from his ring work. His temporary retirement, which shouldn't be for long, will enable the other heavyweights to fight it out among themselves, and from such engagements should emerge the man best fitted to tackle the champion in whatever contests might be arranged for him after he gets into the army.

* * *

PITY that the promoters, Mike Jacobs and the Garden Corporation, decided not to permit a showing of the pictures of the Louis-Nova fight because, as Uncle Mike expressed it, "there was not enough action in the early rounds to enable a big sale. Other fight film showing far less action than this one, contests in which the knockout was scored in a few punches, have been displayed, hence the reason given seems absurd.

The fact that Louis gave an excellent exhibition of clever boxing, in itself, should be sufficient reason for showing the film. A study of those pictures would afford a splendid opportunity to get a close up of Louis, the master fighting technician, even during the periods of inactivity. He is the finished fighter, the super-fighting machine.

They show how carefully the Brown Bomber, studying the style of the Yogi man, was preparing the challenger for what eventually happened. They would give the fans an opportunity to see for themselves whether Joe had gone back.

The pictures are not as thrilling as most of those in which Louis has appeared in the past, but there is plenty of action in the last half of the fourth, most of the fifth and the entire sixth to satisfy the wants of the motion picture patrons. Seeing Louis land the one punch that put Nova out of action, is ample reason for releasing the film. That mighty finishing punch would be worth the price of admission.

The Cowboy Crushed

(Continued from page 17)

He came back, however, in the next round and went right out for Johnson, throwing all ideas of defense to the winds and raining in blows with both hands.

Johnson ducked, blocked, and sidestepped, but Stanley meant business. Following up his man in the fiercest fashion, he landed a terrific right swing high up on the jaw. A few inches lower and it might have put an end to Johnson's career.

The force of the punch was plainly demonstrated by the huge lump which it raised on Johnson's face. The Negro reeled as Ketchel again swung his right. Johnson dashed at his man and sent in a vicious hook which shook Ketchel and sent him back. Johnson again rushed, but Stanley, although charged over, rose and held out till the gong.

Coming up for the twelfth round, Ketchel discarded all preliminary sparring. He rushed right across the ring and flung himself at the black in his own corner, where they went into a clinch. Johnson broke away and backed clear.

Stanley sprang after him and sent in a heavy right at the head. The Negro ducked, but not quickly enough, and the blow got home behind his ear. He stumbled forward and fell heavily on to his seat.

Ketchel stepped back and the crowd looked on in dumb amazement. Johnson rose slowly and looked dazed, and then as Ketchel came forward he suddenly leaped right at him.

His right crashed to Ketchel's jaw, his left tore upwards to Stanley's stomach, and then as the cowboy tottered, bang across came the Negro's right again flush to the point and Ketchel went down in a heap.

Service Boxing in Hawaii

(Continued from page 26)

former navy scrapper whose record in all-fleet contests is dotted with glory, is fast attaining perfection.

Frenchy started his ring career back in 1921 and fought his way right into the hearts of the fleet fans by his tactful way of keeping an opponent on the run during the melee, and held the Navy lightweight championship of Honolulu and shore stations.

Boxers from the cruiser Honolulu played host to their shipmates from the cruiser Boise by staging one of the best and fightingest smokers ever held aboard the Hula ship.

From the opening bout up until the word was passed that the eats were on the way, boxers from both ships kept up a steady attack with the mittens, proving that the old boxing game is far from taking any slide toward oblivion among the fleet stables.

Ten fast and furious bouts kept the crowd on edge during the smoker with the fighters from the Hula ship coming home with the lion's share of the glory when the final bell rang.

The main event of the card was a two-fisted featherweight scrap between Cisne of the 3rd division and "Andy" Andrews of the 4th stable. All through the three rounds, the little fellows traveled at a fast pace and kept flipping rights and lefts into each other's body with the accuracy and effect of a trip hammer working on a ship's side.

Andrews took the decision at the end of the bout but not before he had been on the receiving end of many spectacular flings from the gloves of Cisne.

Back From South America

(Continued from page 9)

former bantam champ, twice; Lou Salica, present 118-pound boss; Joey Archibald, former feather champ, and he fought a 15-round battle with Small Montana at the Queensboro Arena. Morioka only scaled around 110 pounds then.

After a year's work on a rancho, in Peru, Katsumi returned to the ring and at 120 pounds, fought featherweights and lightweights—and with surprising success. In Chile, he won, lost and drew with Ernesto Rojas. He lost to Juaquin Cruzot. He drew once and won twice from Mono Vargas. He won three times from Sabastin Bersac.

In Lima, Peru, Morioka was a sensation when he defeated their former featherweight champ, Eduardo Carrasco. Katsumi lost the return go because Carrasco came in much too heavy.

Then Morioka won two sensational victories over Eduardo Avalos. So popular did he become in Lima, that he drew the largest gate of the season there. He is 23, and ready for the best here—Lou Salica and Tommy Forte preferred. The boy is dead game, can take a punch and is a good banger.

* * *

WE then went from Santiago, Chile, to Argentina. There Jones fought middleweights and light-heavies—for whom Sonny never scaled over 150 pounds. There are, however, a number of good welters there, but the promoters would not allow them to meet Jones. Maybe those promoters are smarter than I gave them credit for being. They didn't see the sense of having their attractions ruined by a Norte Americano. And here is a funny one for you: For the five bouts Jones had in Luna Park, big fight arena in Buenos Aires, Jones had to start training on 18 different times because those five fights were postponed 18 times, for one reason or another.

* * *

SONNY JONES, who is 26, is at his peak right now. He is anxious to battle any welter in the world—including men weighing 155 pounds. In Buenos Aires he defeated Juan Belleza, drew with Simon Guerra, kayoed Kid Charol, fought Raul Rodriques three times—a win, a loss and a draw and decisioned Raul Villareal, then knocked him out in 7 heats in a return tussle. The last three opponents are light-heavyweights.

Sonny lost a close decision to Ignacio Ara—who also scaled close to 175 pounds. Jones tamed Tigre Alfara, another 175 pounder. He then defeated Jess Martinez, drew with Lucearno Corrillos, a welter, and knocked out Ruben Alvarez.

Outdoor Fights

(Continued from page 16)

MOST extravagantly praised fighter in the world at the moment is the Chicago marvel, Booker Beckwith. Even his opponents join in the general chorus of praise for this accomplished fellow. The Chicago Stadium staff insists that before snow flies, Booker, who has never been beaten, will have proven himself the greatest fighter in the world. Of course, this sort of thing has been heard before, but if the trouncing the 172-pound Booker handed tough heavyweight Red Burman not so long ago is any criterion, Beckwith may make good all the nice things predicted for him this winter.

Sailor Georgie Abrams, who is busy disproving the commonly accepted theory that army or navy training is not always conducive to a fighter's success, also looks ahead to a brilliant winter campaign.

* * *

LEAVE it to Al Weill to come up with a likely prospect for the good purses during the cold weather. With his long-time bread-winner, Lew Ambers, living the life of a country squire in his home town of Herkimer, N. Y., wily Al has popped up with a real find in Lew's cousin, young Marty Servo. Corporal Marty, who had won all his fights up to his last go, had to lose one before coming into his own as a potential headliner.

This one was to previously mentioned Ray Robinson, but the manner of the boyish Italian's defeat was such that he gained more acclaim in losing than he ever had in winning. He held his own through most of the ten rounds, was never off his feet, and stood revealed at the finish as one of the best fighters Weill has ever handled.

While Weill's business acumen is considerable and he is a genius at extracting the utmost return for his fighters' efforts, the real reason for Al's long stay on top as a ranking manager is the ability of his self-effacing, highly efficient trainer, ex-bantam Charley Goldman. Goldman's great knowledge of boxing and fighting styles makes Weill's fighters the stars they usually turn out to be. As a "style solver" Goldman is in a class by himself. Such great ringmen as Louis, Armstrong, Canzoneri and Robinson all had their troubles with Weill fighters because Goldman picked their styles apart and came up with the answers to them.

Other prospects and established stars who figure to make the coming winter boxing campaign an exciting one and must be mentioned, are Harry Bobo, the Pulverizer from Pittsburgh in the heavyweight division; Artie Dorrell, the brilliant young Texas 147 pounder; Mose Brown, whose three kayoes in a row over Jimmy Webb is one for "Believe It or Not Ripley"; Petey Scalzo, who shows signs of rejuvenation as a lightweight; Joey Pirrone, bone crushing younger brother of hard hitting Paul Pirrone; Tommy Yarosz, kid brother of clever Teddy; Tippy Larkin, who is rushing back along the comeback trail with one of the hardest punches in the lightweight class; Tami Mauriello; Patsy Giovanelli and Bobby Ruffin who has learned his lesson, promised to be a good boy and looks all the better for it. Bobby is a boy of exceptional promise if he follows the advice of those in charge of him.

Jose Peralta, wild-looking Mexican, surprise winner over Chalky Wright, is the newest addition to the ranks of the prospective winter stars. Hustling George Sheppard has come up with a diamond in the rough in this slugger from below the border. Julie Kogon is also showing signs of life for his manager, "Gentleman Jack" Bluman, with kayos in his last three bouts.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—Sullivan was known as the Man from Boston, the Boston Strong Boy, The Champion of Champions, John L., The Boston Hercules, the Prince of Pugilists, Sullivan, the Great.
2—John L. Sullivan when he fought Jake Kilrain. Corbett and Sullivan fought first title bout under Marquis of Queensberry Rules in 1892.
3—Max Schmeling, twice; Jimmy Braddock and Tony Galento and Buddy Baer.
4—Louis' knockout over Max Schmeling, 2.04 of first round.
5—Dempsey, knocked over ropes by Firpo; Louis, by Buddy Baer and Carnera by Max Baer.

Amateurs Show Skill

(Continued from page 13)

—trunks, cup, heavy training gloves, a fine punching bag, head guard and punching bag gloves, for his knockout feat.

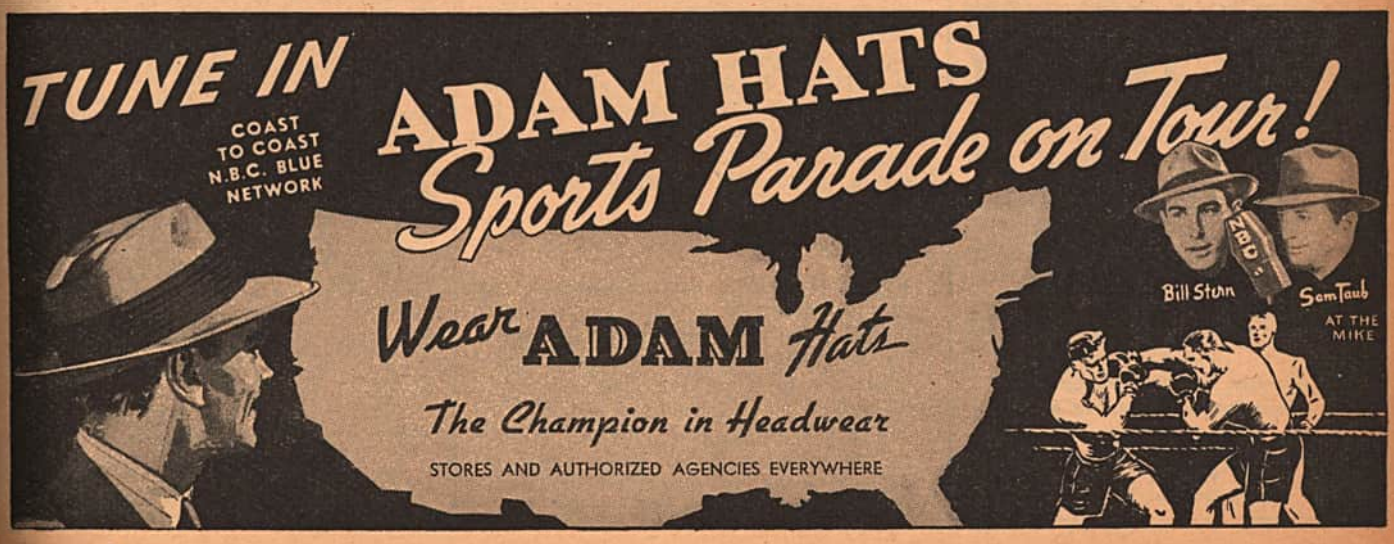
The results of the final matches follow: Pete Trujillo, Las Crucas, bantamweight class, who knocked out Jacob Yazza, Albuquerque, 1:09 of the first round; Jack Jones, Amarillo, Texas, beat Willie Avolas, Las Crucas, New Mexico, lightweight, Class B; Charles Stein, Albuquerque, beat Jack Bauch, Littlefield, Texas, class B welterweight; Russ Watson, Las Cruces, New Mexico, beat Les Marney, Albuquerque, Class B flyweight; Bobby Molino, Gallup, New Mexico, knocked out Wayne Hughlett, Roswell, N. M., 1:21, first round, flyweight, Class A; Keeah Begay, Gallup, N. M., beat Manuel Ortiz, El Paso, Texas, Class A, featherweight; Carlos Beatty, C.C.C., stopped Omer Bell, Las Cruces, N. M., second, lightweight, Class B; John Patrick O'Leary, Denver C.Y.O., beat La Verne Roche, Lubbock, Texas, Class A, bantamweight; Martin Zamora, Albuquerque, beat Art Lopez, El Paso, Texas, Class A, welterweight; Wayne Choate, Gallup, beat Johnny Jarvis, Denver C.Y.O., light-heavyweight, Class A, and Leroy Davis, Shattuck, Oklahoma, stopped Paul Stracener, Wichita, Kan., 20 seconds of second round, heavyweight, Class A.

* * *

CONCEDED to be one of the best featherweights in the state of New Mexico by competent judges, is George Stevens, a sixteen year old lad who has been boxing ever since he was knee high. George is a splendid boxer and a hard hitter. He carries a heavy sock for a boy his weight and size.

George has two younger brothers, Gordon and Rickey, who like himself, have started quite early in boxing and are rapidly developing into good talent. Their coach is their father, George, Sr., the man who gave Lew Jenkins his first chance as a pro fighter.

It was while promoting boxing at Silver City, New Mexico, that dad Stevens started Lew, then known as Vernon Jenkins, in a four rounder with Fay Koshey, which Lew won.



New Punches

(Continued from page 19)

rabbit punch, the role that later on, an aspiring journalist tried to fit Jack Dempsey into.

* * *

TO be hailed as the inventor of the solar plexus punch always gave Bob Fitzsimmons a laugh. Bob would tell you with perfect frankness that this much advertised blow, under which Jim Corbett wilted and lost his world's heavyweight title to Fitz in 1897, was nothing but a "bloody good belly punch," as the lanky slugger phrased it.

It was a reporter for a New York daily paper, who was responsible for putting over the solar plexus gag. After the Reno battle was over, the correspondent, Bob Davis, talked to a couple of physicians who were at the ringside. One of them remarked that Corbett had been defeated by being hit in the solar plexus, which he explained, meant a stomach region where a network of nerves were concentrated.

The scribe liked the phrase, adopted it in his story. It was duly printed and copied all over the country, and accepted at face value by the public. Fitzsimmons was well paid for a widely syndicated interview in which the new heavyweight champion described how for two years he had devoted his spare time to studying anatomy, tutored by eminent physicians, in order to locate weak spots in the male frame where he could sink a glove with paralyzing results for the victim. Finally, the solar plexus was selected as the most desirable target. Science and patient study had decreed James J. Corbett's doom!

* * *

KID McCOY'S much-touted corkscrew punch had more substance to its aim than most of the press inventions in that line. It was nothing more than a supple turn of the wrist as a straight jab landed, giving a sort of twisted momentum to the glove. McCoy cut up his opponents in many cases with the corkscrew scraper, and as the Kid was one of the best personal publicity-boosters for himself that the ring ever knew, he got plenty of newspaper space as the inventor of a novel, destructive wallop.

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But at the time McCoy was campaigning, a topflight lightweight of his day, Wilmington Jack Daly, was utilizing a left jab, combined with a twist and chop, as it landed, which was to all intents and purposes the same as the celebrated corkscrew. Daly fought Kid Lavigne, Kid McPartland, Charles McKeever, Young Griffo, Joe Gans—all of the bright lights of his class, drew with some, beat others, and in all cases made them hustle to the limit. But when it came to contacting newspaper editors, Daly wasn't in McCoy's class, so the Kid was widely heralded as a punch-inventor, while Wilmington Jack became a forgotten man.

As delivered by McCoy and Daly, the corkscrew punch was terribly effective. They had many imitators, but, easy as it looked, it wasn't so easy to master, and except for Harry Harris, the one-time world's bantam champion, none of the fighters of that day succeeded in perfecting use of the blow.

* * *

HARRIS, a stablemate of McCoy's, was a great favorite with the Kid, who sparred with him continually in training. The bantam, unusually tall and long in the reach for his class, was built very much like McCoy on a small scale, and possessed a left hand that was a marvel for speed and accuracy, in due course of time the pupil had the corkscrew trick down as fine as the master, as many of Harris's future opponents were to discover to their cost.

Harris defeated Pedlar Palmer of England before the National Sporting Club of London in fifteen rounds, in 1901, winning the bantamweight championship. British boxing critics were wont to boost Palmer as possessing one of the best left hands ever seen in the ring. But the Pedlar's famed left jab ran a poor second to the tantalizing corkscrew left flashed by the McCoy pupil. That was one publicized punch which lived up to its press reputation.

When Battling Nelson was lightweight champion a book was published which bore the Dane's name as author, and contained descriptions of the fighter's battles, as well as a sketch of his life. Nelson had heard of the McCoy corkscrew punch, and with laudable ambition to also distinguish himself in the inventive field, he included the discovery of what was termed the "scissors punch" in his career yarn.

So far as anyone could understand this, it consisted of a blow in the liver-region, delivered in some complicated fashion, though why the scissors nomenclature was adopted, only Nelson could explain. Nobody ever tried to rob the Dane of the credit for this smashing invention, which never came into general use, probably because no boxer, except the worthy Battler himself, knew what it was all about.

* * *

BIG Jim Jeffries was ambidextrous, and his ability to punch as heavily with the left as the right hand was not the least of his scrapping assets. His sharply downdriven left hook was a terrible wallop that finished off both Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett in their battles with Jeffries. The right to the wind, and that hammer-like left dropped on the jaw, was a bad combination to buck when Jeff was in his prime.

Unlike Corbett, whose theatrical sense of news value was highly developed, or Fitzsimmons, who cared little what was printed about him, so long as he wasn't ignored, Jim Jeffries frequently objected to having his name mixed up with synthetic press stuff. When he was training for his first fight with Corbett, which resulted in a kayo victory for Jeffries in twenty-three rounds, at Coney Island, in 1900, an enterprising newspaper man evolved a story centering around what he termed the "sickle punch", the same being nothing more or less than the champion's favorite left hook.

The publicity man at the camp thought the yarns were good stuff, but when the copy was shown to Jeffries, there was nothing doing.

"That's a lot of rotten bunk," growled the champion. "Me discover a new punch! How d'ye get that way? And a sickle wallop, what a name, think I want folks figurin' me as batty?"

"It's a good name," remonstrated the publicity man. "Sickle—reaping a harvest, don't you get the idea, Jim. The way you reap your victories—hey?"

"That's 'nuff said," rejoined Jeffries gruffly. "Print any sickle guff about me, and I'll sicken somebody for it. And that goes!"

It went! There was no sickle yarn published, and Jeffries never won fame as the inventor of a thrillingly new punch, as he might easily have done. We all waste good opportunities now and then!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of THE RING published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1941.

County of New York } ss.
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.; Harold S. Fleischer, 307 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the dates shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1941.

FLORENCE BRISCOE,
Notary Public, New York County
New York County Clerk's No. 277
New York Register's No. 13298
Commission expires March 30, 1943

Louis Rests Until

(Continued from page 11)

than half a year to get some recreation, perhaps move into the army, and take it easy. Joe deserves a long vacation. He has been the most willing and active title holder in the history of the heavyweight division. He has met every man who had any pretence to a claim to a match. He hasn't spared himself, he hasn't taken much time off to enjoy the financial fruits of his success. To be sure, these fruits have been juicy and opulent. Joe has cashed in aplenty. But the time was when the sports writers had to rail at heavyweight champions who allowed themselves at least a year between appearances, and some champions who could not be persuaded to meet contenders whom the public had a right to see in title competition.

You may recollect from your boxing history that the great John L. Sullivan would not meet Peter Jackson, who was a Negro. The Bostonian pretended to draw the color line, when as a matter of cold fact, John L. did not care to mingle with so crafty a boxer and so resourceful and durable a fighter.

You will find those cases right down the years. Yes, even during the reign of Jack Dempsey, who never met Harry Wills. Just how formidable Wills in his prime would have been for Dempsey always will be a moot question. Very likely, Harry would have succumbed to the Dempsey punch. But—it is a matter yet open for debate.

Dempsey would not meet Wills because Tex Rickard would not let him. Rickard had Dempsey sewed up, and he declined to promote a fight between a white and a Negro. He said the public would not support this fight, and perhaps he was right.

Louis, on the other hand, has met them all. He polishes off one, and shouts, "Bring on the next victim!" This more than hints superlative skill, tremendous physical force.

However, there comes a time when even the willing fighter wants a long rest. There comes a time when it no longer is fun to train, when the idea of putting on the gloves again becomes abhorrent. It would be a good thing for Joe if he slid into the background of some six months and let the crop develop. A good thing for Louis and a good thing for the game.

In so far as Louis and the army are concerned, there is nothing definite at this time.

His Chicago board has reclassified Louis in 1A. That perhaps will mean an early call. Perhaps local conditions are such that Joe will not go in just yet.

At any rate, there has not been any talk of Joe and the army for some time and for all we know, when next June and the second Conn fight roll around, Louis still will be a civilian.

* * *

WHILE fight fans wonder just what is going to happen in the Louis situation, let us take a look at the field.

1—Billy Conn; not doing any fighting, and not confronted with any chance to fight until he meets Louis again in June. Not ready to fight anybody, anyway.

2—Buddy Baer; recuperating from severe beating he got from Louis, and certainly not in line just yet for a second shot at the champion.

3—Lou Nova; thoroughly out of the picture, his hopes blasted forever, his opportunities now limited to a trial horse for those who think they can grow up into matches with Louis.

4—Turkey Thompson; this Los Angeles Negro may have a chance, though after his draw with Abe Simon, enthusiasm for Turkey has waned. For some time he looked like the wonder of the new crop. But he got only a draw with Abe. True, Simon lasted into the thirteenth round with Joe, but nobody now pays much attention to that. Some of the onlookers felt Turkey was entitled to better than a draw with Simon, but the referee's count showed Abe in the lead. The issue was too close to permit ecstacies over Thompson. He must make a fresh start.

5—Lem Franklin; another Negro heavyweight who seems to have the makings but who, too, is not quite ready to throw grimaces at Louis.

6—Bill Poland; a white heavy who promised to do things, but who now may be tossed into the discard.

What is the answer? It is just this—we've got to mark time now until June, when Louis tackles Conn. If and when Joe polishes off Billy again, we will have to do a little worrying because nobody behind Conn at this time looks as if he might scare Joe into retirement.

However, Time does things. Just when the heavyweight situation looks its worst, somebody comes along and gives it a shot in the arm.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 23)

of efficiency with a kind of cooperation that was offered to the instructors by their commanding officers during the last World War. Boxing should not be neglected as it now is in this all-important connection.

* * *

WHEN Dave Castilloux, the lightweight and welterweight champion of Canada, gained a ten-round decision over Harry Hurst in their recent battle for the lightweight crown, he demonstrated before a big gathering that he is the outstanding fighter across the border. Dave, by his victory, jumped a step nearer the world lightweight championship. Castilloux has earned the right to a title bout and should be considered when the first opponent for the Angott-Jenkins winner is discussed.

Castilloux is the type of battler who is most likely to dethrone the present king of the lightweights and if given the opportunity against Red Cochrane in a welterweight championship fight, the Canadian king of that division would furnish excellent competition in such a contest. Dave is entitled to one or the other match. As Canadian champion he should be given recognition by the powers that control boxing.

* * *

THE victory of Al Delaney, Canadian heavyweight champion and winner of The Ring Magazine Belt, over Eddie Wenstob in their recent twelve-round bout at Vancouver, enabled Delaney to retain his crown and also proved that he is master of his division in Canada. However, despite his triumph over Tiger Warrington and Wenstob the outstanding heavyweights from across the border, Delaney fails to gain recognition in this country as one of the ranking heavyweights because he doesn't measure up to the calibre of contenders. His knockout at the hands of Roscoe Toles in three rounds in Detroit was a severe setback.

Now that he has come back with a defeat of Wenstob, he may land in the select circle if he can erase the kayo suffered in Detroit and take the measure of one or more of The Ring's first ten, something I doubt he can accomplish.

Wrestling in California

(Continued from page 40)

flying tackle, meeting head first in the center of the ring for a complete blackout.

Hans Schnable and Sammy Stein, two other veterans, are favorites in California. Sammy, who at one time had to retire because of an eye ailment, is one of the best thrill providers seen on the Coast. He is as popular as ever.

Remember Jack Hagen? A pretty good wrestler. Well Jack was badly injured in a match some time ago when he fractured a hip bone and was forced to retire. Jack, who lives in Shreveport has recovered sufficiently to enable him to work for the National Defense at a shell-loading plant near his home. He asks that The Ring, through this column, so inform his friends and we are glad to print the above.

The biggest news in the heavyweight mat picture is the possibility of a Londos-Szabo match to be held in the Olympic Auditorium soon. Promoter Zaharias has already managed to get Londos' name on a contract for just such a match, but he is now looking around for Szabo who has completely disappeared from the scene. Londos has joined Zaharias full-heartedly in an effort to clear up the heavyweight title situation for once and for all and is willing to meet Szabo at any time. However, since the aforementioned Szabo-Nagurski draw, the N.W.A. Champion has been the "big man who wasn't there" and is apparently either doing some rigid secret training, or trying to get away from such formidable competition.

The smaller arenas around Los Angeles continue to do a promising business, while all the major mat encounters are still staged in the Olympic Auditorium. Johnny Doyle of the Eastside Arena continues to present the most blood-curdling thrillers of all.

The fall and winter season looks especially promising in the California mat scene. It looks like a season of smash hits and big names for the folks who follow the muscular men on the West Coast. Nick Lutze continues as the top booker and he and Promoter Zaharias have had their heads together to bring some new and startling talent westward.

STORIES LEFT OUT

Owing to lack of space, two articles listed to appear in this issue, "Giants of the Ring," by T. W. McNiel, and "Radio Orations," were held out for a subsequent issue.

New Promoter

A. B. Scott, chairman of the Indiana Boxing Commission, informs us that Mike Dudak of Gary, Indiana, has applied for a promoter's license. This should put Gary back on the pugilistic map.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

WHAT started as a dreary waltz in the lea of Coogan's Bluff was turned into a site for human slaughter when Joe Louis thundered a sickening right hand punch to the jaw of cosmic Lou Nova that toppled the California giant into the resin, in the ring pitched across second base at the Polo Grounds. The Giants' Mel Ott never struck a more devastating blow.

The champion's nineteenth unsuccessful challenger for his prized tiara managed to beat Referee Arthur Donovan's fatal count, but the Cosmic Comic arose in a helpless condition before the firing fists of the Dark Destroyer, and although the third man in the ring halted brutalities a second before the finish of the sixth round, there wasn't a dissenting cord in the vocal assemblage that numbered 56,549 paying patrons.

If they had any kick, it should have been directed against a challenger who had been built up by trick Yogi ballyhoo into the best of Louis' opponents, but who, unfortunately, turned up as the poorest of the champion's victims, a big lug with two left feet who threw punches from way back behind his heels that provided Jolting Joe with a few moments of unrestrained amusement. Lou payed more attention to perfecting dynamic stances than to a method with which he might possibly have removed the Dark Cloud from the heavyweight horizon.

For five rounds, the only action was provided by the white coated hawkers of Stevens' hot dogs while the spectators who contributed to a bulging $583,771 gate caused less excitement than a Monday game in the Hub between Boston and Philadelphia after the National League pennant had been decided.

Then Louis threw the only good punch of the fight (?) and the monotony was over. A quarter of a pound separated the principals with Louis the lighter at 202¼.

In a slashing eight-round semi-final that provided the fans with fistic fireworks, Lenny Mancini was awarded the decision over Terry Young. The bout was a return affair, their first battle having been called a draw. Both boys suffered cuts from their head-on slugging with Young requiring eight stitches for his lacerated lip. Mancini scaled 136½; Young 132.

Holman Williams, 156, stablemate of Louis, was given a decision over Joe Basora, 153¼, and the verdict was funnier than the faces of some of the spectators who payed thirty dollars to witness the heavyweight title farce. Basora did everything but knock out his opponent and the final decision favoring Williams left the impression that perhaps the officials got their adversaries mixed.

In heavyweight sixes, Freddie Fiducia, 194, shaded Tommy Tucker, 181½, and Teddy Wint, 197½, outpointed Joe Baksi, 210½.

James D. Turner whipped Joe O'Gatty and Johnny Aichers drew with Tommy Madden. The boys are heavyweights.

Ray Robinson, the Harlem Trip Hammer, made his initial start in Madison Square Garden an auspicious one, by belting out Maxie Shapiro, East Side 135 pounder, in the third round of a scheduled 10 round battle. The unbeaten ex-Golden Gloves champion was at his best as he unmercifully sent the Hebrew gamester to the canvas four times before Referee Arthur Donovan called a halt to the one-sided proceedings. Only once did Shapiro give his backers any kind of hope when he arose from a nine second knockdown near the finish of the second round to stagger Robinson with a wild right to the jaw that caused Ray's legs to wobble. But the copper-colored Harlemite came out fresh for the third and what proved to be the winning round and belted Maxie to defeat. The fight was witnessed by 11,945 customers who swelled the gate to a neat $21,822.

In the semi-final eight-round battle, Steve Belloise, middleweight contender now in the U. S. Navy, battled to a draw with Antonio Fernandez. Belloise weighed 154½ while Fernandez tipped the scales at 150½.

In another scheduled eight-round battle, Beau Jack, 134¼, stopped Al Reid, 130¼, in the seventh round. Reid, a last minute substitute for Guillermo Puentes, was doing well enough for several rounds but could not stand the pace and fell from exhaustion.

Izzy Redman knocked out Harry Ginsburg in the fifth round of a scheduled six-round neighborhood grudge battle. Both boys are from Brownsville. Redman, at 155¾, spotted Ginsburg a pound.

In fours, Louis Casiano, 126¼, whipped Dom Fiantini, 126, and Diogenes Leon, 118, Sammy Goldman's clever bantamweight, won from Johnny Aiello, 122¼.

Lew Jenkins, world lightweight champion, can take his title and put it away in moth balls as far as New York boxing is concerned. He has outlived his welcome and if he never shows here again, it will be too soon.

Facing welterweight king Freddie "Red" Cochrane in the feature 10-round bout at Madison Square Garden, the Sweetwater Texan didn't win a round, was knocked down five times, and generally speaking, gave one of the worst performances seen in a local ring in more years than the writer can remember.

A notorious, reckless motorcycle rider, Jenkins gave the customers a lesson in the art of speeding without the use of his vehicle. He started running from the opening bell and stopped only when the Elizabeth Redhead caught up with him. Then he found himself on the canvas.

It was disgraceful. Jenkins has no regard for his title and the crown he wears means less to him than shoeing a horse on a Texas farm. The lightweight king obviously was in no condition to fight and examination following his battle with Cochrane showed more injuries than a floor full of convalescents at Polyclinic. The 12,182 people who payed $31,111 should have been given a little more protection for their money.

Cochrane scaled 141½ for this catchweight affair while Jenkins weighed 135. Billy Cavanagh refereed the main event. The judges were Jim Clark and George LeCron.

In the semi-final bout of six rounds, Allie Stolz, a Jenkins' stablemate, was awarded the decision over Chief Crazy Horse. Stolz weighed 134 to his opponent's 135¾.

In a featherweight match, Lulu Costantino shaded Curley Nichols over the six-round route, while in other six-round encounters, Holman Williams, 152, defeated newcomer Raul Carrabantes, 147; and Joey Iannotti again was awarded the decision over Aaron Seltzer in what was unquestionably the best fight on the card. The boys battled each other all over the ring with Iannotti the classier of the two. Joey weighed 128 and Aaron came in at 126¾ ponnds.

Steve Vaccarelli, 126¾, outpointed Joey Agro, 128, in the four-round curtain raiser.

Carmine Fatta, Bensonhurst, gained the decision over Gene Johnson in the feature contest of six rounds at the Fort Hamilton reservation. Fatta dropped his opponent with a short left hook to the jaw in the first round for a no count and was in front from that moment on. It was the Bensonhurst lad's first fight since his voluntary enlistment in the army for a year. Fatta weighed 135 and Johnson scaled 138.

In the semi-final bout, Larry Fontana knocked out Hank Ushroy in forty-two seconds of the second round. Fontana twice dropped his opponent before the referee intervened. Fontana weighed 150; Ushroy 148.

Arthur Dorrell, stylish Texas welterweight, battled to a draw with Pete DeRuzza, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the White Plains County Center. DeRuzza puzzled Dorrell with his bobbing and weaving style in the early rounds, but the unbeaten Texan solved Pete's tactics and scored with some damaging punches in the closing rounds. DeRuzza weighed 145; Dorrell 142¾.

In the semi-final six-round battle, classy-looking Henry Vasquez gained a technical knockout victory over Tony Iacovacci half way through the fourth round. Vasquez punched straight and sure and completely outclassed his opponent.

Curley Nichols, steady plugging Brownsville featherweight, took a hard-earned eight-round decision over Henry Hook in the feature bout at Fort Hamilton. Although Hook was the cleverer of the two, Nichols' aggressiveness entitled him to the decision. Nichols weighed 128 and had a two-pound weight advantage.

Middleweight Tommy Campanella knocked out Johnny Morris in the fifth round of a scheduled six, Joe Torres, 138, technically stopped Ernie King, 137, at the end of the third round, and Eddie Alzek, 140, won the decision over Bobby Lakin, 142, in another six-rounder.

Ernest "Cat" Robinson, Jamaica welterweight, outpunched Jerry Fiorello in the feature eight-round battle at the opening of the indoor boxing season at Ridgewood Grove. The fight was a hard punching fray with Robinson scoring more frequently. The Cat's terrific left hooks to the body slowed down Fiorello considerably. Jerry tried to concentrate his attack to the head but Robinson bobbed and weaved underneath the blows and countered nicely to the body. After the fight it was discovered that Fiorello had fractured his left hand, an injury he said he sustained in the second round.

Sal Bartola, Boston's outstanding contender for world featherweight honors, took the measure of Davey Crawford, Brooklyn 135 pounder, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Fort Hamilton reservation before a crowd of approximately 3,000. The Hub Italian excelled at long range boxing, scoring repeatedly with rapid fire left jabs, and during an exchange of blows in the seventh round, opened a cut over Crawford's left eye. Earlier in the battle, Bartola staggered his colored adversary with a sharp one-two to the jaw that staggered Crawford. At 126, Sal had a four pound pull in the weights.

In the six-round semi-final, Larry Fontana, 153, took a decision over Meyer Siegel, 152, while in another six round bout, Joey Agro, Bensonhurst featherweight, outscored Harry Diduck, Boro Park.

Izzy Redman, Brooklyn middleweight, and Jimmy Casa, west side, battled to a draw in the feature bout of eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. Redman was penalized the second and fifth rounds for low blows by Referee Frank Fullam. Izzy, the more aggressive of the two, crowded Casa throughout the fight, but what Jimmy lacked in aggressiveness, he made up with his clever boxing.

In the semi-final contest of six rounds, Buddy O'Dell, California newcomer, made an auspicious eastern debut by scoring a four-round knockout victory over Victor Amato. O'Dell twice floored Amato in the first round and completely outclassed his willing opponent. O'Dell weighed 160; Amato 159. In two other six-round battles, Joe Baynes, 169, battled to a draw with Herbert Marshall, 170, and Danny Kapilow, 145, took the measure of Ricardo Luca, 139.

Lenny Mancini, aggressive Brooklyn lightweight, banged out a decision in eight rounds over Abie Kaufman, Philadelphia, in the feature tussle at the Broadway Arena. A whistling right hand to the jaw in the first round floored the Quaker City scrapper for a count of seven and when Kaufman arose, he decided to play it safe for the duration. He clutched and held on allowing Lenny to bang out an easy victory. In the semi-final bout of six rounds, Morris Reif knocked out Terry Amico after two minutes of the third round. In two other sixes, Tommy Campanella whipped Teddy Mogil and Danny Kapilow won the decision over Mel Williams.

Joey Fontana closed the outdoor boxing season at the Fort Hamilton Reservation by battling to a fast eight-round draw with Charley Roberts. Although there were no knockdowns, the fight was fast throughout, with both boys willing. They kept on top of each other, assaulting the body with both hands to the delight of the fans. Ernie Rossini, Bensonhurst, knocked out Willis Johnson in the fourth round of a scheduled six-round semi-windup.

Lou Schwartz, promising Brownsville middleweight, scored a fine victory over Andre Jessurun, Bronx veteran, in the feature tussle of eight rounds at the Broadway Arena that boosted the former's stock considerably. Although Jessurun had a small lead going into the sixth round, Schwartz put on a belated rally in the closing rounds to come from behind. It was a fast fight that was well received by the four thousand fans.

Morris Reif, another highly regarded Brownsville youngster, scored his twentieth consecutive professional victory when he knocked out Johnny Mirabella in the first round of a scheduled six-round semi-windup. Reif weighed 138¾, Mirabella 131. In another six-round bout, Chico Pacheco, 141, was returned the victor over Harvey Tischler, 138¾.

Bobby Ruffin, Astoria lightweight campaigner, knocked out Oliver White, Brooklyn veteran, in the eighth round of a scheduled main event of ten rounds at the Ridgewood Grove arena. White, who started well with vicious left hooks, was eventually slowed down to a walk with a counter body attack that left him winded. Ruffin continued to set the pace to his weakened opponent and finally floored him with an assortment of punches to the head. The six round fight ended in a draw verdict. It was between Mike Angieri, 150½, and Steve Izzy, 156, while the eight-round semi-windup also culminated in a draw. The principals were Pedro Tomez, making his debut here, and Pete Muscarnera, and the fight was well worth looking at. Tomez weighed 147 and Muscarnera 148½.

It took the veteran Izzy Jannazzo to halt the winning streak of Lou Schwartz but only after a tough fight. Meeting in the main bout of ten rounds at the Broadway Arena, Jannazzo took the play away from his younger and less experienced adversary to win without question. Busy Izzy scored repeatedly with left jabs and hooks and when Schwartz did manage to score with a hard right, he couldn't follow up his advantage. It was a hard fight all the way. Izzy spotted the Hebrew 13¼ pounds, coming in at 152 to Schwartz's 165¼. In the eight-round semi-windup, Irwin Kaye Kaplan emerged the victor over Billy Corrigan.

Jack LaMotta, fast coming Bronx middleweight, outpointed Lorenzo Strickland, in the feature bout of eight rounds at the White Plains County Center. LaMotta punched too fast for Strickland and won without question. In sixes, Jackie Savino whipped Al Fine and Frankie Ray knocked out Ernie King when the latter could not come out for the fourth round.

THE NEW YORK VERSION: Billy Soose found himself the center of bitter controversy but as is usually the case with the ex-Penn Stater, Lady Luck again seemed to be smiling in his favor. Just when it seemed that he would be the victim of a knockout at the hands of veteran Ceferino Garcia, Referee Abe Roth intervened in the eighth round of their scheduled twelve-round rumpus at Los Angeles, Cal., and called the fight a draw with blood dripping from Soose's left eye and Billy desperately hanging on. The referee insisted that Garcia had butted Soose causing the slit eye and in accordance with the rules of California boxing, it is up to a referee's discretion to call a halt and announce the official decision as a "draw" if the injured man is in front on points.

Bitterness between the rival camps was apparent at the weigh-in. George Parnassus, manager of Garcia, said that Soose had verbally agreed to do 160 pounds with Ceferino tipping the scales at 161¼ with the help of two packages of silver dollars in either hand. Soose, however, scaled in at 169½. The fight had one of the most unsatisfactory endings in the history of Los Angeles boxing. Back East however, blase New Yorkers took the decision with a grain of salt, it being just another verdict handed down in favor of a fellow who has been very lucky indeed when he needed a lucky vote.

Carlos Chavez knocked out Donnie Maes with a little more than a minute remaining in the tenth and final round with Donnie way out in front until the kayo. Instead of coasting through the final round Maes elected to slug it out and was caught with a terrific right to the jaw that felled him for a count. He arose but was in such helpless condition that the referee was forced to intervene. Verne Bybee also received a tough break in his fight against Toby Vigil when he was declared a loser via the technical knockout route in the fourth round. Bybee apparently was winning the fight when he dislocated his right shoulder tossing a right hand punch and could not continue . . . . Bantam king Lou Salica still has trouble winning those overweight fights. This time he had to travel all the way to Honolulu to blow a close one to Rush Dalma . . . . In a month of riots, Cleveland found itself very much in the limelight. In a fight between Jack LaMotta, New York preliminary youngster and Jimmy Reeves, the decision went to the latter after LaMotta had smashed him to the canvas on five different occasions in the final round of their fight. When the decision in favor of Reeves was announced, pandemonium broke loose. The fans stormed the ring and several punches were thrown at Commissioners Tris Speaker and Charley Bethel. The police were unable to stop hostilities and not until the National Anthem was played did the spectators come to attention.

. . . Lee Savold knocked out Lou Brooks in the sixth round of their battle at Wilmington crushing, for the time being, local hopes of a possible future champion. The good news however, was the fact that the fight drew $11,800, the biggest gate in the sports history of Wilmington, and a decidedly good sign for boxing. . . .

Ritchie Lemos will remain on the shelf for awhile. The N.B.A. featherweight champion has brittle hands, Ritchie having hurt them in his last three fights. Too bad. Bad hands have been the ruination of many a good fighter . . . . Chick Hayes sends clippings to prove his contention that Coley Welch was given much the worst of it in his fight with Tony Martin in Chicago in which Martin was given the verdict. Angel Lopez, however, counters with clippings to prove that his Jose Basora was given the worst of it in his fight with Welch in Portland in which Coley was given the duke. Which evens matters up.

Remember Jimmy Wilde? The Mighty Atom is still around the resin trail. Jimmy is training a fine looking heavyweight prospect in George Gale from whom he expects big things . . . . The Snediker Brothers found the going real rough on a recent card in Elizabeth, N. J. The three of them met disaster, Joe losing to Gus Vargo, by a technical knockout in four rounds, Roy going out the same way at the hands of Sam Vargo, but in the first round, and Jimmy being outpointed by Oscar Lewis . . . . Jimmy Johnson is back from the coast bellowing in no uncertain terms, at the officials. For instance, the Abe Simon-Turkey Thompson fight which was called a draw certainly presents a comical angle from the score card of Referee Benny Whitman. Whitman gave Simon the edge, 56 to 54, in points scored and also gave Ample Abe an edge in rounds, 6 to 4, yet called the fight a draw. What goes on?

The funniest ruling that has hit boxing in years comes out of Hartford and it has the boys rolling in the aisles. Frank Coskey, chairman of the Connecticut Boxing Commission, has suspended Chalky Wright for failure to defend his title against Bobby "Poison" Ivy and has stated that he will ask the cooperation of Abe Greene, new chairman of the National Boxing Association. The fight, naturally, has to take place in Hartford. Now, it is a matter for the records that Hartford, or Connecticut, is under N.B.A. jurisdiction. It is also a matter for the records that the N.B.A. recognizes as its featherweight champion, Ritchie Lemos and not Wright. Therefore, Commissioner Coskey is asking Chairman Greene to reverse his field, disregard Lemos as the champion, and apply the pressure to force Wright into defending his title against a local boy in the latter's back yard which does not recognize Chalky as the featherweight boss, simply because Eddie Walker, manager of the colored boy, signed a contract under duress to fight Ivy in Hartford if he whipped Archibald. Wright, by all the rules of boxing, is entitled to a six months period of time before being called upon to defend his newly acquired crown. Chalky, who has been boixng in the lightweight and welterweight classes to earn his livelihood, and who has been a distinct credit to the sport from which he draws his livelihood, should in all fairness to him, be allowed several months in which to tour the country picking up lucrative purses as his just reward following his titular triumph. Every other champion is allowed the same privilege.

And to Commissioner Coskey, very recently Freddie "Red" Cochrane won the welterweight title from Fritzie Zivic in the State of New Jersey, and Cochrane signed a contract guaranteeing the Pittsburger a return bout for the title within a period of sixty days. Remember? Thus far the contract has not been honored and nothing has been done to protect Fritzie. When Willie Gilzenburg, manager of the Elizabeth Redhead, was asked why, he answered that he signed the contract under duress and every court in the country would uphold his action. Now it is silly to believe that Wright is deliberately trying to evade Ivy because Chalky is and always has been ready to face opponents who outweighed him by twenty-five pounds. But the California Negro is entitled to several months in which he can feather his nest so that when his fighting days are over, he won't have to ask Commissioner Coskey or anybody else for any help. So ease the pressure, boys, it can avail nothing.

Fight managers, and RING correspondents are asked by Nat Fleischer to send to him the complete record, itemized by dates, showing places, clubs and results, the same style as is now used in THE RING Records of page 32, as Nat wants to use these, without any cost to the managers or fighters, in his RING record book, out for this Christmas. Type the record—don't write it and use only one side of the paper.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CLEVELAND now is one of the leading boxing centers in the nation. The reason? Because the Bob Brickman-Benny Goetz promotional combine, directed by Matchmaker Larry Atkins, is putting on shows here that are drawing big gates and when you can draw big gates in Cleveland you are doing something big. The first two shows of the season were successful from a financial viewpoint and were filled with action.

Tony Musto won a duke over Jimmy Bivins in ten rounds. Bivins had Tony on the floor in the second round.

Sammy Secreet upset the dope by handing Maxie Berger a licking in ten heats. Sammy was out to win from the opening gong, and kept winging until it was all over. Berger never did get started. It was a great fight. Tommy Yarosz defeated a kid by the name of Oakie Greer, while Pat Murphy beat Goff Greer, a brother of the former. These lads were from Jenkins, Ky.

Harry Teany made a hit with the fans when he kayoed Johnny Ryan of Detroit in the fourth round. Teany is managed by Johnny Papke. Bobby Berry won over Steve Morgan of Youngstown in a roughhouse brawl.

Lem Franklin made his debut at the Arena on Larry Atkins' second show. He stopped Tony Musto in two rounds. Franklin proved he is ready for Joe Louis and that he can beat 99 per cent of the heavyweights today. He blasted Mr. Musto with a right hand to the heart that did no good, then it was a matter of time, when the referee stopped the contest. This was the climax of a real great show that packed plenty of excitement. The Musto-Franklin bout followed a thriller between Jimmy Reeves of Cleveland and Jacob LaMatto of New York, in which Reeves got the duke. Reeves was way out in front going into the ninth round but was floored a couple of times and was on the canvas, when the bell rang for the end of the ninth round. The tenth was like the ninth, only Reeves was out when the bell rang for the end of the fight. From a technical point, the decision favoring Reeves was just, because they score by rounds, and regardless of what happened, he was not counted out. The boys around the ringside got to arguing and 75 unscheduled bouts were fought around the ring. Five squads of police were called to quell the riot.

Sammy Secreet was back on the card and stopped Mistos Grispos in five rounds. This Secreet kid has found himself a home here in Cleveland. He is being handled by the old maestro, Tommy Walsh, who likes Cleveland. Who wouldn't in the boxing business when they draw $9000 for the first show of the season and $12,000 the second. Boxing has returned here with a bang.

Harry Teany scored another win by defeating Sammy Adragana in a five-rounder. This Teany is shaping up in an all right card. Mimmie Adragana won over Joey Wells.

Tom Stanley, veteran manager, promoted his first show at Akron, Ohio, with Sammy Angott stopping Lee Sheppard in the first round. They played to a fair attendance. Stanley had a real match in Freddie Pope and Chio Cahitta in the eight round semi-final. They boxed a draw. Eddie Morgan won over Buddy Wright of Cincinnati.

Harry Teany defeated Art Sarles in six rounds. Sarles was on the floor six times throughout the bout. Then Teany went to Buffalo and stopped George Twitty in five rounds.

Joey Pirrone with Mike Vellotta as his manager, is going like a house on fire. He has scored nine straight knockouts and is popular in Chicago, Pittsburgh and Buffalo. At the rate Joey is going, he will make a great card around here.

Mickey Kilcher and Max Neidenbach have opened a gym on Cleveland's West Side, called the West Park A. C. It is located at Lorain Avenue and West 120th. The equipment is the finest we've ever seen. It is as modern a gym as there is anywhere. The boys did not miss a thing and have twenty-nine members already. They are a credit to the game.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

BADGER boxers were forced to seek action outside the state last month as local promoters refused to disturb the fistic siesta which enmeshes the state. Tony Martin took the lead in a Chicago ring by winning over Coley Welch, nifty punching New Englander. We're behind Tony and want to see him reach the top, but this is one fight he did not win. Welch used a flicking left hand, which he kept in Tony's face continually, to win eight of the ten rounds.

The victory which rates the second place in the triumphs of the month is 17-year-old Frankie Pintaro's four-round decision over Jimmy Parks, the colored lightweight that finished Matt Mihalovich in a round at the Auditorium here last July. Pintaro, who is growing rapidly, was too big and strong for Parks and used straight punches inside his opponent's hooks to take the verdict. The fight took place at Marigold.

Savvy Canadeo made his first Chicago appearance as a pro in winning handily over tough George Kontopolis . . . . Georgie Feltes lost to unorthodox Jack Hill in six . . . . Johnny Roszina beat Chuck Hirst in five; Don Wallenfang won over Eddie Carson; Matt Dougherty beat veteran Chino Lopez and lost to Johnny Abbott.

Irish Mickey Hayes, local heavy, is planning to enter the heavyweight tournament at Detroit . . . . We would like to go out on the limb and throw a few orchids to Joe Maxim, Cleveland's budding light-heavy. Joe did a marvelous job on Bill Petersen at Marigold recently and promises to give the best heavies a great deal of competition very shortly. Maxim is a picture fighter and uses a left hand which matches a welterweight's for speed.

A small local club plans to swing into action here before the month is over.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

DESPITE the bomb threats that continually hover over the people of London, the Britishers refuse to be scared and show the spirit of the times by the manner in which they turn out in droves to see their favorite sports. In boxing, as well as in soccer, thousands of London sports followers came out in large numbers to see the final of the soccer match and also to see Ernie Roderick and Arthur Danahar take part in the British Empire welterweight championship match staged on September 29. Roderick, who two years ago lost a fifteen-round decision to Henry Armstrong in a world championship bout here, retained his Empire crown by winning a thrilling 15-round battle.

Immediately following the battle, Ted Broadribb cabled to Babe Cullan, co-manager of Red Cochrane, new welterweight king, and to THE RING Editor, asking them to submit a proposition to Cochrane to fight Roderick for the world crown in London. In his message to Nat Fleischer, Broadribb suggested that Cochrane be induced to accept a match for the Benevolent Fund Show.

More of this fight in the next issue as I am trying to rush this by Clipper to reach the next issue of this publication.

Jim Brady, Dundee's fighting warrior, was the fighter of the month, for did he not outfight that little Glasgow Scot, Jackie Paterson, in a 15-round contest at Hampden Park Football Ground before a large crowd, in defense of his British Empire bantamweight title!

Brady and Paterson had met before, with the fiery flyweight as the winner by a narrow margin, and when they were rematched over the championship course, most of the critics thought that it was a certainty for the Glasgow Terrier to annex another title to his flyweight championship of the British Empire and also champion of Great Britain. Those critics did not reckon with the fighting Irish Scot from Dundee, who has a bundle of energy and grit to give any bantam or featherweight in the world.

In the first round Brady was floored for the count of "nine," and after this he fought a brainy, two-handed battle worried the challenger with a double-handed onslaught to head and body.

Paterson, who is a very stiff puncher and who has a long list of K.O. victories to his credit, was very keen to land his big punch, but Brady made him miss on many occasions. One of these hard punches caught Brady on his right eye, which was cut badly, and this made the Dundee lad fight all the harder, and set a hectic pace.

In the ninth session, Brady's left eye suffered a bad cut, but this did not stop the champion from tearing into the challenger at every opportunity, throwing punches from all angles.

Paterson persisted in trying to land a big punch, but Brady's ducking and weaving made him an awkward target, and in the closing three rounds, Brady's stamina and pace that he set began to tell on Paterson, who was forced to ease up in his work, and the champion gave him little time to settle down. At the end Referee C. B. Thomas of Wales, without hesitation, walked over to Brady and raised his hand as the winner and still British Empire bantamweight champion.

A great contest between two of the best fighters that ever came out of Scotland.

Sergeant Instructor Freddie Mills of Bournemouth and R. A. F. was a trifle lucky to receive the full honors at the end of 10 rounds when he met Cpl. Tom Reddington of Salford and R. A. F. at Sydney Hulls' open air show at the Rugby Football Ground, Leicester, on behalf of the local Infirmary and Y. M. C. A. The committee, headed by Councilor C. Blackburn, also included Joe Jacobs, the well known master of ceremonies.

But to get back to the fighting, Freddie Mills, weighing 178½ pounds to Reddington's 191 pounds and about six inches shorter in height, forced the pace from the start. He scored repeatedly with his left hook to the body and head. With all this, Reddington was not idle, for every time that they got in close, he would punch away with two hands to the body, scoring effectively at every opportunity. In this way the contest went every round, Mills forcing the pace and being met by clean punches to the jaw and at close quarters with a body barrage of both hands.

In the last two rounds, Mills put on pressure and Reddington, who seemed to be tiring fast, gamely stood his ground and mixed it with the aggressive sergeant instructor, whose one thought was to bring his opponent down, and when the bell went for the end of the final round I was surprised to see the referee go over to Mills and raise his hand as the winner.

So there you are, folks. You put your money down and have your pick, and I still say, *Don't bet on fights.*

Jimmy Gill of Nottingham and the R. A. F., one of our best flyweights, met a surprise in a big way when he faced Johnny Boom of Stratford and the Army in an eight-round contest, for the Stratford lad seemed to punch cleaner and with plenty of effect, that it seemed almost a certainty for Boom to be the winner, but in the last round Gill, sensing that he was behind, fought like a tiger and was lucky to receive a division of honors.

Douglas Bygrave of Norwich and R. A. F. passed on a further reminder that he is improving up the ladder of fisticuffs when he stopped Harry Silver of Clapton and the Army in the fourth of an eight-round contest when his second skied the towel after he had taken a hard right to the jaw and was forced to take a nine count, rising in a bad way.

All credit must be given to Bygraves for his good win, but I must state that I have never seen Silver box so lethargic in all the years I have seen him perform.

In the heavyweight competition, Sid Hart of Mitcham beat a good prospect in Jack Crossby of Nottingham on points in the final.

Crossby is managed by my old pal, Gus Platts, who now owns a tavern in Nottingham. Bring him along steady, Gus, and you may yet manage a champ.

Ivor Thomas (Pontypridd) scored a fifth-round T.K.O. over Dave Williams (Swansea) at Aberdare in a bout that was scheduled to last 12 rounds.

Jimmy Griffiths (Barnsley) won on points at the end of 12 rounds when he met Billy Jones of Cwmparc at Trealaw.

Ray Price (Pontypool) and Harry Thomas (Caerau) fought a sensational 10-round draw at Pontypool.

Remember Johnny Peters of Battersea, who toured U. S. A. and Australia with good success? Well, when on duty in one of London's air raids, "Little Johnny" was seriously injured and had to stay in the hospital for several months, and now he is about again, although on crutches. Peters, a grand boxer of the Driscoll school, and a perfect little gentleman, is well liked, and I am pleased to see him around again. Ted Broadribb is considering a benefit for Johnny. THE RING will be glad to take any subscriptions to the fund from U. S. admirers of Johnny and send it to the Fund.

Ivor Thomas (Pontypridd) goes on from success to success and his latest victory was over Johnny Davies of Bargoed, whom he defeated on points after 12 rounds at Aberdare.

Jimmy Griffiths (Barnsley) gained a points win over Johnny Clarke (Cambridge) after 10 rounds at Pontypool.

Kid Tanner (British Guiana) forced Pierce Ellis of Manchester to retire at the end of the fifth round of a 10-round contest at Manchester.

Johnny Downes, the hard-hitting Manchester welter, scored his 18th victory out of 19 contests in the pro ranks when he knocked out Sergeant Frank Duffy of Liverpool in the ninth of a 10-round contest at Liverpool.

This was Duffy's first defeat and it was no disgrace in losing to Downes, who will soon be knocking at the championship door at the rate he is going. Watch out for Johnny Downes.

Joe Royce (Manchester) was a trifle lucky to defeat Freddie Dixon of London when the latter was ruled out for going down without a blow in the sixth of a scheduled eight-round contest.

Dixon was the master of the situation from the start and had built up a big lead when he ran into a long right swing during the sixth session. Taking a count of nine he rose unsteadily, falling again through weakness without a blow being struck, and he was promptly disqualified.

Stoker Al Phillips of London and Gordon Ashun of Liverpool fought an exciting eight-round contest, both standing toe to toe for the whole of the time, and it was no surprise when the referee called the bout a draw, and then the crowd gave a yell and a cheer for two fighting gamecocks.

Captain Prince Cox staged an interesting card at Bridgwater when his star bout was Billy Bird of Chelsea and Ted Barter of Kingston and R. A. F. over 10 rounds, and the veteran taxi driver from Chelsea was a clever winner on points.

In another 10-round contest, Jack Merino of Bridgwater won over Jack Lewis (Bournemouth) in a hard-hitting contest.

Dennis Rebeck (Chippenham) defeated Eddie Middle of Weston-Super-Mare in the third of an eight-round bout when the referee intervened when Rebeck cut Middle's eye with a hard right-hand punch.

Ronnie Bishop, ex-flyweight champion of Wales, outpointed Johnny Hughes (London) in an interesting eight-round contest.

Dick Weller (Bournemouth) and R. A. F. won a hard eight-round contest when he outpointed "Darkie" Davis (Wales) after a good bout.

Harry "Kid" Farlo of Stepney, who only a few years ago was called "one of Great Britain's cleverest youngsters," is about to make a comeback to professional boxing after a series of contests since taking up his services with the R. A. F.

After defeating among others (Corporal H. Markinson) Harry Farlo to the profession, Douglas Bygrave of Norwich and Harry Groves of London, the brilliant ex-amateur lightweight champion, Farlo, considers that at twenty-six years of age he is still able to hold his own with the leading men in the lightweight division, and I am in agreement with him, for Farlo was one of the best prospects and one of the cleverest lads to pull on a glove, and as a good gate attraction, he is certainly going to make things interesting for some of the East Side lightweights that have come on since he decided to leave the roped square.

Readers, do not be disappointed when you cannot buy your RING Magazine owing to them being sold out. You can make it a certainty by sending a postal order of 1/8½ (one shilling and eightpence halfpenny) and I will forward THE RING Magazine to you as soon as they arrive in Great Britain.

If you would like to receive a price list in British currency of books advertised in THE RING Bookshop, send a stamped addressed envelope and I will forward same by return.

Any of these books would be welcomed by any lad in the fighting services. Do not fail to give a lad a few hours' enjoyment by ordering these books from John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin Street, London, E. 1.

At the Royal Albert Hall, Harry Lazar, the young Aldgate lightweight, was called upon to meet the challenger to Eric Boon's lightweight title, Ronnie James of Swansea, and now serving as a sergeant in a Welsh regiment. The contest was over eight rounds and many thought that the youthful Lazar had a good chance of outpointing the hard-hitting and aggressive Welsh lightweight, who has been knocking at the championship door for some time. As soon as the first gong started them on their way, however, James walked forward in a bobbing and weaving method to make the youngster miss with his straight left. When James got in close, he peppered Lazar with all kinds of hooks to head and body, and Lazar apparently was taken out of his class, and he proved beyond all doubt that if he is to become a champion he must allow himself to be brought along slowly and surely, and not be rushed along too fast. This contest should be a lesson to his mentors, as well as Lazar himself. James easily won.

Nel Tarleton, now in the R. A. F., and incidentally, featherweight champion of Great Britain and the Empire, gave a masterful exhibition of boxing in his eight-round contest with Billy Walker of Stratford and the Army, and won on points.

Sergt. Harry Mizler, R. A. F., and Company Sergeant Major Eddie Ryan put up a sparkling contest over eight rounds with Mizler just getting on top in the last two rounds to earn the decision.

A fight, yes, that's what it was, that had the large crowd cheering all the time when Irish Johnny Ward met Aircraftsman Douglas Bygrave of the R. A. F. over eight rounds. First one, then the other would get his nose in front, but the strong finish of Ward gave him the edge and he deserved the referee's verdict.

Lance Bomb. Jack Hyams of Stepney and Southern Area cruiserweight champion won a sparkling bout over eight rounds when he met his old opponent, Sergt. Dave McCleave of Battersea, Southern Area middleweight champion.

Aircraftsman Joe Davis of Hoxton and R. A. F. was very unlucky in his contest with Pat Palmer of Battersea, for he had the latter well beaten in the second round when a collision of heads, leaving Davis with a large cut over his left eye, forced the referee to stop the contest and declare Palmer the winner.

Joe Curran of Liverpool, fresh from his two-round K.O. victory in Glasgow over Billy Clinton, Scottish champion, gave a creditable display when he outpointed Sammy Reynolds of Wolverhampton over 12 rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

On the same card, Joe Joyce (Manchester) proved too strong and forceful for Mick Howard of Liverpool and the latter's seconds threw in the towel during the fifth session, leaving Royce the winner.

Another contest ended in the fifth round when the referee stopped the bout between Johnny Walker of Leeds and Jackie Malloy of Bootle, when the latter was in a bad way from taking too much punishment.

Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich stopped Cpl. Stan Nash of the R. A. F. in the fourth round of a six-round contest at Attleborough, when Referee Eugene Henderson stopped the one-sided contest.

Company Sergeant Major Eddie Ryan outpointed Jackie Hammond of Norwich in a close six-round bout that was full of thrills.

Laurie Buxton of Watford set up a fast pace in his six-round contest with Sergt. Jimmy Meadows of the R. A. F., and although he maintained this fast pace throughout he found Meadows always willing to meet him halfway, and after a good bout Buxton received the decision.

Kid Tanner (British Guiana) won a clean-cut decision on points over ten rounds at Nottingham against Tucker Smith of Preston.

Another good contest over ten rounds was that between Alex Hutchison, ex-amateur champion of Dundee, Scotland, and Gordon Ashun of Liverpool, which the Scot won.

Jimmy Oliver (Luton) stopped Bobby Baines (Harrow) in the eighth at Harpenden. The latter was in a bad way after putting up a stout resistance for five rounds and the referee did a wise thing in stopping the contest.

In the other contests, Tom Welsh of Ireland

outpointed Chris Day (Watford) over eight rounds, and George Fordham (Edmonton) stopped Norman Wiseman (Blackpool) in the second round.

Fred Chapman (Woking) scored a T.K.O. victory over Pte. Bettell of the R. A. M. C. at Woking. The referee stopped the contest in Chapman's favor after his rival was floored.

Kid Tanner, known as the rubber man from British Guiana because he can fight from flyweight to featherweight on the scales, conceded nine pounds in weight to Tommy Miller of Burnley in the star bout at the Stadium, Liverpool. The contest was full of thrills and spills, for Miller, who is in the forces, was out of form. After taking five counts in the second round, Referee Curphey stopped the one-sided contest in Tanner's favor.

The referee also stopped the contest between Joe Royce (Manchester) and Syd Walters of the Army, for the latter was in a bad way during the third round after taking several counts that forced the third man to intervene.

In an eight-round contest Joe Kay of the Royal Navy punched too hard for Jack Hardiman of the Army, who weakened during the fifth round, and after taking two counts the referee stopped the contest in the sailor's favor.

Jack Malloy (Bootle) knocked out Bobby Rose (Haydock) in the sixth of an eight-round contest after a hard-punching bout.

Norman Lewis (Nantymoel) won the rubber contest over George Thomas (Troedyrhiw) at Pontypool when Thomas was ruled out by Referee Jerry Welsh of Cardiff in the fourth round for striking his opponent low.

Jim Berry, the Sunderland southpaw, won over Ben Valentine (Fiji Isles) in the second of a ten-round contest at Newcastle, when the latter received a very badly cut eye.

Sergt. Tom Smith (Sunderland) won a spectacular ten-round contest over Warren Kendall of Wales.

Ernie Roderick of Liverpool, holder of the welter title, who recently retained his crown by defeating Arthur Danahar, took Eric Boon's place against Paddy Roche of Ireland in a ten-round contest at the Gramby Halls, Leicester.

Roderick did not intend to allow the contest to go the distance, for he soon let fly with his rapier left to Roche's face, and with a snappy right to the jaw, the latter collapsed and fell out of the ring.

The count had ended whilst the Irishman was still trying to enter the ring, assisted by the ringside spectators.

Jack Hyams of Stepney took the place of Tom Reddington of Salford against Freddie Mills of Bournemouth in what was to be a return contest, after their previous great scrap.

The bout ended in the third round, when Hyams received a very low blow, thus earning disqualification for Freddie Mills.

Ginger Sadd (Norwich) gained the decision over Eddie McGuire (Slough) in a good bout over ten rounds.

Sid Hart (Mitcham) confirmed a previous decision over Jack Crossby (Nottingham) when he won on points after six rounds.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

YANKTON, S. D.—Jimmy Talley, Elk Point middleweight, won a decision over Eddie Green of South Sioux City, Nebr., in the main event of the first indoor boxing card of the season. Six of the seven other bouts on the card were decided before the three rounds elapsed, with one knockout and five technical knockouts recorded. The results:

127 pounds—Lionel O'Shea, Yankton, knocked out Bob Cornell, Ponca, Neb., two.

135 pounds—Johnny Miles, Sioux City, won by technical knockout over Stan Emmick, Westfield, Ia., three.

135 pounds—Gordon Roget, Yankton, won by technical knockout over Dale Behnke, Beresford, one.

147 pounds—Virgil Grace, Yankton, won by technical knockout over Harold Behnke, Beresford, one.

160 pounds—Duke Wellenstein, Ponca, decisioned Don Brophy, Sioux City, three.

Heavyweight—Francis Doolittle, Elk Point, won by technical knockout over Kenneth Walsh, Yankton, two.

The card was under the direction of Gerald O'Connell.

Sioux City, Ia.—John Eliades, popular Sioux City mat promoter, opened up the indoor wrestling season with an all-star program, which featured Mildred Burke of Kansas City, women's lightweight champion, and Ann Lavern of Columbus, O. The results of the program were as follows:

Joe Dusek, 228, Omaha, defeated Ed Strangler White, 256, Birmingham, Ala., 17 minutes 54 seconds. (Dropkick to chin.)

John Pesek, 204, Ravenna, Neb., defeated Earl Wampler, 214, Scranton, Ia., 19 minutes 11 seconds; 10 minutes 51 seconds. (Pesek won first fall on foul, second on toe hold.)

Des Moines, Ia.—Knockouts by Vance Basler and Bob Anderson were the highlights as Des Moines amateur boxers added Mike Gibbons' team from St. Paul to their list of intercity victims. Anderson achieved his knockout in the first round of a 135-pound match with a short right to the chin of Jim O'Brien. Basler's left and right put Kenny Corbett on the mat in a minute and 48 seconds of the first round of the light-heavyweight battle. Almost 2,000 fans attended.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Panther Williams, a 6 foot 4 inch heavyweight from Texas, is making Des Moines his headquarters . . . . He is under the management of Charles Howard, Des Moines attorney . . . . Williams, a former Golden Gloves boxer, has had seven professional bouts, winning all but one . . . . His most recent victory was in Chicago, where he scored over Henry Wacker . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter, is also promoting wrestling cards at Waterloo, Ia. . . . . San Seneca, former Sioux City *Journal* Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, has been called to the army . . . . Lee Savold, Des Moines heavyweight, scored over Lou Brooks at Wilmington, Del., in six rounds.

The indoor boxing season has opened at Watertown, S. D., under the sponsorship of the K. of C. . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . J. C. L., Omaha, Nebr.: Thanks for your letter. Look over THE RING Book Shop . . . . F. F. D., Lincoln, Nebr.: Watch THE RING from time to time . . . . D. G. S., Fort Dodge, Ia.: Yes, the books listed are worth the price . . . . S. H. J.: Dan Desmond, sports editor of the *Journal* in Sioux City, can give you information regarding their tournament . . . . C. V. B., New York: Thanks for your letter. Come out some time . . . . Alfred Thomason, Wolverhampton, England: Letter received, and will see what I can do for you . . . . Bob Evans, Detroit, Mich.: Sorry, I was unable to do anything for you . . . . William Poole, London, England: Will see what I can do for you.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

FRITZIE ZIVIC, Lawrenceville's former welterweight champion scored a kayo over Milton Aaron, of Chicago with a right to the jaw in the fifth round of a ten rounder. It was sweet revenge for Zivic as Aaron had scored a kayo over him several months ago. Zivic weighed 147½ lbs., 5 less than his opponent. . . .

One of the best fights seen here in many moons was staged in the Mose Brown-Jimmy Webb, affair. This was scheduled as a ten rounder but Brown stopped Webb for the third straight kayo in as many fights. The end came in the sixth round from a right smash to the jaw that you could hear down town. Webb's manager, Chris Dundee, tossed in the towel to save his lad from more punishment. Brown weighed 171¼ against 171 for his victim.

Harry Bobo, local heavy, was the third local boy to score a kayo. This was a return affair also, with Bobo reversing the kayo of a couple months ago by Bill Poland of New York. The end came after 2 minutes and 50 seconds of the sixth round. Bobo weighed 208 against 193 for his opponent. This was also scheduled as a ten rounder. . . .

The opening ten rounder saw Mike Raffa, our little soldier boy, take a trouncing from Petey Scalzo, former featherweight champion of the world. Scalzo's experience was too much for Raffa. Mike suffered a closed eye at the finish. Raffa weighed 129 lbs. and Scalzo 130. The card was a huge success financially. Was promoted by Art Rooney and Barney McGinnley with Jacob Mintz, in the matchmaker's seat. Drew a crowd of 24,972 that paid a gross of $67,414.14. The show was staged at Forbes Field and closed the outdoor season with a bang. Gene Tunney, former world's heavyweight champion and now Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Naval Reserve, was on hand and received a great big hand when introduced from the ring.

Ossie Harris, local colored middleweight trounced Carmen Notch in the eight round feature bout at Hickey Park. It was a close fight but Harris' early lead was too much for Notch, who came back in the latter part of the fight to make things interesting. Harris weighed 155 lbs. against 152 for Notch. . . . Freddie Lenn, won over Jimmy Franklin in the eight round semi-final it was a dull affair due to the inside fighting of both boys. Lenn weighed 157 lbs. and Franklin came in a pound heavier. . . . One of the dullest fights seen here this season was won by Jackie Adragna over Johnny (Red) Cregan, who was on his bicycle throughout the eight rounds. Both weighed 149. The opening eight saw Ted Deleroto, of Wellsville, O. win a lively affair from Pete Spotti. Spotti, weighed 146 lbs. against 148 for the winner. This was the last show of the season at Hickey Park was promoted by Jake Mintz and drew a net of $1,100.

Just A JAB. . . . Thanks to our Southern correspondent Tom Ephrem, for the flash. It looks like a very slow indoor season here for boxing as we don't have a Garden fit for some of the bouts that this city could tackle otherwise. A Gus Lesnevich vs. Mose Brown affair would draw very good locally, do you get that Jake? . . . Pick your

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

FRANK BARBARO, latest fight promoter attempting to revive the fight game around Detroit, is contemplating running a "white hope" tournament for heavyweights. Barbaro, who is well known as a local night club proprietor, is planning a real extravaganza, with plenty of cash on the line for the ultimate winners. The best of the young heavyweights in the country are expected to participate, and Detroit fight fans are in line for some good scraps.

Speaking of heavyweight tournaments it brings to mind the "Beef Trust" tournaments that were held around here a few years back. We remember the old "Newark Nightstick," Tony Galento, when he set this town ablaze with the convincing manner in which he polished off the opposition. Another time when they had a "white hope" tourney, and a young fellow named Ted Russell came out of the Ford plant to knock out three heavies in one night, and set the town buzzing. Ted had the earmarks of a great fighter, but bad handling discouraged him and he completely lost interest in the game.

World's Champion Joe Louis has a private feud on with "Rough Roscoe" Toles. Roscoe and Joe are at loggerheads, attempting to find out which is the best dressed colored heavy in the business. We pause to mention that no bruises are likely to develop from this situation.

Popular Bobby McIntire, who boxed the leading lightweights and welters from coast to coast, and never failed to please, has announced his retirement from the ring, and will be connected with the fight game in the role of manager. Late reports have it that Bobby is honeymooning with the former Miss Eleanor Cook of Wilton, Maine.

Young Kid McCoy, fair haired boy of the present welterweight crop, and possessor of plenty of ability, is seemingly being sidetracked in the present welterweight shuffle. He is a classy performer and rates high.

Irish Pat Haley, light-heavyweight protege of "McIntyre Enterprises," which means Johnny and Bobby to the uninformed, is doing his training in a local trade school at present. His handlers are taking Pat along slowly, and in addition to boxing he is learning a trade to fall back on when his ring days are over. He scored his second straight one round knockout at the expense of Alex Kondos of Milwaukee, in a Chicago Marigold Garden bout.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL was treated to another classic battle here a few weeks ago, when Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight and welterweight champion successfully defended his former crown in a hectic affair with his outstanding challenger for both titles, Harry Hurst. The verdict was unanimous so far as the officials were concerned, but not so, however, with the big crowd that paid just slightly under $10,000 to see the mill. As was expected, it was an intense battle, a contest in which both men were worked up to high pitch because of the keen rivalry and the big stakes, and as a result, the onlookers were well repaid for their journey to the arena. A few more battles such as the Berger-Castilloux and Hurst-Castilloux contests, and Montreal will have regained its high position in the fistic firmament.

Referee Mickey McGowan, who had officiated at their first meeting, was nominated as third man in this affair and he permitted the boys to battle it from start to finish. The fight passed expectations as a money maker and in fierceness, the competition being of a variety that had the fans on edge throughout. The crowd was in an uproar most of the time as the boys slugged it out in a fashion that tickled the palate of the observers.

Dave, at his peak after his gruelling battle with Berger, his tune up fight, displayed his usual cool, cunning brilliance. His timing was perfect and his counter blows were delivered with effectiveness. But in Hurst he found a battler who was his match. Harry fought his rival for every inch of the ground. Often he carried the fight to his man and the cheers echoed through the arena as Dave would come on to meet the attack and a tit-for-tat battle ensued. There wasn't a let up from bell to bell.

The fourth round was a bad one for Castilloux on whom the pace seemed to tell. But he came back with a bang in the remaining sessions until he ran into a hail of leather in the eighth, Hurst's best session.

Castilloux was having a tough time in that round, when suddenly the fighters and crowd found themselves in a "blackout." Complete darkness forced a halt in the proceedings for a short time, when suddenly the lights went on again and the contest was resumed.

They were fighting at a furious pace in the ninth round when Castilloux's elbow came in contact with Hurst's left eye and damaged it, for which the referee warned the champion. The round was one of action all the way.

Then came the highlight of the affair, the tenth. The boys started off cautiously and suddenly Hurst cut loose with a burst of fire, crashing a volley of lefts and rights clean and solidly against Castilloux's body and face. Dave seemed to tire perceptibly and was dead on his feet with Hurst slugging at will. It was a furious attack, but apparently the judges decided that it was insufficient to gain even a draw for the challenger and thus the fight ended with Castilloux continuing as holder of two Canadian crowns.

Both fighters gave all they had and the crowd realized that a real battle had been waged. In their previous engagement the boys fought a thrilling draw and now the public feels a third bout is in order, at twelve or fifteen rounds, with the welterweight title at stake.

However, the fact remains that Montreal is now seething with boxing interest thanks to the fine shows Promoter McKimmie has been staging and looks forward to a few more such thrillers as the two title bouts Jimmie has staged in the short space of six weeks.

The supporting card was somewhat below par, the only boys showing real promise being Sammy Jacobs and Lew Alters, a pair of amateur grads. Jacobs outbattled and outsmarted Romeo Ouimet, his local amateur featherweight rival, handily in a four rounder while Alters kayoed Elwood Daigneault with a hook to the body in the third heat of their bantam battle.

In the other fours, Paul Harvey, veteran local feather, outboxed Norman Sea and Marcel Fournier, a busy battler, is pleasing with his aggressiveness.

The semi-final eight rounder was somewhat of a disappointment with Vinnie Rosanno, New York, licking a fellow New York welter, Frankie Velez, in a battle that was earnest but crude much of the time. Johnny Greco, local 140 pounder, exhibited his gameness again when he came off the floor from a nine-count in the second round to outpoint his aggressive, but poorly conditioned opponent, Joey Symalic, of New York, in a hardfought six rounder. Greco is not the promising prospect of a year ago as he seems to be catching too many punches unnecessarily.

Al Delaney successfully defended his Canadian heavy title by defeating Eddie Wenstob, Alberta challenger, in a bout at Vancouver that attracted 7,000 fans. The bout, a 12 rounder, was earnestly fought all the way with Delaney proving too heavy and strong for his opponent, having an edge of 18 pounds or so. The fight was close enough to warrant a return match which may be staged there before this comes off the press.

Oliver Shank, hard-hitting Montrealer, is keen to tangle with Delaney.

AUSTRALIA
Glove Gossip From Down Under
By GEORGE E. PORTER

LISLE LAW, Queensland state lightweight champion, registered a sensational K.O. over Al Kimber, the N. S. W. lightweight, at Brisbane Stadium. The dramatic end came in the second round of the scheduled 12-round contest, via a paralyzing solar plexus body punch. Slipping in under a right lead thrown at him by Kimber, Law's short right-hand punch—it travelled only 12 inches—buried itself in Kimber's body. The receiver sank to the floor, with his lower limbs temporarily paralyzed, and took the count.

Interviewed after the contest, Kimber said, "It was the most terrific punch I ever received. I thought it went right through me."

During the week we had a surprise visit to Brisbane by two cruisers of the U. S. Navy—U. S. S. *Salt Lake City* and the *Northampton*. Owing to their brief stay of only three days, plus "liberty" and official sanctions, I tried to arrange some four-rounders for 1st Class P. O. Tommy Thompson, C. P. O. "Moose" Matthews, Stoker Kelly, Geo. Usher and Eddy Blunt, and after tryouts at the Stadium, the "buddies" and I were keenly disappointed that they could not have contests with some of our local talent, owing to the reason I have mentioned. Through these columns I send to the above members of the *Salt Lake City* my best wishes and luck.

Six thousand people, including many officers and ratings of the U. S. S. *Salt Lake City* and *Northampton*, at the Brisbane Stadium, saw a brilliant and game little boxer, Len Fay, stay 10 rounds with Australia's lightweight champion, Vic Patrick. Fay was out on his feet from the seventh round onwards, and it was a humane action by the referee in declaring Patrick the winner on a T.K.O. For the first three rounds, Fay's speed to the punch and his cleverness on the retreat kept the fight interesting, and those who came to see Patrick K.O. his man were left wondering whether the Victorian champion was not equal to the task of evading Patrick's dangerous left hand. When the contestants came back for the fourth round, Patrick went after his man, and from then on never gave him time for a breather. Straight rights by Fay often beat the southpaw to the punch, but Patrick was relentless, and his hard punching, both at long range and at close quarters, weakened Fay, and by the time the sixth round arrived, it was a case of Fay hanging on to evade a knockout.

OTHER RESULTS—Norm Cooper outpointed Peter Davis; Jim Power and Jim Taylor, a draw; Bill Andrews T.K.O.'ed Fred Gordon, third round; Jim Bryce outpointed Cec. Bird; Art Kilby outpointed Kev. Wilson; Eric Lynch and Bill Vickers, a draw; Syd Godfrey outpointed Ed. Steele; Mick Lyons kayoed Young Godfrey, second round; Jim McCoy T.K.O.'ed Bart Craigen, fourth round; Bobby Crane kayoed Jimmy Hanley, fourth round.

Royal Australian Air Force champions are: Feather, Corporal Knite; light, L. A. C. Keeling; welter, A. C. I. Mitchell; middle, A. C. I. Brown; light-heavy, L. A. C. Burnslen; heavy, A. C. I. McPhee.

The kayo win of Young Campbell over Billy Britt, heavyweight champion, recently has brought a challenge from Tom Maguire for a championship match. Maguire says he is willing that the match be for a side wager of £100 and that Britt can "cut the house" to suit himself.

When 150 brand-new fighters made their debut in the fistic game a fortnight ago at the Melbourne Stadium in the first series of novice trial bouts it was thought the supply was exhausted. But last week another 148 toed the scratch. From these, more than 40 boys will get their chance to blaze a trail in the fistic firmament.

Les McNabb, the Lithgow 306-pound fighter, scored another victory when he clubbed Herb Daley to the floor mid-way through the third round of a ten-rounder. Les would have been hard pushed to go the distance even with a 112-pound advantage. McNabb has plenty of grey matter as well as brawn, and is content to learn his boxing before accepting any proposals for bigger things trading on his poundage values only.

A capacity house of 6000 saw the classy spectacular Filipino—Young Frisco gain a narrow points win over the Australian light-heavyweight champion, Cec Overall at the Brisbane Stadium, in a 12 round contest. It was Overall's desire to mix it that made the fight so spectacular, but there was no mistaking the punishment he received from Frisco's left hooks, and from his right uppercuts when at close range. The fight fluctuated and there were many times when Overall with his longer reach and extra poundage (10 lbs.) promised to carry the day. Frisco, despite the punishment he received in the final round, finished the fight looking fitter than Overall. Frisco's win will put him right in line for title fights in both the middleweight and cruiserweight fields as he has now the necessary residential qualifications.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

NATIONAL KID is Cuba's new sensation. It looks like he's headed for high fistic honors. This little Cuban featherweight, who has beaten the best in his division, is a shifty boxer with a lethal wallop. In real colorful fashion, he has defeated Juan Villalba, Juan Alvarez, Mario Diaz, Eddie De La Torre, and scored a two-round knockout over Mariano Arrilla. Miguel Acevedo was too good for Marcelino Castillo who only lasted three rounds, and Potato Ribalta easily defeated Joe Luis Pena, both bantamweights.

Angel Ruiz, 158, won by a narrow margin over Evangelio Valiente, 152, This was a hot scrap, both scoring knockdowns. Gregorio Gutierrez, 138, drew in four with Kid Bebo, 136.

Juan Villalba, Cuban featherweight, evened the score in six steaming rounds with Manolo Sierra, 126¾. Reynaldo Puenti Pi, 126, was an easy winner over Isidro Delgado, 127¾, and Humberto Sierra, 119, took the measure of Kid Pelusin, 114¼, in four rounds.

Joe Pedroso, Cuba's lightweight champion, received a draw verdict over Tony Mar of Mexico, 137½, which drew a large protest. The Cuban lad had all the better of the contest. Manolo Chevez, 126, beat Maximo Morales, 127, in four, and Ramiro Almagro, 143, knocked out Roberto Martinez, 140, in four rounds.

Tony Mar, 137, of Mexico, outboxed and outpunched Baby Chichi, 135, and then scored a three-round knockout. Mar is a good boxer and uses a stiff left hook to perfection. Evangelio Valiente, 160, of Cuba, repeated his one-round knockout dose over Lorenzo Gomez, 167, of Spain. Angel Pino, 128½, found a tough customer in Kid Jabao, 125½, and Pino took a neat lacing. Manolo Fernandez, 118¾, outboxed Manuel Herrera, 122, in four sessions.

Joe Legon, Cuba's popular welterweight champion, met Kid Yucatan in a return match at the Cristal Arena. Both boys met at Tampa, Fla., a month ago, where Legon won easily. Here in Havana, Legon won eight of the ten rounds, and was awarded an easy and very popular decision. Yucatan mixed things up in a hot style and was given a big hand. Legon weighed 147 and Yucatan 148.

Evangelio Valiente, 153, kayoed Ramon Crespo, 160, in three rounds, and Angel Pino, 132, was beaten by Joe Ferrer, 130½, in six rounds. Ignacio Alfonso, 118, in a hot slugfest won over Guillermo Morejon, 116, and Manolo Chavez, 126½, defeated Joe Armstrong, 126.

Lorenzo Safora, Cuba's bantamweight champion, won a ten round decision over Zenobio Becerra, at Santiago de Cuba. Safora is now preparing for his coming tilt with National Kid. It'll be a tough fight for the Kid.

Pablo Roca, (Baby Coullimber) Cuba's featherweight champion, drew in ten rounds with Leocadio Torres in Panama. Pepin Prieto, who manages Pablo Roca, is negotiating a championship contest between his charge and National Kid.

Santiago Sosa, Cuba's sterling lightweight, back from Panama, is resting in the country estate of his mentor. Sosa will soon start training. Potato Ribalta, 118, lost a close decision to Diego Sosa, 116, in eight rounds, and Reynaldo Puentipi, 127, easily defeated Lorenzo Collazo, 123. Gregorio Gutierrez, 130, and Luis Diaz, 135, drew in a good six-rounder, and Angel Pino lost a six to Kid Jabao, both featherweights.

Amateur results: Angel Herse beat Joe Campos, 118,; Bartolo Molina beat Jorge Cruz, 118; Joe Lopez beat Elpidio Gonzalez, 112; Alberto Santana beat Jose Alvarez, 118; Raul Cardenas beat Pablo Alfonso Mena, 90; Baby Pancho beat Felipe Cuesta, 147; Venerando Soria beat Martin Rivera, 140; Evelio Duran kayoed Roberto Fernandez, 126; Jose Perez beat Carlos Casanova, 130; Pedro Linares won from Olimpio Zayas, 128; Bernardo Morell won from Carlos Carrillo, 108; and Gilberto Dominguez beat Ramon Cid, 118; Bebo Fernandez won from Ricardo Carrillo, 118; Gonzalez Tilbe beat Pablo Mena, 90; Joe Campos beat Cristobal Perez, 120; Ruben Aldama beat Rogelio Aldazabal, 126; Jose Sosa beat Rene Camacho, 112; Rolando Delgado beat Roberto Tolon, 110; and Armando Puentipi defeated Roberto Villalonga, 100; Joe Tudino, 98, beat Silvano Marrero, 101; Rafael Diaz, 126, beat Gregorio Cardenas, 126; Rafael Diaz, 107, won from Elpidio Herrera, 105; Ramon Cardenas, 90, beat Jorge Sanchez; Bernardo Morrell, 112, kayoed Joe Martinez, 112; Eloy Martinez, 156, beat Ernesto Irigoyen, 156; Roberto Aguilera, 140, beat Cecilio Gilbert, 143; Venerando Soria, 134, beat Jesus Barreto, 137; Evelio Duran, 122, beat Joe M. Caceres, 122; and Rogelio Aldazabal, 125, beat Rene Trujillo, 126.

Luis Gutierrez, Cuba's popular boxing man, has high hopes in Kid Bonbon who fights like Kid Chocolate when the Keed started his boxing career. Gutierrez also has Armando Puentipi, another lad who only weighs 100 pounds, and is a clever boxer. In either of these lads, Luis has a coming world's champion. Good luck to you Lou, you sure deserve it.

Jaime Marine, who has done wonders for sports in Cuba, is planning for a banner winter season. Topnotch boxers will be imported from various parts of the globe to meet local talent. Gene Castro, Marine's assistant, deserves mention in this column, as Gene is a hard, conscientious worker.

FLASH . . . . Jimmy Galvez Soto of Quemados de Guines was a recent visitor in Havana . . . . Jimmy is a delegate there for the National Sports Commission . . . . Johnny Cruz is doing some excellent air work . . . . and is a popular fellow . . . . Amateur fights are held three times a week in Havana . . . . National Kid is a sterling performer . . . . Joe Legon-Antonio Fernandez contest is in the making . . . . Pepito Benitez does good work at the Boxing Commission . . . . Wilfredo Benitez, referee, is Cuba's handball champion . . . . Dr. Pratts and Dr. Llamas are doing excellent work for the Sports Commission . . . . Meet Sr. Rubio who writes for "Accion" . . . . Pedrito Martinez, Cuba's good featherweight is headed towards Panama . . . . He'll do good there . . . . well muchachos—see you next month.

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By COMPTON SANTOS

HERE are the results of recent fights in Br. Guiana.—A crowd of nearly 10,000 fight fans, witnessed one of the greatest bouts ever seen in Br. Guiana, on Sunday afternoon, 15th September, 1941, at the B.G.F.A. Grounds, Georgetown. The bout, a return engagement, between Joe Hyman, and Jack Johnson, was packed with action, from gong to gong. With Joe Hyman trying to prove to Jack Johnson that he was boss, and the heavier man trying to avenge his first defeat. There was never a dull second. Jack did come through this time, by battering the welter king of the B.W.I. into half-consciousness at the end of the tenth and last round of their fight.

Johnson boxed like the real ring warrior he is. He completely outwitted and outpunched his adversary who never pedaled backwards, but kept coming forward all the time. Johnson weighed 154 and Hyman 147½. Hyman was a 2 to 1 favorite, but lost by the wide margin of 8 rounds to 2.

Joe Gans of Barbados, defeated Pancho Villa over 6 rounds in a rough scrap.

Young Tanner, brother of the famous Kid Tanner, proved too much for his heavier opponent, Sylvan McClean of Barbados and received the decision after ten rounds of clean fighting.

Joe Ralph, one of the cleverest boxers seen in Br. Guiana for a long time, gained a popular 6 round decision over Young Carryl, in a lightweight mill.

The B.G. Police force was represented by Al Ceres, who was victorious in a welter contest over Young Deleany in a 6 round go. (The Joe Ralph I speak of here is not the one who fought Martinez, but a younger fellow. The old Ralph is now blind.)

Here are some results from Trinidad and Barbados. Before a crowd of more than 10,000 fans at the Globe theatre, Port-of Spain, Trinidad, Al Tunney, the islands' lightweight champ and Raphael Perez, Venezuela's contender for the crown, fought to a standstill for ten rounds. It was a hectic bout that ended in a draw. Perez boxed beautifully, but Tunney did the forcing. The first bout of the night brought together Kid Henry, 174, and Alfred Lewis, 176. Henry, after dropping Lewis twice, gained an easy decision. Al Simms, 119, and Don Gibbons, 118, fought a furious 6 round draw.

In a welterweight contest of 8 rounds, Cecil Samm, decisioned Betrand Marshall in his first pro fight.

Again at the Globe theatre, Raphael Perez was again featured in the main event, this time with former champ Al Taffy and gained the unanimous decision after 10 rounds.

At Bridgetown, Barbados, Kid German had little trouble in defeating Kid Hope of the local Volunteer Force. The referee called it a night, in the third round after Hope had received a terrible drubbing. Tiger Flowers defeated Tommy O'Day over 6 rounds in a welter contest preceding the German-Hope bout.

IN TACOMA, WASH.
By HOMER ARMMELSEY

A NEW boxing commission has been appointed by Governor Arthur B. Langlie, and it is hopeful that this new commission will in some way get together and get the game back on its feet where it was several years ago. Tacoma had always been a very good fight town, drawing big houses and bringing out several good fighters. However, when the State Boxing Law went into effect, the game took a long sleep. Too much license was the blame. Several small towns about were running shows drawing good crowds and many youngsters were very much interested in the manly sport. But when the high rate of state license was dished out, everything went "blooey."

Nate Druxman, the very fine Seattle promoter and a long time friend of mine, is putting on some fine cards and drawing satisfactory crowds. At present, Nate has a very fine looking middleweight in Harry "Kid" Matthews of Emett, Idaho, but now of Seattle. Matthews has good possibilities and should make a good Seattle drawing card . . . . Recently I received a card from Joe Waterman, one of the grandest fellows who ever drew the breath of life. Joe has not been well for quite some time, but at this time the old boy has shown some improvement. Joe has friends by the thousands . . . . Jack Connors, former manager of Eddie "Kayo" Roberts, star welterweight of a few years ago, is today in the best of health. Jack is one of the very fine men in boxing, a sincere, honest and all around fellow. Jack has a very fine prospect in Davy Ward, a Tacoma welterweight. Ward learned much from Freddie Steele, former middleweight champion. A well-mannered and clean cut kid this Ward boy.

Boris Portnoy, a very promising young manager, and I have opened a boxing gymnasium here in Tacoma. We are located in a building where Eddie Marino, manager of Al Hostak, former middleweight champion, used to have his gym. Our quarters have all been repapered and repainted and are in first class shape, and we have a great number of youngsters coming into the gym anxious to take a try at the grand old game. We have hopes of bringing out some promising talent, and feel that with our new layout we may be able to bring back much new interest in boxing here in this city.

Our very good friend, Elliott Metcalf, sports editor of the Tacoma *Times*, is giving us a boost in the way of getting back interest in boxing here. Elliott is one of those very few 1000 per cent fellows—always ready to lend a hand. In closing I am happy to say that every month THE RING Magazine always finds its way into our gymnasium.

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RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By DANNY NARDI

BEFORE a capacity house at the Fall River Casino, Fall River, Mass., in a show promoted by Dave Cashman, of Lakewood, R. I., Larry Bolvin, Providence's own, returned to the ring wars after a six months layoff and once more demonstrated in his bout with Johnny Cockfield of New York that he is still in the running for a shot at the featherweight title, by the grand style in which he put away his opponent. Bolvin, who weighed 125½ to his opponent's 127, led all the way. He dropped Cockfield for a count of nine in the second round and again in the sixth before putting him away for good in this round with a one punch right hand shot to the button.

The results in the other bouts in which R. I. boys participated were: Al Bojack, 151, Central Falls, R. I., beat Gene Farland, 150, of Cranston, R. I., in four; Tony Andrade, 137, Bristol, R. I., decisioned Eddie Mitchel 135½, Malden, Mass., in four; Amadeo Masi, 158, Providence, R. I., lost to George Charbonneau, 161, of Fall River, Mass., in another four-rounder.

Ali Quattrocchi, local promoter, staged some bangup bouts for his initial showing of the fall season, before a good sized crowd at his Marieville Gardens Arena in Providence, R. I. Ali had for his first main bout, Howell King, highly touted Negro welter from Detroit and a favorite of the local fight fans, pitted against Francisco Montaneri of Italy. King was given a close and disputed decision in a bout which was action-filled from start to finish. Howell used his left hand to good advantage while Montaneri used good mixtures of hooks with both hands and was more than a match for his more highly rated opponent.

In the six round semi-final, Ernie Forte, 18 year old welter from Providence, and one of the best prospects seen around these parts in years, gave local fans one of the best exhibitions of boxing seen here in many moons. Spotting his opponent, Al Bojack, rugged battler from Central Falls, R. I., ten pounds, Ernie went on to give a masterful boxing performance and stopped Bojack in the fourth round when Bojack's manager saw that his fighter could not carry on much longer under the punishment he was absorbing.

The prelims and results: Cliff "Red" Stephenson, 154, Pawtucket, R. I., stopped Mal Smallwood of Boston, Mass., in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder; Nat Canatta, 148½, Providence, R. I., another very good looking boy, who undefeated in his ten pro starts, made it eleven straight at the expense of tough Charley O'Coyne, 145, of Worcester, Mass., in a four; in the opener, Amadeo Masi, 161, Providence, kayoed Billy Jones, 155, Worcester, Mass., in the second round of a scheduled four-rounder.

In a bout refereed by James J. Braddock, former heavyweight champion of the world, Tony Almeida of Bristol, R. I., met his first pro defeat in twenty-one starts, when he lost a divided decision to Jackie Capperell of Boston, Mass., in an eight round main go, held at the Fall River Casino, Fall River, Mass.

Received a line from Eddie Adourian, local youngster from Cranston, R. I., now doing his bit for Uncle Sam's army in Hawaii. Eddie writes that he won all but one bout that he has participated in since joining the army, and that loss came in the finals of the tournament for the championship of the company. Eddie says that his victorious opponent has been the welter champ for three consecutive years and is a real good tough boy. Eddie has also had two pro fights since joining the army, and has come out on top in both of them.

If any of you RING readers want a good list of fighters' names and addresses, send me 25 cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 185 Beaufort Street, Providence, R. I.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch of Portland, New England middleweight champion, won a 10-round decision from Jose Basora, the Puerto Rican champion, before a large gathering at the Exposition Building. The battle was a sensational one. It was bitterly fought from start to finish, and Matchmaker Chick Hayes of the Arena has rematched the boys as we go to press.

Other bouts on the card saw Buster Carroll of Lowell win the decision from Billie Connerty of Cambridge in a fast six-rounder. Eddie Bangs of Cambridge defeated Gene Roy of Berlin, N. H. Al Coutier of Lewiston knocked out Frankie Bannon of Portland in four rounds, and Ernie Swan of Portland won from Bill Jordon of Freeport.

Coley Welch took his first long trip from home when he went to Chicago and there fought Tony Martin at the Stadium Arena. He lost a 10-round split decision, which the Windy City sport writers said was unpopular.

Augusta—Lefty Lachance of Lisbon, Maine's best featherweight, defeated Bobby Allard of Lynn in a fast eight round bout at the Augusta City Hall, in a show sponsored by the American Legion. In the semi-final, Al Coutier of Lewiston knocked out Young James of Boston in three rounds, and Young Chalifaux of Lewiston and Kid Norment of Waterville fought six rounds to a draw.

Bangor—Billie Connerty of Cambridge defeated Billie Lancaster of Portland in the feature bout at the Chateau. In the semi-final, Lefty Lachance of Lisbon knocked out Jimmy Cook of Rumford in three rounds, and Charlie Babcock of Bangor scored his ninth straight kayo by kayoing Jack Cote in one round.

Presque Isle—Gilbert Williams of Presque Isle, who is being touted as comer in the heavyweight ranks, and Young Daigle of Bangor, fought six fast rounds to a draw before a capacity crowd in the Opera House.

Westbrook—The first boxing show in about six years was held at the Westbrook Armory on October 2nd. In the main event, Jerry Martin, a heavyweight from St. Francis, knocked out Bob Harvey of Biddeford, in three rounds. In the six round semi-final, Eddie Latourneau of Sanford won a decision over Raymond Ladd of Westbrook, and in the other bout Ray Martin of St. Francis knocked out Soldier Brien in the first round.

Rockland—Jackie Fisher of Waterville knocked out Francis Burley of Dover in one round, in what was generally considered a fistic upset in these parts.

Portland—Ernie Burke of Portland won the New England bantamweight championship by defeating Paul Herrick, the title holder, also of Portland, in a furiously contested 12 round bout at the Exposition Building. Burke's long left and right hand uppercut did most of the damage.

In the semi-final, Al Dutra of Cambridge won a six round decision from Eddie Latourneau of Sanford. Charley Babcock of Bangor won the decision from Tony Mercier of Boston; Duke Demers of Sanford outpointed Kid Norment of Waterville in four rounds, and Pete George won the duke from Eddie Polo of Lowell.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THE Valley Arena, Holyoke, has reopened with Joe DeMaria as the matchmaker. The arena is one of the outstanding boxing clubs in New England. It has a seating capacity of over 2000 with an excellent layout. In good times, the arena has seen America's stars in action, among them Harry Ebbets, Ruby Bradley, Myer Cohen, Art Chapdelaine, Pete Petrole, Lou Ambers, Jackie Fields and Vince Dundee. Many of the above fought there before becoming champions. It is the only club in Massachusetts that runs weekly shows regularly.

Mickey Canty, popular Springfield, Mass., welterweight, won over Joe Gans of Manchester, Conn., at Red Men's Club, Manchester. Canty is improving with every fight.

Walter McCormick of Springfield, who has had his hand in the developing of most of the Springfield fighters, is still willing to take on any young lightweight and teach him, gratis. Walter likes boxing and while he earns a good living on the railroad, uses his spare cash and time to bring along young boys interested in the boxing game.

Lou Cambell of Chicago, Ill., who has been fighting in and around the Middle West, is anxious to break in around this section. Lou is a young colored heavyweight with a good punch, and with the right handling, might develop into a good fighter. For information, get in touch with me at 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Waddell Washington, the perpetual motion middleweight, fought a draw with Al Gonzales of Providence, R. I., at Manchester, Conn. Gonzales had kayoed Buster Price in Providence, R. I., two weeks before. Washington had Gonzales on the floor in the first and second rounds, but only received a draw. Waddell is a Negro boxer, a middleweight fighter who knocks down heavyweights but receives only draw decisions. Negro fighters have to be exceptionally good to make the grade in some sections.

Stan Novicki, promoter of Brattleboro, Vt., is anxious to get going with his weekly shows there, but talent is scarce and fighters do not care to fight for the small purses his club can afford to pay. Anybody wishing to fight for small purses get in touch with the writer or Stan Nowicki, Brattleboro, Vt.

Jimmy Riley, a colored fighter, is in Springfield and is anxious to get going. He is a good, clever heavyweight, only 19 years old, but has been boxing since a kid. He hails from Philadelphia and when there he trains with Gus Dorazio and other good heavies. He also can be reached through me.

CHARLOTTE, N. C. NEWS

BOXING, long dead except for a few half-hearted flings at the sport here in recent years, comes back to Charlotte on December 18 when a new promoter steps in to handle the game on a different basis.

Pete Di Mizio, who was staging the best fights North Carolina has seen in a decade at Salisbury a few years ago, is the new promoter. He has been licensed by the Charlotte Boxing Commission.

For his first card, Di Mizio has lined up Hard-rock Harden, state heavyweight champion, who has creditable performances against such well-known battlers as Abe Simon, Tony Musto, Tommy Gomez, Bill Irby, Barney Brock, Matt Raymond, and others, for one-half of his main go.

The new promoter has no stable of fighters and is not interested in carding pushovers for some fighter's build-up. He has no wrestling sideline and wants none, but he is determined to put on good, clean fights which he is convinced the people of Charlotte will support.

The opening fight will be held in the Charlotte Armory, which has a seating capacity of 5,000 for boxing. Di Mizio plans to hold other shows at intervals of two weeks.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

FALL RIVER—Tony Almeida, Bristol, Rhode Island's promising middleweight, lost his first bout in 24 starts, to Jackie Capparell of Boston, in the eight round main bout. Capparell's win comes as an upset as he was not considered capable of halting Tony's string of wins. Young Lefty, 151, Fall River, and Gene Farland, 151, Cranston, R. I., drew in three.

Lynn—Bill Weinberg, Chelsea heavy, kayoed trial horse Joe Piaster, Worcester, in the second, to open the Lynn New Talent Shows.

In the semi-final, Frank Morgan, Manchester, pounded out a good win in taking the six round decision from Eddie DeAngelis, Revere.

New Bedford—Jackie Harris, 124, Malden, whipped Joey Rivers of New York, in eight rounds. Biff Duarte, 169½, Providence, halted Italian Jack Dempsey, 169, New Bedford. Gene Farland won his return bout with Young Lefty by a four-round decision.

Lynn—Eddie Ellis, colored Quincy gamster, added a notable victory in defeating veteran Eddie Guerra of New York, in eight. Bobby Allard, Lynn, won the decision over Leo Liotti, Somerville, in six.

Since the first of the year, Vermont clubs have been more active than for some time. The main reason for this is Buster Beaupre, their welterweight champion.

Bill Leonard, the publicity man for the Burlington A. C., sends us clippings telling of Beaupre's fine work in beating Felix Garcia, the Puerto Rican. According to Bill, Buster has won his last four fights at the Burlington club in convincing style, winding up with Garcia. He kayoed the other three. They were: Jackie Taylor in five; Nick Sullo also in five; and Frankie Webber, former New York and Brooklyn Golden Glove champ, in four. His next match is scheduled to be Honey Mellody, as soon as he returns from the coast.

The Goodwin A. C. was all set to have the Abe Simon-Buddy Knox scrap when news came that Buddy had hurt his hand—thus the cancellation. It seems that when a fighter lasts any length of time against Louis, he's good—must be quite a drawing card. Or is it curiosity? At any rate, no other match would suffice, so the Garden was empty to boxing fans until the next bout, which takes place two weeks later. These shows, planned every two weeks, will appear in The Ring.

Several local matches, with the proper build-ups, would be worth seeing, and no doubt, would draw plenty if given one-third the publicity that Simon would get. Weinberg-Shkor, Mellody-Kaplan, Bartolo-Bolvin, for instance.

Through the New York papers we get more information on such as Kaplan, Bartolo, Ivy, Welch, etc., than can be gathered here. Is there a way to keep the public informed? Of course there is, and one way is by writing and boosting the promising battlers from their prelim days, regardless of their connections, you will get eventual drawing cards. When you stop telling about them, the fighters, as well as the public, lose interest. This is the situation in Boston, and if it were not for Doc Almy's column in *The Post*, there would be no boxing news at all.

Fall River—Resuming ring warfare after an absence of several months, Larry Bolvin, featherweight destroyer, kayoed Johnny Cockfield of New York in the sixth. Bolvin is the hardest hitting 126-pounder this writer has ever seen. Apparently not bothered by being stopped by Willie Pep, in his last encounter, Jackie Harris, 122, Malden blitzkrieg, stopped Eddie DeJesus, New York, in the third. A trophy from Billy Conn, for the best performance of the evening, was presented little Jackie. Gene Farland won the four-round decision over Al Bojack, Central Falls.

WHAT THEY DID ELSEWHERE: Mike Kaplan lost to that whirlwind, Bob Montgomery, at Philly . . . . It may not be known but Mike was forced to make weight for the match—get below 144 . . . . We don't want to discredit Montgomery's win, but making weight is no asset in winning battles . . . . Joey Archibald was finally overtaken by veteran Chalky Wright at Washington . . . . Perhaps one of the most beaten title holders, Joey always gave them a run for their money—the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak . . . . Sal Bartolo whipped Dave Crawford for the second time this year . . . . This match was held in New York, while the first was in Baltimore . . . . Beau Jack, another menace, with Robinson, Montgomery and Slugger White, stopped Al Reid in seven rounds, at New York, to edge toward a title match . . . . Julie Kogon stopped former steel worker Pete Lello in Newark, showing he is still dangerous when in the mood . . . . Coley Welch, after winning a close fight over Jose Bosora, swapped blows with Tony Martin at Chicago . . . . Coley, no doubt, made many friends in the Windy City, but lost the unpopular verdict, in 10 . . . . Dave Castilloux kept his Canadian lightweight title by making it definite over Harry Hurst, this time, at Montreal.

RING NOTES . . . . Congratulations to Coley Welch and Paul Herrick, both Maine boys and N. E. champions, for their rating in The Ring . . . . Welch was ranked sixth best in the country, while Herrick received the best prospect of the month award . . . . Snooks Lacey lost a real close one at New Haven to Joey Peralta, recent winner over Bill Speary . . . . Willie Pep's one round halting of Jackie Harris was a shock to Bostonians . . . . Both these fine prospects were bound to clash sometime—and how they did! . . . . Guggino has been stopped in his last two battles . . . . Guggino, Bellus, Archibald, Chmielewski, Leto, are fading out of the picture and a lively new crop is taking their place . . . . Lefty Lachance, Maine featherweight champion, stopped lightweight Jimmy Cook in three . . . . Lefty is punching harder than ever . . . . Wrestling at the Boston Arena starts again next month . . . . Mail any news you might have to me at Box 224, Ashland, Mass. . . . . So long until next month.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By DON HAMILL

BOXING in this state again suffered the usual between season slump as it grew too cold to hold fights outdoors and too warm to hold them inside. Manchester, running pro-semipro cards, continued to run them outside until late in September. New Haven opened up the indoor season late in the month with an all pro show.

Manchester—Red Men's Arena—Waddell Washington, Springfield Negro puncher, was held to a six round draw in the main event of a pro-semipro card, by Al Gonzales of Providence. The pair mauled and tugged for the entire route and were both pretty well spent at the last bell. Johnny Dundee, 130-pounder, handed a shellacking to Billy Marcus, also of Hartford, in the four-round semi-final.

Manchester—Red Men's Arena closed the season with an all star show consisting of four six-round bouts and two three-round semi-pro contests. In the top six, Johnny Dundee, former Meadville, Pa., scrapper now out of Hartford, lost a decision to Johnny DeVore of Bridgeport. Mickey Canty, redheaded Springfield prospect, banged out a win over the much improved Young Joe Gans of Willimantic in the semi-final. George Red Doty, Hartford welterweight, punched too hard and often for Joe Gainor, Boston Negro, and flattened him in the sixth and final round. Billy Marcus, Hartford featherweight, proved too clever for Bobby Allard, Lynn, Mass., puncher in the fourth six.

New Haven—The Arena—Aldo Spoldi, Italian lightweight sensation, won on a technical knockout over Carl Red Guggino, Hartford, when Referee Lou Bogash awarded the fight to Spoldi between the fifth and sixth rounds. A solid right hand loosened some bridgework in Guggino's mouth and imbedded in his mouthpiece. Willie Pep, Hartford's current fistic sensation, scored the best win of his career when he stopped Irish Jackie Harris, Boston featherweight, in the opening round of their eight-rounder. Harris, like Pep, has been undefeated up to that fight. In the third eight, New Haven's Snooks Lacey, dropped a close hard fought decision to Joey Peralta, rugged Mexican now fighting out of Scranton. In four rounders: Art Tatta, New Haven middleweight, defeated Melio Serrato, stablemate of Peralta, and Terry Mendez, Norwalk welterweight, punched out a win over Dick Schaeffer of Bridgeport.

Bridgeport—Pyramid Mosque—Pat Mangini, stocky little Pennsylvanian, stepped in as a sub for Ken Overlin, and flattened Al Gilbert of Florida and New Haven in round one. Mangini is expected to fight Overlin, who was forced out by an injured hand suffered in training. Tommy Assenza, Bridgeport, returned home to win on a knockout over his local rival, Chips Wynn, in the fifth round of the semi-final. Rego Dell, rugged Scranton welterweight, was forced through six tough rounds by Frankie Young of New Haven, before being awarded the six-round duke. Johnny Dundee and DeVore of Hartford and Bridgeport, respectively, fought for the third time. This time it looked as if Dundee had beaten the boy who had twice put him into defeat but the official decision was a draw. Bobby Bugsby of Yonkers, N. Y., and Young Eatman, Norwalk Negro middleweight, fought a four-round draw in the opener.

New Haven—The Arena—Aldo Spoldi, 139, Italy, slammed out an eight round decision over Johnny Bellus, New Haven Pole, in the feature attraction before 2500 fans. Willie Pep, Hartford's sensational featherweight, punched out a decision over Carlos Bandit Manzano of Mexico. Pep punched his foe from pillar to post. Leo Dulmaine, Worcester lightweight, scored an eight round decision over Mexican Joey Silva. Joey Wasnick, New Haven featherweight, and Jimmy Burke, Hartford, went four fast rounds to a draw. In another four, Art Tatta, New Haven middleweight, edged out Chips Maestro of Norwalk.

The voice of Commissioner Frank S. Coskey boomed as he dealt out suspensions to Cat Robinson and his manager, Dick Vick. Also to the New Haven Arena and four wrestlers.

Robinson was accepted as a substitute for Red Moffett against Aldo Spoldi but "took a powder" and backed down the day of the fight. Vick, who managed the dusky warrior, insisted upon more money. He was offered more but still wouldn't send his charge in.

This writer is handling Johnny Dundee, 130 pounds, and Glen Gray, 150-pounder. Anyone wishing information on boxing in this section write me: Don Hamill, 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT the Century Club's weekly offering, Slugger White and Mike Evans renewed their feud, only this time over the twelve-round route, instead of ten as was the previous battle that Evans won. The Slugger went right to work on Evans, throwing punches from the first bell, with Evans making a good fight of it. This was a very hard and closely fought battle and the extra two rounds was a big help to White. Evans tired near the end, with White finishing the stronger to carry off the duke and even the score. The semi-final, set for eight rounds, saw disaster befall a local boy who was just ready for a main bout go. Jimmy Collins hooked up with Willie Roach, and for the first three rounds was out in front, when at the close of the round Roach let go a right hand that hurt Collins. At the start of the fourth, Roach let a left hook go that caught Collins and had him on Queer Street, when he crossed with a right that floored Collins for the count. On examination it was found that Collins had a fractured jaw. In the six-rounder, Mickey Adamick stopped Bennie Silicato in the second heat.

The Century Club presented ex-featherweight champion Harry Jeffra with Lou Transparenti in a main go over the twelve round route for the featherweight championship of Maryland. Harry went right to work over Lou. In the first round he opened up an old cut over Lou's eye. Harry looked great, as of old as he let lefts and rights go, especially to Lou's midsection. In the seventh, Jeffra suffered a cut eye, and slowed up in this round. In the tenth both were guilty of fouling. At the end Jeffra was declared the winner by a unanimous decision.

In the main six, Frankie Carto made quick work of his task when he stopped Pee Wee Lewis in the first with a flurry of rights and lefts that soon had Pee Wee on the deck. The next six saw Phil Ensenga win a close one over Lou Dundee. In the first six, Sam Lampe's new boy, Tommy Stewart, was awarded the duke over Cuban Tommy Brown. Two fours completed the show that was a sellout. This show grossed close to $8500.

At the Centnry Club's weekly offering, Jimmy Kidd Hatcher hooked up with Willie Roach in a main go of ten rounds, with Jimmy a very easy winner. In the semi, set for eight rounds, Johnny Brown made quick work of his assignment when he stopped Johnny Tomsky in the third round. In a sixer, Frankie Carto and Kid Alexander hooked up in a very hard fought battle with a decision being called a draw at the end. Three fours completed the card.

FISTIANA ALLEY . . . . That ever congenial bondsman, Harry Walker, is now a boxing inspector. Fighters take notice. For the past summer the writer has been booking boys for Wilmington's outdoor shows. The chief boxing inspector, Bill Dougherty, is one swell fellow on the Delaware commission. So is Joe Denny, the referee, and all the rest that make up Delaware's Boxing Commission. Managers don't forget the contracts that are for sale at fifty cents a set of three that will hold up anywhere. Those connected with Jimmy Collins must now be satisfied with the sound licking Roach received from Jimmy Hatcher. Fighters who can fight, with no strings attached, can find plenty of work if they contact the writer, Nate Phillips, 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

At Washington's Griffith Stadium, Ray Alvis presented the current featherweight champion, Joey Archibald, in defense of his title with Chalky Wright over the fifteen-round distance. Chalky went out to make quick work of his assignment when he staggered Joey in the first. From then on it was only a question of time when Chalky would finish his work. At the start of the eleventh, a right cross sent Joey down to be counted out in 54 seconds of the round. Both boys weighed 124.

In the opening six-rounder Milo Theodorescu won via a T.K.O. over Cowboy Coats in the fifth round. In the next six-rounder, Buddy Thomas won an unpopular decision over Art Lind. In an eight, Jimmy Hatcher won the nod over Oscar Wright, giving Wright his first defeat. In the final eight Billy Banks won over Carroll Alexander.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

THE most important event in Los Angeles boxing affairs in recent years was the Old Timers' banquet, staged at the Elks Club last month. This affair, which is to be an annual event hereafter, was put on by the State Athletic Commission, under the direction of Commissioner Everett Sanders, and was a huge success from every angle. Over seven hundred turned out for the affair and among this group were some of Los Angeles' most prominent business men and best known sportsmen.

Jerry Geisler, chairman of the State Athletic Commission, opened the program with an oration on California boxing that was a classic. Geisler covered the history of the sport in the Golden State, the highlights, setbacks, handicaps and progress of the game, and finished by lauding those who make up the sport. His talk was one to make every boxing man present proud to be associated with the sport and to feel a bit more brotherly toward all the others in the game.

And did the old time fighters, in whose honor this banquet was staged, enjoy the evening! There were nearly two hundred boxers in attendance, the most prominent of them being the ex-world's champions James J. Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Willie Ritchie, Jess Willard, Jimmy McLarnin, Harry Gilmore, Jack Root, Henry Armstrong, Young Corbett, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jackie Fields, Al McCoy, Vince Dundee, Fidel LaBarba, Mushy Callahan, Freddie Steele, Young Jack Thompson, not to mention at least fifty other boxers who had fought the best of their time. I doubt that there is any other city in the world that can boast such a galaxy of ring celebrities.

Much controversy followed the unsatisfactory ending of the Los Angeles outdoor match between Billy Soose and Ceferino Garcia, which was halted in the eighth round and declared a draw. Most of the commotion was caused on account of no announcement being made to the crowd of why the bout was stopped. (An inexcusable blunder.)

Soose suffered a badly cut left eye, which Referee Abe Roth said was caused by a butt from Garcia, and as Soose was ahead on points, his decision was justified. However, the champion's eye was cut in the sixth round, a round that was credited to Garcia, instead of to Soose, because of the butt. So, there has been much argument, followers of both fighters protesting that their man was robbed, with a few believing that the draw verdict was the right one.

The Soose-Garcia bout, staged at the Hollywood Ball Park, was not the fight that it was expected to be. Only three of the eight rounds contested furnished any excitement. For five rounds it was all Soose, who jabbed Garcia at will and crossed with solid rights occasionally. But Garcia got going in the sixth and landed a few of those damaging bolo punches, (looping uppercuts) and it was in this round that Soose received the eye cut. Ceferino also won the seventh round by rushing the champ around the ring and landing with left hooks. Soose could not hold off the determined Filipino with those left jabs any more and had to back-pedal again in the eighth. Garcia was landing with both hands when the bout was stopped in the eighth and declared a draw. Soose weighed 169, Garcia 161.

The preliminary bouts, as is usual in these outdoor shows, were punk. Only the semi-windup produced enough action to keep the crowd interested. In this bout, an eight-rounder between Ray Campo, 128, and Cleo Shans, Campo was the victim of a bad decision.

The crowd was disappointing, only about 6000 fans turning out for the show, which netted but $8338.

At Hollywood—Abe Simon, the New York behemoth who stood up to Joe Louis for 13 rounds, was held to a 10-round draw by Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles Negro heavyweight, in a not-too-interesting mauling match. Simon weighed 256 pounds, Thompson 186½.

Simon went into the fight a slight favorite because of his record, his weight advantage and five-inch height edge but was behind on rounds in Referee Benny Whitman's count until he rallied and won the last two. There were no knockdowns.

The Turkey landed several solid lefts and rights to the head in the third round, cutting both Simon's eyes. He kept pecking away at them at every opportunity thenceforth but the mammoth Abe never seemed seriously discommoded. Arguments raged over the draw decision, with the rival managers each claiming he was "robbed."

While Carroll Working, Thompson's manager, led a chorus of home-town rooters in a chant that his young Negro should have received the decision on the basis of harder punching, Manager Jimmy Johnson countered with:

"The referee gave Simon six rounds and a total of 56 points. He gave Thompson four rounds and 54 points. How he decided this made a draw is something I can't figure out."

Referee Benny Whitman, escorted from the ring by policemen, stuck to his guns that it was an even match.

"They hold up a fighter's purse for an unsatisfactory performance—why don't they hold up a referee's purse," Working exclaimed. "We spotted Simon 70 pounds and still whipped him. Simon himself didn't think he won."

Big Abe nursed a bruised right hand, contradicted this assertion. He said he was sure he won.

At San Diego—Big Boy Hogue, most always a counter-puncher, turned slugger to score a one-sided victory over Bernie Cardenas of Los Angeles, at the San Diego Coliseum. Hogue stopped Cardenas in the third round after taking all the fight out of Bernie with a hard right to the nose in the second round. Hogue weighed 160, Cardenas 158.

Verne Bybee, tough San Francisco lightweight, was the victim of a bad break in his clash with Toby Vigil at the Hollywood Stadium. Bybee dislocated his right shoulder in the fourth round of a bout in which he was ahead on points and appeared to be on the road to victory, although there had been little action in the three rounds fought. Vigil relied on the use of a left jab, but with much success. Verne forced the milling and scored with a few left hooks in the first two rounds. The boys warmed up in the third and exchanged a little leather, with Bybee having much the better of the round by scoring with overhand rights.

Early in the fourth round the 'Frisco battler missed Toby with a long right and hit the top rope, which threw his shoulder out of place. Standing there in pain and unable to continue, there was little else Referee Benny Whitman could do except stop the go and award the decision to Vigil, although in cases of such accidents it would be much more fair to call the contest a draw. Each weighed 133.

Andy Vasquez, 127, and Dixie Fleming, 131, went to a draw in the semi. Vasquez was floored in the first, but came back to cop four of the six rounds. Bobby Birch, 158, scored a fourth round T.K.O. over Pancho Ramirez, 167, in the special.

At Fresno—Ritchie Lemos, N.B.A. featherweight champion of Los Angeles, won over Black Joe of Honolulu, in a 10-rounder of an outdoor show. It was a bitterly fought contest, with Lemos injuring a hand early in the bout. Lemos weighed 132, Joe 128.

Larry Cisneros, the Hard Rock of Questa, made it two-out-of-three in winning over Johnny Hutchinson, Philadelphia Negro, in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. These two busy battlers had staged a couple of thrillers previous to this third meeting, in which each copped a win, but this "rubber" match not only turned out to be a one-sided affair, but was also a rather dull bout. Hutchinson was credited with but one round and one frame was scored even, Cisneros grabbing the other eight and giving the colored boxer quite a lacing in the late rounds. Although Larry did not score any knockdowns, the curly-headed Mexican did have Johnny in a groggy condition and on the verge of going down. Cisneros weighed 139, Hutchinson 137.

Soldier Stanley, 136, was fortunate to receive a draw with Willie Fields, 134, in the six-round semi-final.

Costello Cruz, 164, was also lucky to get a draw with Wally Cook, 169, in the four-round special.

Mickey Goldstein, 145, New York, decisioned Lalo Rodriguez, 146, Mexico, in a 10-rounder at the Olympic Auditorium. Rodriguez was ahead at the end of the sixth round, but it was his first start over that distance and he tired badly in the late rounds. While fresh, Rodriguez scored repeatedly with right-crosses and uppercuts, but Goldstein played his foe out by the use of some clever footwork and jabbed the Mexican youth plenty in the last few rounds of the bout.

Yancey Henry, 192, whipped Big Boy Bray, 215, in the six-round semi-windup. It was a furious punching spree, with Henry having a decided edge.

In a return bout with Oscar Rankins at the Hollywood Stadium, Pat Valentino stiffened the red-headed Negro in the sixth round to avenge the beating that he received from Oscar a month previously. In this rematch the handsome Italian displayed a more potent punch and greater assimilating qualities, confirming the contention of his followers that he had "gone Hollywood" while training for their first meeting.

Rankins started out like a two-time winner, dishing out a severe body beating to the Italian for the first three rounds, but Pat stood up under the bombardment and then put on a blitzkreig of his own in the fourth that turned the tide in his favor. They slugged furiously in the fifth round, with Rankins being floored just before the bell. The 'Frisco socker pummeled the colored veteran all over the ring in the sixth heat, twice dropping Oscar to the canvas, first for a nine-count and then for keeps. Valentino weighed 178, Rankins 181, so the state light-heavy title was not at stake.

At Ocean Park—Francois DeTombeaux, 147, decisioned Soldier Stanley, 136, in a rough, tough eight-rounder at the Ocean Park Arena. Stanley made it interesting all the way for his heavier foe, but at no time was ahead of the handsome Frenchman.

Those two little Mexican spitfires, Carlos Chavez and Donnie Maes, engaged in another swatting-bee at the Hollywood Stadium, and they must have used the same scenario, for the scrap for nine rounds was a facsimile of their first clash.

As in their first tussle, Chavez came out to end it early and almost polished Maes off in the opening canto. Donnie weathered some rough going for a couple of rounds and held his own in a couple more, then as Carlos began to tire, Maes improved and had the better of the exchanges up until the end of the ninth round. Then Chavez threw the script away.

The Denver cutie was well ahead as the spunky foes answered the bell for the 10th, and he intended to make victory certain by adding the final round to his score, but midway in the round something happened. Chavez exploded a beautiful right on Maes' chin as the Denver boy was coming in and Donnie was felled like a timber. He managed to regain his feet at count of nine, but was unable to defend himself and his savage little foe soon decked him again. As Donnie hit the floor with a thud for the second time, Manager George Parnassus climbed in the ring, making the final count unnecessary.

Georgie Hansford, 130, won a close decision over Jimmy Lydell in the six-round semi.

LEST I FORGET—Commissioner Everett Sanders rates a big hand for his weeks of untiring effort in making the Old Timers' banquet the great success that it was . . . . Richie Lemos is on the shelf with injured hands. He has hurt his maulies in all of his last three fights . . . . San Bernardino has again closed down after a few weeks' operation, due, it is said, to the heat . . . . Rodolfo Ramirez, claimant of Mexico lightweight title, is soon to fight in California under the direction of George Parnassus . . . . Dave Landau is planning on opening a pro club at Compton.

Guy Serean, hard hitting featherweight, and his manager, Eddie McKenna, are still in New Orleans . . . . Johnny Gardo, Boston lightweight, is fighting in prelims in and around Los Angeles . . . . Mike Delia, promising local lightweight, accompanied Henry Armstrong to Texas, where Mike was to meet Ted Garcia . . . . George Blake has returned from Honolulu . . . . Richie Lemos is now a papa . . . . Ben Steffler is to run an amateur club at Riverside . . . . Jimmy Casino lost a 10-round decision to Harry Matthews at Seattle . . . . Al Manfredo, the former welterweight, is now managing Sheik Rangel, tough welter of Fresno . . . . Charlie Varre, New York lightweight, is still in L.A. . . . . Richie Lemos is anxious for a Chalky Wright match in Los Angeles. Manager Stumme knows it would be a money shot and that is the kind of a match that his champion hasn't had yet.

Jackie Wilson stopped Cecelia Lozada in three rounds at Oakland . . . . Louie Flyer, hard punching Jewish southpaw, has returned to the ring and looked OK in his first start . . . . The Soose-Garcia go was the first bout scheduled for over ten rounds to a decision in California in over twenty years . . . . Yancey Henry is the contender for Turkey Thompson's state heavyweight title . . . . Wilmington is still closed . . . . Uncle Sam manages the biggest stable of California boxers these days . . . . This writer's address is 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

BOXING is enjoying a boom in this state with many clubs operating and boxers stimulated by the fact that Abe Greene, state boxing head, is now president of the National Boxing Association and two New Jersey boys are holding world championships by virtue of recent victories. They are Gus Lesnevich in the light-heavyweight division and Freddy Cochrane in the welterweight class. Clubs operating include Newark, Elizabeth, Perth Amboy, Garfield, Trenton, Atlantic City, New Brunswick, Jersey City and Camden is expected to start soon. The amateurs will soon be going strong in Paterson, Newark, Passaic and Trenton.

We have received an interesting letter from George Farmer, former European correspondent of THE RING, who is now fighting with the RAF in England. George would appreciate it if boxers throughout the country would send him autographed pictures to be distributed among RAF pilots. This would be a fine gesture on the part of American boxers. His address is 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England. Send him all the pictures you can and let's bolster the spirit of those courageous men.

Nat Arno, former pro boxer in Newark, is now Corporal Nat Abramowitz at Fort Benning, Ga.

Wallace Cross, former A.A.U. national heavyweight champion, recently served as a Joe Louis sparring partner.

Buddy Brown, former promoter at the Dreamland Park arena, is now operating the Hy-Way Rink in Union, N. J., and doing well. Tommy Elm, the fight referee, is the press agent for the Paterson Panthers football team . . . . Freddy Cochrane was given a testimonial dinner by Elizabeth friends and said, "I have but five people to thank for my success," and named his mother, two newspapermen, his trainer, Jimmy Wilde, and Willie Gilzenberg, his manager.

Pat Comiskey, Paterson's 216-pounder, technically stopped Bob Sikes in the sixth round of a ten at North Little Rock, Ark. It was Pat's third victory over Sikes, claimant of the Southern heavyweight title. Comiskey floored Sikes for nine in the first, nine again in the fourth, twice for nine in the fifth and finally Izzy Kline, Bob's handler, had the fight stopped in the sixth when Sikes was hanging on the ropes.

Correspondents in this country should include self addressed stamped envelopes for reply. The address is 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

Sonny Banks, the popular Newark manager, informs us he will have Bob Smith, Newark heavyweight, fighting Eddie Blunt in Miami in January for Promoter Duke Slater. Smith was a sensation in Miami last season when he defeated Jack Trammell.

Bunky Wall of Morristown, 169, and Johnny Carter of Philadelphia, 156, fought six close rounds at Newark . . . . In Pete Lello's corner for his fight with Julie Kogan were Jimmy Wilde, trainer for Red Cochrane, and Maxie Fisher . . . . Boxing fans like to congregate at Harry Gross's tavern, 53 Fleming Avenue, Newark . . . . Vince Attardi, Jersey City lightweight, was stopped in the first of a four at the Broadway Arena in New York by Pete Dubaldi of Newburgh.

Elmer (Shrimp) Palardy, one of the state's best amateurs of yesteryear, is now a policeman in West Orange. He is also boxing instructor at the Orange Y.M.C.A., where Tony Galento and Jummiy Frain play handball . . . . One of the best preliminary bouts for action we have ever looked at saw Lee Kinsey of Trenton and Bob Wade battle to a standstill for four rounds at Newark . . . . Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion of the world and long a resident of Belleville, has moved bag and baggage and is living with his wife and son in Glendale, Cal., where he operates a cocktail bar.

Jimmy Wilde is now managing Lou Bauman, a featherweight . . . . Harry Rapaport, once New Jersey's leading manager, and now day manager of the Club Bali, Miami, recently returned to Newark to visit his parents, brothers Abe, Izzy, Jack and Sam, and sister Dorie. Brother Lou passed away in Colorado last month. He was a great friend of the boxing game in New Jersey. Jack was once the state's best welterweight.

A promising prospect in Newark rings is Young Mickey Donley, whose real name is Mickey Colella . . . . Dewey Fragetta is interested in Tim Still, a Newarker, who did well in the Golden Gloves . . . . Tommy Tuohey, who held the national amateur featherweight championship in 1914, works as a railroad mechanic in Paterson . . . . Maurice La Chappelle, the wrestler, lives in Somerset county and is now interested in several boxers.

Babe Culnan recently celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in the fight game in Newark. Culnan was once associated with Nick Kline, Harry Blaufuss and Frank Black as the Four Horsemen. Among the fighters he handled were Charley Weinert, Young Bob Fitzsimmons and Freddy Polo. He also handled Tommy Farr in this country after Farr went 15 rounds with Joe Louis.

Sam Rose is now handling Joey Zodda, the former New York lightweight now fighting out of Newark. When Zodda recently filled out his draft questionnaire he listed under the heading of dependents, "Sam Rose," his manager!

Pete Lello, the Chicago lightweight, had a tough break when his fight with Julie Kogon of New Haven was stopped 30 seconds before the finish of the tenth and last round at Newark with Kogon declared the winner by a technical knockout. True, Kogon won all the way but Lello sustained a cut eye in the third. Lello weighed 134, two less than Kogon.

In the six-round semi-final to the Lello-Kogon match, Fred D'Amico, Philadelphia, decisioned Eddie Cooper of New York. Cooper scaled 137, the winner 140.

James (Slim) Brennan, who was New Jersey's top referee several years ago, was on hand for the Galiano-Ruffin match in Newark, which is good news for many fight fans. Brennan was seriously ill several months ago.

Maxie Fisher, the Newark lightweight, informs us that he has definitely retired in order to have more time to run his father's cleaning and dyeing job. Maxie is being assisted by brother Mickey, former state amateur champion. Brothers Jack and Dave are now in the army, and Al, a former lightweight battler, is living in Newark.

Bobby Ruffin returned after a long absence to stop Pete Galiano of Baltimore in 2:43 of the third round. Both weighed 135. In the semi-final, Morris Parker, Newark featherweight, was guilty of much fouling but was given a draw with Carlos (No-No) Quevas of Puerto Rico.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLI

WILMINGTON fans turned out in force to the tune of 8000 to see Lee Savold batter Lou Brooks, local colored lad, nine time K.O. victor in ten professional bouts. Weight and experience proved too much for the Wilmington Negro, who was knocked out in the sixth round. Brooks made a creditable showing up to this time with Savold.

The show grossed $11,000, the biggest gate in the history of Wilmington for any sport event, including football, baseball or boxing.

Promoter Tribuani is now working on a lease on the State Armory for indoor shows. The possibilities in this town at the present time are great.

A lad who is a good drawing card in Wilmington is a middleweight, Al Tribuani, a brother of the promoter. He has just been released from the Army and no doubt will be in the windups in his home town.

Wilmington results: Willie Roach, local colored lad, defeated Ernie Calhoun; Jimmy Moore of Chester won over Choo Choo Derr of Allentown; Ernie Calhoun knocked out Steve Baron; Eddie Finnazzo of Baltimore stopped Indian Johnny Rivers, Allentown, and Al Tribuani, Wilmington, stopped Jackie Cohen of Baltimore.

A Philly youngster, Joe Belfiore, has been making good in Wilmington. In his last fight he knocked out Howard Lee Sewell in the third round. Belfiore, a very promising youngster, is managed by Tobey Sebastiano, a Philadelphia trainer of amateur clubs there. His protege is still undefeated in 10 bouts, scoring nine knockouts and winning the other bout by decision.

ROUND BY ROUND—Mayon Padlo, whom we predicted several months ago would go places, is angling for a title welterweight match . . . . Tony Saraullo has resumed training after a layoff of three months . . . . Henry Allen, colored heavyweight, is a good prospect . . . . Our friend Frankie Ferrel writes about his K.O. artist, Irish Johnny McGrath, who is campaigning in New Jersey . . . . Pete Moran is matchmaking for Joe Wenke at the Broadwood in Philly.

Jim Scott is negotiating for a lease on the State Armory in Camden to promote boxing . . . . Frankie Saia is back with his K.O. punch and scares most opponents out of their wits . . . . Dave Levy is grooming Georgie Miller for a busy campaign . . . . "Smiley" Clearfield and Herman Diamond are all excited about their protege, Ellis Phillips, the lad who just knocked out Frankie Donato . . . . Willie Clark, physical instructor at the Broadwood Gymnasium, is also a wrestling and boxing referee . . . . Johnny Nojunas, Temple University light-heavy, is coming along at a fast clip . . . . Jimmy Tygh has numerous offers but will remain idle for several months . . . . 'Nuff said . . . . The writer can be reached at 605 Shubert Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By MAX YEARGAIN

KANSAS will have its first professional boxing show of the coming season in the Municipal Auditorium at Topeka when the writer matches the midwest pugilistic torpedoes of note against the fighting soldiers from Fort Riley, November 5. Lieutenant Edward C. Heuss is the recreation officer and boxing director of the soldiers' bouts and under wing is some outstanding talent.

Last summer when Mickey Paul, Brooklyn welterweight socker, won a hair-line decision over Chino Lopez of the Troy Sheffield stable, a capacity crowd saw the contest. With top ranking ringsters now stationed at Fort Riley, Wichita, Topeka, and Kansas City should be the mecca of many thrilling battles during the winter season.

The fistic imbroglio many Jayhawkers would like to see is a go between R. J. Lewis, colored middleweight sensation, and Mick Tulli, Hershey, Penn., scrapper now stationed at Fort Riley. Lewis got his start as an amateur under the guiding hand of Carlos E. Hobbs, sports editor of the Topeka *State Journal* and promoter of its Golden Gloves tournament each year. Since entering the pro circles, Lewis has knocked more than one fair ranking glove tosser into fistic oblivion. Tulli made his first showing away from his army encampment at Topeka, blasting "Babe" Domingues' mitten dynamite.

"Bingo" Bassett, welterweight, who hails from Blythville, Ark., under the direction of Lieutenant Heuss at Fort Riley shows the most promise of his young professionals. Bassett has engaged in 16 pro contests, winning 11 of them by the kayo route. Other stars at the army camp are "Tiger" Jack Lyons, diamond belt amateur champion of New York and Eddie O'Leary, eastern boxer.

Since Al Dorlac, the St. Louis welterweight, stopped Pat Kissinger in Kansas City last winter, many of the faithful would like to see Chino Lopez, the wicked punching little Mexican, matched with the lanky Missourian. A battle between these fellows would draw well in Wichita, Kansas City or Topeka. Dorlac was given a boxing trophy by a Kansas City organization when he stopped Kissinger and is recognized as the champ of the middlewest.

Roy Dunn, former Oklahoma A. & M. amateur heavyweight wrestling champion, who represented the United States in the Olympic games in Germany, has stimulated the mat sport considerably in the middlewest. The rangy Oklahoman who is recognized by the National Wrestling Alliance as the world's champion, can "shoot" with the best and emerge the victor.

Youthful amateur wrestlers entering the pro ranks have invigorated the sport also. Some of the newcomers are: Kenny Williams, Gentry Fitzhugh, Floyd Vevlens, Russ Spalding, Nelson Collins and Bobby Coombs.

Send sports news from this section to Max Yeargain, 710 Monroe, Topeka, Kansas.

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SOMEWHERE IN CANADA
With EDDIE BORDEN

THE Sixth Casualty Clearing Station of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, with which I am connected, has been stationed at Sussex, New Brunswick, Canada, and will remain there until further orders. We have taken over the complete hospital while the unit which was previously in charge sailed and arrived in England several weeks ago. I hope to be over shortly. Life in military circles is very uncertain. One never knows from one minute to the next just when the outfit will be shifted or ordered to move abroad. Particularly so when one is a private and there is nothing lower in the Army than a private unless it is a lance corporal.

Excitement reached a new high the night of the Louis-Nova contest when Lieut. Col. C. S. Thompson, commanding officer of the C.C.S., granted special permission to listen to the broadcast. Several radio sets were provided and a gala night was had all over our quarters. The officers did their listening in seclusion, the sergeants kept to themselves while the buck privates cut loose recklessly. Dignity is a difficult thing to preserve when a fight is in progress—particularly so when one is interested in the outcome as I naturally was. The fight failed to enthuse the gathering and they were just as keenly disappointed as those who had contributed greatly to the swatfest.

Nova was the sentimental favorite with the crowd and it was hard for the men to picture two gladiators who were getting paid such huge sums of money to become lax in the battle for the greatest prize of fistiana—the heavyweight championship of the world. Out here the soldiers feel as we do in the States, that Louis stands out absolutely alone so far as challengers are concerned. There is no one on the horizon who can capably extend the champion, not even Conn. I agree in that opinion. Louis will unquestionably go down in history as one of the immortals of the prize ring. He has done everything expected of him and despite one or two disappointing performances, the fact remains that he has proven from time to time that he is invincible.

Louis is on the threshold of uncertainty. If he were to resign the heavyweight title and enlist in the United States Army, he would be the biggest man boxing ever had. He would be remembered as the man who gave up his heavyweight title because there was no further opposition and his desire to serve his country. As time advanced, his status would increase in importance and the future generations would point to him as the superman.

The powerful, guiding hand of Mike Jacobs controls Louis' destiny. It is doubtful whether Louis would be able to do anything without the advice of Jacobs.

Throughout the history of boxing, as practised in the United States, the boxing manager has always been recognized as the guiding genius of a fighter, whether he be a champion or a preliminary boy. Managers have been known to make and break fighters and it should be solely within their judgment as to the actions of a boxer. But under present conditions in boxing, the fight manager is relegated to the role of office boy.

If a school of managers existed today such as those who exercised their managerial skill with wisdom and acumen in the past, men like Jimmy Johnston, Jack Kearns, Phil Glassman, Sammy Goldman, Eddie Mead, Doc Bagley, Scotty Monteith, Billy Gibson, Dan Morgan, Sam Pian, Ancil Hoffman, Joe Woodman, George Lawrence, Joe Gould, Nate Lewis, Tommy Walsh, Al Weill, Paddy Mullins and more of that calibre, there would be no such condition as exists in the U. S. today.

There is quite a bit of good fighting material in our ranks, but unfortunately the boys are not given the proper opportunities. Too much work and no play dull the senses of the soldiers. They should have more time for recreation. It is rather hard to find spirit and enthusiasm in the ranks when you labor from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. on a seven-days-a-week basis. Despite that handicap, our outfit shows some mighty promising material.

There is a big, strapping staff sergeant who stands six feet three inches in his stocking feet and weighs around 220 pounds. He moves around with speed and knows what to do with his hands. A few others in his class are Walter Daniels, rough and tough, and Frank Normand, another heavyweight, who devotes most of his spare time to jitterbugging and scrapping on the dance floor.

For all around fighting ability, I would hand the palm to George Gardner. He is a compactly built, strong, sturdy light-heavyweight who would do very nicely in the professional ranks. He hits with terrific force and for sheer strength outclasses his fellow soldiers. Gardner missed his vocation when he failed to try out for professional boxing.

Jack McConnell, welterweight, moves around with skill and finesse and carries a natural left hook which has played havoc with some of his sparring mates. Ronald McMenemy would be classified as a good club fighter. Very tough and fearless in his style.

Corporal Bill Dunphy, our physical instructor, enjoyed a successful career in the amateur ranks in which he boxed Maxie Berger and Harry Hurst. He refused to take up boxing for a career but is very skillful with a deft left hand jab.

In closing with our pugilistic candidates, one should not overlook Regimental Sergt. Major O. R. Todd, who would fare well in the lightweight ranks. Well built, plenty of endurance and knows how to handle himself with the padded mittens. Those are the pugilistic hopes of our outfit.

For those who are literarily inclined our unit is gifted with two graduates from Harvard—W. G. Nickerson and E. A. Rose. Their English is something to marvel at. Yale boasts of a graduate in the person of R. G. Van Peursem. Joe Frazier spent two years at the University of Florida before he got the bug to enlist in the Canadian Army . . . . Harold O'Connor is the philosopher who dispenses sage wisdom to the less fortunate and is one of the most natural comedians in camp.

Mike Relihan is probably the most versatile athlete in the camp. He is fortunate enough to have his wife residing in the vicinity of the town—the lucky stiff.

Jimmy Robertson is the Robert Taylor and Clark Gable of the outfit—but he belongs to the blond species. D. B. (Dick Tracey) Olsen has been so named because of his adventures with the opposite sex . . . . Sammy Pearce and Wilfred Wallace are the babies of the camp. Pearce is nineteen while Wallace is twenty and their refreshing youth stamps them as the finer types of Canadian boyhood.

All in all, No. 6 C.C.S. Company of the R.C.A.M.C. comprises an aggregation of the swellest fellows ever assembled under one roof and the officers, from Lieut. Colonel Thompson down to the officers of lesser rank, are courteous, gentlemanly and considerate to every man in the outfit. Long may they last.

May be writing next from England. Regards to all on Jacobs' Beach.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS
By TOM EPHREM

FRANKIE POREDA, Jacksonville's Navy Base heavyweight prospect, upset the old apple-cart the water bucket, the dope, the betting odds and what have you by jabbing Henry Cooper for a ten round decision at the Laurel Gardens in Newark, N. J. The more experienced Cooper looked best at the in-fighting, but that snappy snap of Poreda's left jab was simply the weapon to overcome Cooper and Frankie made Manager Bill Reppenhagen a very happy fellow in garnering his 22nd win in 24 times up. The fight was just that, a fight, and thoroughly filled with action for the most rabid fight fan.

Cal Cagni, according to a clipping sent in (the New York *World Telegram*) could have received a draw in his clash with Mayon Padlo on the Bob Montgomery-Mike Kaplan scrap in Philadelphia. Padlo was given the nod but Cal staged a grand uphill battle and was handicapped from a cut over his left eye. He is a Jacksonville Navy lad, managed by my good friend, Al Weill.

Steve Belloise, fifth ranking middleweight by THE RING, fought a draw with Antonio Fernandez of South America and No. 7 man in the middleweight class. According to Hype Igoe's version, Steve missed plenty and the crowd thought that 'Tonio won . . . Another lad from the Base here, Tommy Tucker, lost to Freddy Fiducia on the Joe Louis-Lou Nova card by a decision . . . . Georgie Abrams, the best middleweight in the world, had his bout postponed with Tony Zale when the latter suffered a case of athlete's foot on eve of the battle. Postponement goes back to November 28th and may be held in New York City. Meanwhile Georgie will make his first Florida appearance in Miami Beach, facing Gene Molnar . . . . Steve Belloise faces an opponent up North soon.

The Army's Baby Giant Bomber, Mike (Corporal) Raffa, of Fort Knox, lost to former featherweight champ Petey Scalzo on a big Pittsburgh card. Petey displayed ring generalship to win. Mike, however, came back to hand Ted Christie a three-round kayo in Raffa's home town, Weirton, W. Va. On that latter card, his stablemate, Tommy Yarosz, also won by the same way, scoring a kayo over Don Blatchford in the fifth of the semi. Raffa had Christie down thrice before he finished him. Both are Ray Foutts' fighters . . . . Tommy Campbell, Atlanta boxer, has joined Uncle Sam's Navy at Norfolk.

Joe Vella, pilot of light-heavyweight king Gus Lesnevich, is here in Fort Barrancas, Pensacola, Florida, with Uncle Sam and Joe hopes Gus will be drafted in and sent here. Vella, in Battery K, says he would have the champ teach boxing and stay in shape with exhibitions.

Fred Apostoli, former middleweight champion, stopped Joey Spangler in the fifth round with a volley of rights and lefts which one had the power to break Joey's jaw. This was Freddie's third win since being with Uncle Sam at the Norfolk Navy Base where he is teaching physical instruction and youngsters to box.

Father Bonaventure's good little booklet, "Reverse Your Field," written as to help combat anti-Semitism, found the boys at the local Base calling for a book. Georgie Abrams, Cal Cagni, Tommy Tucker, Frankie Poreda, Al Nettlow and Steve Belloise contributed their dime for the price of the booklet which contains many thrilling stories on sports. Abrams bought the first book. Then Dave Hike, Larry Schain, Sergt. Vic Ephrem and Joey Ackerman finished the ten and a proud dollar is on its way to Pete Montesi who sends it to Father Bonaventure. Pete sends in a letter he received from an American soldier way out there in Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, Private Delbert A. Wylder, who sent in for the booklet. You can reach Pete at 316 West 25th St., N.Y.C.

Dave Hike, local boxing enthusiast and a new customer for THE RING, is doing splendid work in showing the Navy boxers a swell time and one of his main ambitions is to give them all a ride in his yacht. Dave is a very close pal of Lt. Commander Gene Tunney. Mrs. Hike proves a charming Southern hostess, too.

Heavyweight Champ Joe Louis is now reclassified and has been moved up into class 1-A by the draft board. Most any day Joe will be called into service and should be a fine example for the young American soldier. The champ may tackle Corp. John Pivovar of Fort Sheridan, Illinois, while on his exhibition tour . . . . Lou Ambers did nice work in refereeing boxing bouts up at Pine Camp, N. Y.

Harry Ferguson, U. P. sports editor, carries the truth in an article on Jacksonville's Georgie Abrams. Says Harry: "Destiny seems to have marked Georgie Abrams out as a Giant Killer who never gets credit, a conqueror of champions who never becomes champion himself, a David who knocks out Goliaths when nobody is around to tell it." Very true, Harry, but just leave it to THE RING Magazine to tell the fistic world about it. Did you read Nat Fleischer's editorial in the October RING?

Sigmund Stadtlander, former German lightweight champion, is an American soldier now and serving at a Lebanon, Penn., camp. Private Stadtlander is an outcast of the Nazi regime, was winner of the title in 1933. He came to America and took out naturalization papers, commenced boxing until answering the call to arms : . . . George Feltes of the Great Lakes Station was a big help to Johnny Colan in Chicago workout drills.

Jack Dempsey and Jim Braddock, former heavyweight champions, have an important role in the "Hail America" program. Each is now deputy U. S. Director of Physical Training for Boxing. This announcement was made by John B. Kelly, assistant U. S. director of civilian defense in charge of national physical training. The popular ex-fighter will see that all boxers are properly conditioned and will carry out a personal physical fitness message to the men, women and children of the nation.

Maxie Baer, former heavyweight champion, was added to those who help put Uncle Sam's Servicers in good condition. Baer will be with the sailor boys soon.

Chalky Wright, former trainer, Pvt. Harry Eagles, is coaching the Army boxers at Chanute Field, Ill. Eagles, a veteran in fistic circles, would like to promote boxing at the field. He was a good assistant in staging the August card here which attracted over 10,000 fans. Harry developed two other champs in his care: Mike Belloise, featherweight, and Freddie Steele, middleweight.

So busy was Jack Dempsey with his work with the Cole Brothers Circus that he couldn't get off to see the boys at Camp Croft, near Spartanburg, S. C. And so the boys came over to see him and Jack treated them all to the circus . . . . Ray Heling, who has George Feltes and Don Wallenfang, has a new boxer in Louis Smith, a Navy lightweight stationed at the Great Lakes post. He is a Southern boy, hailing from Henderson, Ky. . . . . The Camp Blanding recreation center is going to cost a cool $58,000 and it sure will be a honey.

At Moffett Field, California . . . . over fifty candidates have turned out for the coming Moffett Field championship boxing tournament. With the field open to all men based at the Army Air Corps basic flying school here, the 50 boys will represent a good cross-section of the post's pugilistic abilities. The tournament will be held under Major John A. Macready, former A.A.U. champion . . . . Jackie Carter, who still does a bit of boxing in the Marine Force, says that Syd Fishel is now stationed at New River, N. C., and that boxing will go on as soon as a few things are straightened out at the new station. Syd expects to put over boxing in a mighty big way as there is plenty of talent.

Bill Cocke, youthful Southern fight trainer now at Pine Camp, N. Y., drops in after a long layoff. Bill thinks heaps about Jimmy Kidd Hatcher. The Southern soldier talks of Jimmy White who manages Georgie Pace and has had such as Tony Celli and Cowboy Howard Scott. Through Bill, we hope to uncover a find in a Memphis featherweight named Ralph Williams. Write sooner, buddy-boy.

They called him the Saginaw Bad Boy, this fellow Fritz Heinz. He was plenty good to meet such as Teddy Yarosz, Marcil Thil, Fred Apostoli, Maxie Rosenbloom, Frankie Battaglia and others. In 329 fights, he lost only 23. Wowie! Today he is Private Fritz Heinz, post physical instructor and boxing coach at Scott Field . . . . Young Otto, the great lightweight of the 1900's, is a civilian boxing instructor for the Army at Fort Tilden, N. Y. Otto believes the service life will improve the fight game . . . . Lt. Commander Gene Tunney will come out with a book on his own life soon . . . . Sure is great to see many reports coming in here from service camps from all parts of the country. Just keep it up fellows . . . . Wyatt Wood, of the 523rd Battalion, Camp Polk, La., won the 125-pound boxing title of the Third Armored Division . . . . James "Gunner" Wells, who fought and won the welter title from 1935-1938 in Uncle Sam's Army down at Panama Canal, is with our Uncle for the second hitch, located in Louisiana, attached to Company I, 155th Infantry.

At Camp Pendleton, Va.—1500 soldiers watched eight bouts, evenly matched and witnessed some ace high scrapping among the 244th C. A. Only one kayo was registered and that came in a bout with Danny Daniel of Batt. C., who wore down Larry Roskos in the third; Ben Franquez and Joe LaMacchia slugged to a draw; Joe Hauser won over Tom Bernie; Arman Raetano won his third bout, defeating Joe Bale; in a comedy bout, Honeyboy Liebowitz threw everything but his stool and the posts at Jim Macagna and the ref obliged by throwing Honeyboy's hand in the air as a win; Joe Feza solved the rough tactics of Oscar Rivers and won and Jack Stern outslugged Col. Benefato in another three.

President Roosevelt recently appointed John B. Kelly to direct the physical training program under civilian defense, an idea that comes from Kelly himself, who interested F.D.R. in the matter, through writing several guest columns in a Philadelphia paper outlining his program. Just to acquaint you all with John B. Kelly, here are a few words on the former all-round athlete and present business man of Philly. He's lean and hard, looking not the 51 years that he is. His job now is to put America back on its feet. He claims we all have become a nation of riders and sitters, meaning the youth of today has gone soft. He has a tough task ahead but Kelly feels he's going to get Young America back on its feet, if he has to wreck every seat in Congress. Attaboy John, that's the true American spirit.

When Cal Cagni's car was wrecked last month, the man at fault drove off hurriedly but with M.P.'s and others on the chase they soon caught up with him. Brought before Cal, who was examining the damage done, the Navy Base fighter saw that the man was in tears and listened to the latter's story. The fellow didn't have the total to pay for the damages and also is a father of 12 children. Like the swell soul that he is, Cal Cagni refused to press charges against the unfortunate man and they parted good naturedly. It sure cost Cal a good bit to have the car repaired, but what a heart.

Beneath our beautiful Florida moonlight, a sweet romance is going on and will give you all the story as soon as the bride and groom say, "Okay." It's one of boxingdom's best fellows . . . . Camp Claiborne, La., where sports are a tremendous factor, will get a new fieldhouse to suit the enlarging athletic population. Boxing will get most of the spacing, 3750 seats. This is announced by the War Department.

Georgie Abrams is really getting Tom Sharkey in better shape than the local boy has ever been in since his discharge from the Navy. It is one of the very many reasons that the boys at the Base have been doing the local fighters so much good . . . . Chris Dundee tells me that Abrams could have been sent to the Norfolk Base where more money could have been made in ring combats. But Georgie pleaded and said he wouldn't leave Jacksonville as he had many friends here and besides, he likes Jacksonville anyway.

Well fellows, drop in your fistic activities to this corner. Every letter will be more than welcomed. Info on boxing books by The Ring Editor, Nat Fleischer, is all yours for the asking. Get The Ring at Jake's on Forsyth and Hogan Streets, and at Pop Von Reedon's at Main and Adams. My address, Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Am glad to hear that Florida's Bill Gore and one of the few real fight trainers, is doing swell with Melio Bettina. With him are his two youngsters, Billy Murray and Jimmy Lowery, welterweight boxers . . . . Sam Butz, sports editor for the Florida *Times-Union*, gave Ring Editor Nat Fleischer a nice plug pertaining to Nat's letter to Sam on the Editor's views on a local boxing commission. It caused a good amount of talk throughout the fight circles here and brightened up our hopes to get that boxing body in our midst. Thanks Nat. Sam was sure glad to hear from you.

Fred Apostoli has won three fights, each by a knockout, since joining the Navy. He has stopped Bill McDowell in two, Joey Spangler in five, and El Brookman in six.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

NO finer news can be dealt Jacksonville and her boxing fans than the sweet words, "Boxing, Big Time, at the Duval County Armory." Never will the local citizenry of Cauliflower Canyon ever forget the halcyon days when the Armory sheltered many a battle between top-notch men that had the fans' tongues wagging away till after midnight. Even to this day, reminiscent battles are much in the talk. But we are to start with a new Armory era. Jimmy Finley, former ranking welterweight contender of days back, and Ralph (Lefty) Yero, of the Army-Navy Club in Jacksonville, are banded together in noble efforts to place Jacksonville back on the fistic map and keep her there. Finley, who has been Sarasota's fight matchmaker until now, sees a greater opportunity in this city and therefore his interest. He will serve as matchmaker for Yero's club. The first show takes place as this issue comes out of press.

Finley has a big job on his hands. His work as matchmaker will be the spotlight of professional boxing's return to Jacksonville. In this, Jimmy will be forced to employ all his skill to match boys of good calibre. We will say that Finley's experience as matchmaker, his ability and knowledge, plus a good name in boxing, will once again place the fights on a bigger and better scale. At present, the so-called "boxing" is nothing short of murder in the first degree, with every evil attending the two-bit shows that have been going on for a good while. But Jimmy Finley and Ralph (Lefty) Yero will change that.

It is therefore noteworthy to give a certain detail on Finley and Yero. When a certain party found out they were intending to place pro fighting at the Armory, the villain not only tried to keep them from running shows at that spot but further asked local organizations not to sponsor the Finley-Yero presentations. But Finley's persistency and the doggedness that earned him shots with seven world's champions, won out in the end. Good luck, Jimmy and Ralph.

There's a darn good welter-belter out of Cuba by the name of Joe Legon. In making his initial appearance in Miami Beach for Captain Peeples, Legon scored a convincing one round knockout over Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville. A good belter and action-provider, Legon should make it interesting for the bigger names. Would like to see him in Jacksonville against Steve Belloise, Al Nettlow or Cal Cagni. Hope to bring him here very soon.

In the semi to the Legon-Sharkey bout, Jose Cabellero easily won over Mario Perez in 8; Bit Beebe, promising welter under Tommy Gore, scored a one round kayo over Paul Doso; and Moe Weiss of the walloping Weiss', decisioned Jimmy Dundee in a sixer, while Felix Gonzales kayoed Chino Gispert in the second. At the same club, Joey Raymond stopped Justo Jiminez in the fifth when the latter suffered a badly cut eye.

A clipping comes in from Harry Raskin, trainer of Buddy Scott, Southern heavyweight and her best at present. It seems the Tampa fight judgery believe in handing out Christmas packages way ahead of time and just presented Claudio Villar with a surpriser over Buddy Scott. Referee Steve O'Connell voted a draw while the two judges, Pop Jones and Dr. W. H. Roop, gave it to Villar. Buddy had the clear edge in five rounds, Claudio in three, and two even, but you figure it out. Raskin said that he was under impression that the referee was to be sole judge of the fight, an agreement made before the fighters entered the ring, and didn't know the other two were there until after the scrap. Like in the Teddy Yarosz-Tommy Gomez battle, the decision was bad. Tough luck, Buddy.

Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, Florida's contender for the featherweight crown and the tenth man by N.B.A., scored a good win in defeating highly regarded Oscar Wright in Washington. Meanwhile Toby (Mrs. Hatcher) was granted the first lady's boxing license as a second by the Maryland Boxing Association. Toby is a Florida girl and mighty pretty, too. Manager Al Weill in his letter here, says he will bring Jimmy to Jacksonville to box soon, as also his Cal Cagni and Al Nettlow. Just to make the other feathers take notice, Hatcher scored a victory over Willie Roach. Floridians feel the coming champ in Jimmy.

Dave White, former New Jersey boxer, is now in Miami where he has a photo studio and says he intends to bring Billy Beauhuld down here for action. Dave does Billy's booking and should receive nifty offers for the Jerseyite . . . . Chris Dundee has taken Willie Pavlovich into his stable . . . . Sammy Crocetti has forsaken the ring to be with the Amsterdam (N. Y.) Recreation Commission . . . . Heard from Mrs. Jim (Betty) Carey, all the way from Honolulu, Hawaii, who says that out there, the folks enjoy reading The Ring. Betty is staying with Mike and Mrs. Stankovich. Mike was a former fighter and did well in our Western sections.

Eddie Horn of Chicago, and Alex Schmall are managing a gym at the Riverfront Trailer Park, 13413 Indiana Avenue, Chicago. Eddie says it is the only known trailer park that has a modern gym. They are training about 57 boys and have a keen interest in Wally Raasch, 160 pounds; Inez Mendoza, 147, and Johnny Klien, 135. Horn writes that The Ring means very much to the amateur boxer, and a friend who has a newsstand told Eddie that since his gym opened, The Ring has been selling about 30 copies extra, but as soon as this issue is out, 75 Rings will be assuredly sold at the gym. Eddie, for himself, will get 16 Rings and distribute them among leaders of various churches and other organizations for clean reading purposes. While Eddie and Alex take care of the gym, Art Manny has charge of the Park.

Abe J. Greene, New Jersey Athletic Commissioner, was elected president of the National Boxing Association during the convention held in Winston Salem, N. C. Abe is a credit to boxing and hopes he will untangle some pretty bad mixups . . . . Captain Peeples, Miami Beach promoter, has a pretty set-up in his new club at the Million Dollar Pier and each seat is individual. It's probably the only club that sets so far out into the ocean, 1000 feet, and with a cool breeze blowing in that naturally air conditions the place. It's a beauty . . . . Frankie Canzoneri, former New York fight manager, is at the Army camp at Camp Polk, La.

Glad to hear that Clarence "Cotton" King, the West Palm Beach lightie is doing good work in Northern rings. In his latest feats, he kayoed a good boy in Davey Cohen in five and triumphed over Leo Dulmaine . . . . California joined in the N.B.A. boxing group and now leaves only New York and Pennsylvania out . . . . A $5,000 guarantee is offered Billy Conn to meet either Claudio Villar or Buddy Scott in a Tampa ring . . . . Joe Blattner, local Ring subscriber, proudly tells me that he has sent for some of Ring Editor's biographies on boxers . . . . Nat Cohen, Daylight Stores vice-president, almost committed mayhem when his Ring Magazine was not on schedule at a local newsstand.

They now read The Ring Magazine: Albert Dwelle, a handicapped newsboy; Jack Brooks, salesman for the Claude Nolan Cadillac Motors and a top fight fan; Ellwell Higginbotham and his buddy, R. D. Baxter; Pete Castro who loves fight reading; Neal Stewart, who said "yes" to Leonard Rosenberg's phone call for a Ring; S. M. Singer, credit manager for Harry's Men's Shop here and a real boxing fan. Thought I had a new customer in S. M., but he told me that he has been reading The Ring before I knew what a boxing glove was and to add more that betook me with surprise, my pal Johnny Hamilton has been reading The Ring since I was knee-high to a grasshopper (now fellows); Luther Casey, of the Navy Base; Paul Hicks, another Jacksonville Ring fan; Dick Scarborough, a former school chum of mine and a real pal; Billy Burns, timekeeper at the new Air Base (Cecil Field); Melvin Cobb, a young Western Union lad; Winton Knight, a new customer brought in by Ellis Kirk, Sr.; Jack Morris, ex-Tampan now in Jacksonville; Leon Witten, one of my best buddies and ditto for Isidore Dvoskin . . . . August De Adams did a jitterbug in reading his name in The Ring; Horace Ridley, proprietor of the local Main Chile Parlor, bought several copies, sending a copy to his brother up in Georgia; Bill Thompson, fight manager who also got several copies and mailing one to his fighter, Les Green, at Stetson U. Les may make a fighter. He is a clean cut lad and desires to learn . . . . Jackie Simpson, local ex-fighter, told me that he wouldn't be happy without his Ring Magazine and Sydney Goldblatt is a new reader of the world's finest book.

Joey Ackerman is now in charge of the Hoffenberg-Rosenberg Gym. Johnny Blaine has a new job and did well while he had it. Ackerman fights when the occasion demands and is a crowd-pleaser . . . . we see at the gym . . . . Georgie Abrams boxing regularly with Tom Sharkey, preparing for his tilt with Tony Zale and a fight with Gene Molnar at Miami Beach . . . . Sharkey looking well with Al Nettlow . . . . Steve Belloise and Georgie Abrams sparred three rounds and it was a lulu . . . . Nettlow with Anton Pappas gives you plenty of fireworks. Pappas should make a somebody . . . . More interest in boxing is seen daily at the gym as crowds are forever piling inside and watching the boys go through their paces . . . . Jimmy Travers, a new Ring reader and boxer catches the eyes of the onlookers.

At Memphis, Johnny Romero, 175, upset Jack Marshall in 10 rounds. Jack had a 14 pound weight advantage over the Californian . . . . Get your Ring at Jake's on Forsyth and Hogan Streets, and at Pop Von Reedon's stand on Main and Adams. Send a copy to a pal in the Service. He will really appreciate it. Any info on boxing will be gladly sent you all upon receipt of stamp (please don't forget). My address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Florida. I would like to hear from fight managers and unattached boxers who would like to show in Jacksonville.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

DAVEY DAY, an outstanding lightweight contender for the past four years, met his Waterloo when he opposed Bob Montgomery, leading welterweight champion and was kayoed in 2:59 of the opening stanzas in Bill Rand's opening fall presentation before 6790 fans, who spent $11,796 to see the scheduled ten-round bout.

At the opening bell the Philly Bobcat pounded both fists to the midsection and kidney region with devastating results. Davey attempted to offset this body barrage with a series of short inside hooks and right crosses, but Montgomery's pace was too much. Not only was Day at a loss how to check the barrage, but Day resorted to bringing up his knees in order to defend his mid-region. Near the close of the round, Montgomery sensed his opportunity and drove across a slashing left-hook followed by a right-cross, and the Chicago boy was counted out while on his face.

In the other ten round match, Nick Castiglione, terrific hitting Chicago lightweight, won a hard earned victory over Julie Kogon, New Haven, Connecticut, cutie.

Kogon, who possesses a dynamic punch in his right hand, flashed it occasionally, but had too much respect for Castiglione's ceaseless aggressiveness.

What probably made the fight appear close were some unintentional low blows leveled off by Nick, and the fact that Julie dropped the Windy City Italian for a short count in round two. Kogon also made a late bid in the tenth and final chapter, but Castiglione had won the mill because Kogon played a waiting game throughout.

In the six round preliminaries, Joey Pirrone, Cleveland pulverizer, following a slow start, drove across one right-hand blast and scored his fourth consecutive Chicago knockout at the expense of Stanley Poreda, Detroit 140-pounder in the third round.

Mike Sopko, Indiana Harbor middleweight made short work of George Silvasey via a right hand clout to the side of the jaw. The time including the count was 55 seconds, of the opening fray.

In the other six round skirmish, Henry Tenney, aggressive and determined Cleveland lightweight, won a hectic struggle from Robert Earl, sharp-hitting Chicago Negro.

The Hammond Boxing Club, in the Civic Center Bldg., in Hammond, Indiana, where Yours Truly is the Publicity Agent, had its initial semi-monthly indoor boxing program of what is expected to be a very promising season, financially and otherwise.

The Civic Center's headliner brought forth broad-shouldered Bill Petersen, 204-pound Indiana Harbor sensation, who won convincingly over Selman Martin, huge Chicago colored clouter in 8-rounds. It was apparent from the outset that this was a battle of power as both gladiators strove to annihilate the other with a fusillade of smashing jolts. Petersen, after splitting the first two rounds with Martin, went on to take all but the last canto, punishing Selman severely. This triumph made it two victories and one draw for Petersen over Selman.

Jack Whittinghill of Bloomington, Ill., pulled the surprise of the evening, in his six-round punchfest with the aggressive Anthony Jones, formerly of Champaign, Ill., and now a member of Uncle Sam's Air Corps, at Chanute Field, Rintoul, Ill. Jones, after gaining decisions in his first eight pro-scuffles, had no defense for Whittinghill's southpaw left-hook powerhouse slants, and try as he might, Jack shifted his right foot and banged Jones repeatedly with his solid left-hooks to win handily.

In a fast preliminary embroglio, Mike Sopko beat Al Capalby, both of Indian Harbor. In the additional four-round settos, Hezzie Williams, 1941 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, embarked on a professional career and disposed of Ted Neusome, 175-pounder from Gary, in the opening canto.

Ray Olcott, 140-pounder from Roseland, Ill., lost to Bill Reardon in four.

William Kennedy, husky Gary heavyweight, took the measure of Tommy Johnson, Memphis Red's capable 180-pounder.

The Chicago Stadium's outdoor Bowl once more was the mecca for sports enthusiasts when Promoter Bill Rand, with the able assistance of his authoritative matchmaker, John (Scotty) Strachem, presented Tony (Cianciola) Martin, Wisconsin's (Badger State) Champion, in the middleweight ranks and Coley Welch, New England Sectional champion.

Martin, who is known to cut easily and bleed profusely, was awarded a "gift victory," over the Celtic slasher, Welch, after ten tense moment rounds of glove wielding—Welch, time-and-again beat a tatoo on the Wisconsin Italian's face and body, displaying remarkable accuracy in changing his attack from the head to body and reversing his splurge.

Coley had Martin cut up as early as the second round and utilized this handicap of Tony's to advantage—Martin attempted a belated rally; but couldn't possibly by any stretch of the imagination garner a triumph.

At the close of the bout practically the entire fight gathering howled with dismay at this laxity in official judgment. . . . Frank Mastro of the Chicago *Tribune*, Gene Kesseler of the Chicago *Daily Times*, Bill O'Connell of the Chicago *Herald and American*, and Joe Rein of the Chicago *Daily News* were in accordance with the fans' observations.

Willie Joyce, speed-demon lightweight prospect, sizzled with uncanny boxing ability, when he won with comparative ease over Quentin (Baby Face) Breese in ten rounds of a semi-final glove-spat. Only in the second frame was Breese able to connect with his famous right-hand clouts. One of these blows hurt Joyce, who was driven into the ropes by Baby Face's power; but in less than thirty seconds, Willie recovered. Following this exciting action by Breese, Joyce peppered Baby with snappy lefts, sprang at Breese in the proverbial Tiger manner and lashed the Kansas Cityan with right-hand smacks to the jaw.

Joey Pirrone, Cleveland lightweight, made his third Windy City appearance and gained his third victory via the knockout route. His victim this time was Gene Ward, game colored Southsider, who probably would have completed the entire six rounds with the pugnacious Joey, were it not for a mishap to his knee that prevented him from arising in the sixth and final stanzas. However, the slugging Pirrone, brother of the once famous right-hand clouter, Paul, clouted Gene to the canvas eleven times but couldn't keep him there. Ward received a well-earned ovation for his courage and determination.

In still another scheduled six-rounder, Jimmy Joyce, brother of the more seasoned, Willie, surprised by his four-round victory over Jack Haley, red-headed 1941 Golden Gloves 126-pound Inter-City champ.

In the opening six-round fight, Jack Whittinghill, blond (Southpaw) bomber, from Bloomington, Ill., slammed out a one-sided win over George Feltes, formerly of Milwaukee, Wis.

Here and there . . . John (Scotty) Strachem, Chicago Stadium matchmaker, is a hustler. One of the best matchmakers to be found in the Middle West. Besides his Stadium chores, Scotty has been selected by Ross Miller, who is promoting boxing shows at the Chicago Coliseum, to match the talent for his club. The Coliseum has a seating capacity of ten thousand, so can provide entertainment with headlining pugilists.

Clair Kelly, former boxing-expert for the *Herald and American*, has been acquired to handle the publicity department . . . . and a more experienced and capable press dispatcher couldn't have been selected . . . Jack Barnett, formerly Bob Elson's right-hand man in the narrating of hockey matches, has been made Publicity Agent for the Chicago Stadium's entire variety of sports.

Fritzie Zivic, now the ex-welter champion, reversed a knockout defeat, handed out to him by Milt Aron, in eight-rounds, here in Chicago, two years ago, duplicated Milt's feat, but in a briefer fashion, stowing away Chicago's Westside Hebrew, in round five. Pittsburgh was the setting grounds.

In the other fistic go, Johnny Barbara, who boasts of two genuine victories over Fritzie Zivic, had the ten toll counted over him in round one, in Philadelphia, by Mayon Padlo, a young Polish 160-pounder from Philadelphia.

Joe Maxim, who is just a year out of the amateur ranks, is improving daily. Maxim, a Cleveland product and Golden Glove middleweight champion, emerged victorious in his opening heavyweight battle by outscoring the capable Bill Petersen, who just couldn't plant one of his famous right-hand bolts on the elusive jaw of Maxim. Maxim dazzled Bill with his superior speed and kept out of harm's way.

In the supporting conflicts, Nate Bolden, who has slipped to the status of a preliminary occupant, scored a three round knockout over Larry Russell, of Atlantic City, N. J., a comparative unknown. This was to have been an eight-rounder.

Al Capalby, left-hook specialist from Indiana Harbor, Ind., dropped Alex Kondos, Greek 160-pounder from Milwaukee, Wis., for the count in the opening frame; John Abbott, Cleveland 138-pounder, pounded out a decision over Matt Dougherty of Milwaukee and Frank Pintero, also from the "Brewery City," scored a four-round success over Jimmy Parks, lightweights.

A pair of rough and tough (twin) bundles of dynamite showed up here in town with their manager, Tom Jones. They are the Hogue brothers, Big Boy and Shorty from California. Shorty, the talkative of the two, claims that they thrive on raw meat. And also box as many as 50 rounds in one afternoon.

Pete Lello, game Gary Polish lightweight, has definitely lost his past form. His loss to Nick Castiglione and his tenth round kayo at the hands of Julie Kogon, of New Haven, Conn., makes it the fourth time in one year that Pete has suffered that way.

Joe Maxim gave Nate Bolden a good going over in a ten-round skirmish. Maxim, who fights with confidence, is making great strides.

In the six round semi-windup Johnny Crane, Southside 165-pound colored battler beat Clay Rowan; Johnny Abbott, Clevelander, scored over Don Wallenfang of Milwaukee, Wis. (4); Woody Jones, Indianapolis middleweight decisioned Dick Kist, Rintoul, Ill., soldier (4); and Eddie Kit Carson of New Orleans, La., Memphis Red's lightweight antagonist, won handily over Red Hutchins, tough Texan lightweight, (4).

Attention: Any good heavyweights without managerial connections will do well to get in touch with Gene Engel in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois. Also pilots of reputable white boxers, would like to hear from you.

And don't forget to obtain your copy of THE RING MAGAZINE while in the Loop, up at Trafton's Gym. So, until next month—Fights off!

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

LEON HAIRE was THE RING'S "Prospect of the Month" in last month's issue. Il Giraffe came by the honor as a result of five straight professional victories in and around Philadelphia. Since then Leon has added the scalp of Billy Speary, who has already made THE RING'S honor roll in featherweight spot number seven. It wasn't so very many years ago that Speary won a split decision over Haire in the Nationals at Boston. The former was then a seasoned campaigner, while the St. Louis stripling suffered from stage fright. He wasn't a day over sixteen. Leon later went on to greater glory as an amateur, winning two International Golden Gloves titles and being the only local boxer in the history of Gloves competition to win three consecutive "open" titles.

In recognition of his amateur work, Nat Fleischer authorized the presentation of a cup to Haire as the outstanding amateur boxer in the history of St. Louis' Golden Gloves. Almost six feet tall, he relies on his stamina. If that holds up, and his ten-round win over Speary is a favorable omen, then he may meet Chalky Wright's ultimate successor. A master boxer and a born ring general, Leon has only to learn to pace himself for the longer distances and wait for Father Time to eliminate Chalky. Then it should be all green for the March Haire. Go to it, Leon.

Speaking of Leon Haire reminds us that his running mate, Jim Richie, was again in Joe Louis' camp for the late, lamented Nova butchering. Jim had previously helped in the preparation of the champion for William Conn. Like Haire, Richie is a product of the Slaughter A. C. and a winner of a RING award.

Tom Packs faces the coming season without the services of Sam Muchnick. Suave Samuel, with Jackie Callahan at his heels, reached a parting of the ways with Tom, brandishing a couple of wrestlers at his former boss and promising dire competition at twenty paces. The situation at present finds Muchnick in hopes of a backer and Packs slyly nailing down all the dates in sight to the naked eye. Mique Mulloy will provide the fistic front for Packs and it is rumored that Izzy Kline will do the same for the other group. Mulloy returns to St. Louis after a score of years. Izzy Kline, on the other hand, is unknown locally.

Lou Wallach has again broken out as an amateur promoter. We warned Lulu as to the hazards of such employment, but it must just be in the blood. Wonder who's backing Wallach? Personally, Tom Packs would be the last person that would come to my mind.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

CINCINNATI went hitless during the current weeks for any fighting and as a result, we haven't anything scheduled at this writing. This came about when Anton Christoforidis "dribbled" out of his match with Ezzard Charles, set for Crosley Field, originally on September 8.

We think it wrong that a city like Cincinnati has to do without its fighting. There are plenty of fight fans in and around Cincinnati, hungry for real matches and we don't mean "name fighters."

What Cincinnati needs is a promoter who will run week in, week out all year around and skip those "occasional shows." To keep interest in any sport, the promoter must run regularly. In other words, dear readers, Cincinnati should hang out a Help Wanted, a live wire Boxing Promoter.

Akron, Ohio, furnished the best bout of the month in Ohio, that is the leading bout, for Lee Sheppard of Cleveland proved little or no opposition for N.B.A. lightweight champion Sammy Angott on September 19 in the Rubber City. Sheppard was blasted out in the first session.

On September 25, at Indianapolis, Ind., Johnny Denson, young hard hitting Racing City heavyweight, weighing 185 pounds, put the "blitz" on Lee Oma, 202 pounds, of Detroit, in the fourth frame. This Denson looks mighty good.

September 22, 1941, Fred Batsche, best liked of all Cincinnati fight managers, passed away in his 60th year at Jewish Hospital. We can say in brief there'll never be another Fred Batsche. He was a showman, manager, promoter and honest! He was Cincinnati's only big time fight manager.

At Columbus, Ohio, Ritz Club—One of the best shows in 1941 brought together Willie Russell, the Tan Tornado from Columbus, and Tommy Glasspy of Canada. Russell won the 10-round decision. In the semi-final, Phil Norman, 155 pounds, of Canada, defeated Ted Woodward of Cincinnati, 159, in six rounds. In three shows at this club, receipts doubled for each show presented. Ritz Club promoters promise to bring the game back to its high level in Columbus in 1942.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS . . . . Less Huffman, the hustling manager of world's junior welterweight (A.F.B.) champion, Jackie Taylor, has invented a new round score board which gives the decision after each round . . . . Leo Bradley's featherweight ace, Jackie Callura, stepped right into the top-notch feather challenging position with that clear cut winner over Guy Serean down in New Orleans . . . . Bradley will probably make the Crescent City his home for a few weeks before returning home to Rhode Island . . . . to the many queries of readers, my fight flashes service subscription is one dollar per year and issued semi-monthly . . . . address all communications to this writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for white fighters of all weights who are anxious for national bookings . . . . be sure to send complete information on yourself . . . . Herb Davis of Cincinnati was re-elected chairman of the A.A.U. at their annual dinner last night . . . . Matt McGowan of Niles, Ohio, has turned his good welterweight, Sonny Horne, over to the hustling Georgie Sheppard of Brooklyn . . . . we would like to hear from amateur boxers, trainers, matchmakers, promoters or anyone interested in the simon-pure fight sport . . . . THE RING Magazine, the bible of boxing, can be purchased at any of the leading newsstands and hotels in southern Ohio . . . . it is one of the best sellers on the racks, according to the many distributors around here . . . . Jack Moran, former local fighter and manager, may again run as an independent for City Council . . . . Jack ran an unsuccessful race in 1937.

Tommy Leeper, the Indianapolis manager who developed some good talent a few years ago, is back in the game and has some grand fighters under his wing. Tommy's present stable is headed by Bud Cottey, a crackerjack featherweight, and Jethio Jeffers, a hard socking colored 185-pounder.

Down in New Orleans they recognize Harry Weekly as the 140-pound junior welterweight world's champion. The Rating Committee of the American Federation of Boxing recognizes Jackie Taylor, the Sepia Socker from Columbus, Ohio, as champion in this class. We would like to see Taylor and Weekly hook up for the title. How about it Messrs. Lew Raymond, Johnny Cox and Less Huffman?

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

THE art of fisticuffing has made the grandest comebacks of all major sports here, thanks to Promoter Herman Taylor. It is through the efforts of this sportsman that the game has returned to its high plane. Taylor, by his capable methods of matchmaking, plus keeping faith with the public, has paid him good dividends. The fans were treated to exceptionally outstanding matches between gladiators of championship and near championship calibre during the outdoor season.

It has been a long time since the sport drew gates of more than $20,000, as Taylor's shows did last summer. Taylor got the public interested by creating confidence. Taylor got high class talent and brought the best boys from various cities to Philly.

Then he also developed local talent and soon he had many young stars under contract, among them "Bobcat" Bob Montgomery, a recognized lightweight and walterweight phenom; Tommy Forte, a bantamweight of the first water, who conquered three former titleholders; Small Montana, exflyweight boss; Lou Salica, one time ruler of the bantamweights, and Joey Archibald, past headman of the featherweights. He also had Mike Evans, Billy Maher and Jimmy Tygh, lightweights, and the heftiest punching welterweight in the business, Mayon Padlo.

To Herman Taylor also goes the distinction of developing the natural fighting ability of Ray "Sugar" Robinson, the undefeated Harlem lightweight, who became "local" through his sterling engagements here. Ditto for the lion-hearted, cagy and dead game Marty Servo, cousin of Lou Ambers, ex-lightweight standard bearer, who has become a prime favorite here.

MANAGERS' NOTES—Jake Freedman, the man who piloted Lew Tendler, Benny Bass, Al Ettore and numerous others, has hooked up with Mickey Diamond, in handling one of the busiest stables in this part of the country. The Freedman-Diamond combine is looking after the pugilistic welfares of Tommy Forte, his brother, Johnny Forte, a featherweight, Billy Speary, Coal Region featherweight; Corporal Billy Maher, former lightweight champion of the Keystone State; Joe Amico and Johnny Ruth, lightweights; Eddie Brickner, former amateur champion lightweight now battling as a welterweight; Tony Cisco and Johnny Tomasky, middleweights and Jimmy Gardner, colored heavyweight . . . . Jack Puggy, long a first flight manager, also has a managerial interest in Corporal Billy Maher.

Others under the Puggy banner are Mike Evans and Johnny Devlin, lightweights; Dominic Burrone, junior lightweight; Willie Reddish, one of the outstanding heavyweights in the country, and Ellis Phillips, a featherweight. The latter recently created a furore by knocking out the highly touted Frankie Donato, local southpaw, after administering a sound thrashing to the Italian star. On the basis of that win, Manager Puggy is receiving offers for his charge to box all along the Atlantic seaboard.

Frank "Blink" Palermo has his stable, headed by Mayon Padlo and Jimmy Tygh, going great guns. Palermo, one of the most popular managers in the game, is ready to wager that Padlo will dethrone Freddy "Red" Cochrane from his 147-pound throne if Padlo can get the match . . . . Frankie Thomas is building up a stable around Bobcat Bob Montgomery and Leon Haire, his phenomenal featherweight . . . . The Al Zaslow staff of beak busters is doing quite well. Freddy Domico, welterweight, Bull Santos, light-heavyweight, Johnny Carter, middleweight, and Johnny Myhasuk, heavyweight, are the Zaslow Zingers . . . . Al Lipschultz is singing the praises of Mel Neary, dynamic featherweight, Joe Stack, another 126-pounder, Charley Sulic, 140-pounder, and Pat Mangini, club fighting light-heavyweight.

Incidentally, Charley Daggert, who formerly was associated with Al Lipschultz, has quit the partnership so that he could be enrolled as a fight judge in this Keystone State. Daggert knows his business and should be an asset on the staff of Commissioner Rains.

Two members of the Veterans' Boxing Association, Bobby Reynolds, former star lightweight, and Billy Maxwell, former featherweight, paid a visit to the offices of Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, and marvelled at the splendid display of trophies, watches, foreign money, autographed boxing gloves, punching bags, photographs, etc., in the showrooms of the owner and publisher of the Boxer's Bible. Fleischer has been invited by Reynolds, who will be chairman of the coming annual dance of the V. B. A., to be one of the honored guests.

Your correspondent takes great pride in lauding the officials under the Keystone State Commission banner. We are proud to brag that there is no other state in the entire Union that boasts of so equally well balanced array of referees, judges, time-keepers, doctors and announcers on its staff. Furthermore, Commissioners Rains, Havey Boyle and George J. Jones, Jr., play no favorites in assigning the ring officials to their tasks of handling a boxing or wrestling show.

LITTLE NOTES ON COMING BIG SHOTS—Frankie Carto, bantamweight charge of Chief Magistrate John O'Malley, is in wide demand all along this section. Jimmy Mendo, who is official overseer for Carto, opines that this sensation will be ready for the big time before the indoor season is terminated . . . . Rudy Gansky, who manages Irish Johnny Dean, saw his charge score another ring upset when he triumphed over Buck Streater. Dean is a good enough trial horse for any welterweight in the game and a number one type club fighter in our book.

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ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

NORTH LITTLE ROCK—A crushing right cross with all of his 216 pounds behind it enabled Pat Comiskey of Paterson, N. J., to score a technical knockout early in the sixth round over gallant Bob Sikes of Pine Bluff, Ark.

A crowd estimated at 9,000 was on its feet as Issy Kline, Sikes' co-manager and a second, rushed over after the Southern heavyweight champ had dropped for the fourth time during the fight and asked Referee Eddie Wolfe to stop it. The end came 30 seconds after the start of the round.

It was the third straight victory for the Jersey Atlas, who held a 30-pound advantage in weight over the 186-pound Arkansan. Pat pounded Bob out of the picture in one round in Jersey City last summer and defeated him decisively in 10 rounds in Memphis last winter.

"Big Jim" Robinson, 216-pounder from Philadelphia, Pa., stiffened Cowboy Griggs of Houston, Tex., with his first punch in the first round.

A big disappointment, Johnny McCoy Hale, young middleweight from East Prairie, Mo., gained an unpopular decision over Johnny Williams of Paterson, N. Y., in the eight-round special event. Williams, before he tired, made the hard-hitting Hale look bad. He missed badly throughout. Hale proved to be nothing more than a green kid with plenty to learn in his test with a preliminary fighter.

Mike Delia, 131, of Los Angeles, scored a technical kayo over "Irish Mike" Richards, 137, of Camp Robinson, in the second preliminary. After a tame first round, Delia cut loose in the second and the referee stopped it. Lem Smith, 156, Little Rock Negro, decisioned Ike Brown, 154, of Chicago (4). A Negro battle royal opened the show.

Memphis, Tenn.—Johnny (Bandit) Romero, 180, San Diego, Calif., outpointed Jack Marshall, 189, Dallas, Texas (10) . . . . Junior Munsell, 184, Oklahoma City, Okla., outpointed Johnny Romero, 180 (10).

HERE 'N' THERE—Jimmy Smith, Old Marked Tree middleweight, who used to bowl 'em over with a punch, wants to referee some prelims around Arkansas. Jimmy is circuit clerk at Harrisburg . . . . Before Sikes lost to Pat Comiskey, he had been offered $4,000 to meet Harry Bobo in Pittsburgh, $3,000 to meet Roscoe Toles in Detroit, and $2,500 to meet Altus Allen in Chicago. Sikes also has been invited to participate in the $15,000 heavyweight elimination tournament in Detroit . . . . Opening his exhibition tour in Oklahoma City, Okla., Henry Armstrong knocked out two opponents in two rounds apiece and a crowd of 5,000 turned out to honor the ex-champion.

Ragan Kinney of Hartman, national A. A. U. heavyweight boxing champion, was selected as Arkansas' outstanding athlete for 1941. Kinney's name will be submitted to the National A. A. U. as a candidate for the James E. Sullivan memorial trophy . . . . Bill Daly, manager of Comiskey, promises Promoter Levy that he can have the services of the big Irishman any time he wants him . . . which speaks well for the type of shows that can be expected in the future . . . . If a manager could boast a stable of some of the old-time fighters who gathered for the Sikes-Comiskey fight and restore them to their peak, he wouldn't have to worry about their three squares: Harry Foley, Eddie McKenna, Eddie (Kid) Wolfe, Young Jack Dempsey, Jimmy Watts and Issy Kline . . . . Yours truly also was at the ringside . . . . Sammy Angott and his manager, Charles Jones, were visitors at Hot Springs . . . . A seven-pound girl was born to Mrs. Robert Lee "Bob" Sikes, wife of the Southern heavyweight champion. Mrs. Sikes and little Miss Sikes are "doing fine."

Mr. Joseph Corcoran of Providence, R. I.: Your letter was forwarded to New Orleans . . . . Promoter Henry Levi will open up at Pine Bluff with Pat Comiskey. Also Levy will promote at Ft. Smith, with Big Jim Robinson and Babe Hunt as his first show.

Se Alguno Muchacho Mexicano esta sien gerente guecoresponte con el Señor Clyde Smith, 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

Mickey Riley of Dallas, Texas, manager of J. D. Turner, heavyweight, would welcome a match with Bob Sikes. Riley has one of the best stables of boys in the South, including Joey Johnston, welter, Sanders Cox, light-heavy, and Eddie Henderson, 140-pounder.

Around New Orleans, La.—Solly Snyder, once a leading Boston fight manager, is here . . . . also Lou Fink, one of the best trainers in the business . . . . Pete Orgeron is the rage of the Gulf coast . . . . Cosby Linson and Jack Russo, his manager, left for Los Angeles . . . . Joe Argiz lightweight, who has now retired, is on his way to Panama . . . . Lou Ovalasiti will open a gym for Negro fighters at the Gypsy Tea Room . . . . Harry Frisch, according to gossip in local fight circles, will soon resume promoting fights.

KENTUCKY NEWS

By JOE FRENCH

LOUISVILLE fans were given another view of Mike Raffa, the U. S. Army's hurricane featherweight contender from Fort Knox, Ky., who appeared in the feature attraction of the first indoor show of the season presented by Harry Wolff, with the able Sam Slotsky at the matchmaker's post. Raffa scored a clean knockout victory over Joey Stack of Philadelphia, dropping the Philly gamecock in the sixth round for the ten count with a left hook to the mid-section. He had Stack on the floor five times previously. Raffa weighed 128 and Stack 124.

In the semi-final of six rounds, fast punching Jimmy Maddox, 134, Oklahoma veteran, had too much speed and experience and too many gloves for Bobby Woods, 132, rugged Louisville youngster, and battered out a decision. K.O. Borrado, 135, Mexican slugger, was being outboxed by Buster Baker, 137, clever Terre Haute, Ind., warrior, but Borrado landed a barrage of heavy punches in the fifth session that sent the Hoosier down for the ten count. In a pair of four-rounders between colored punchers, Bubbles Stone, 177, New Albany, Ind., defeated John Hall, 180, Louisville, and Lenny Grace, 134, Louisville, decisioned Don Lewis, 143, Terre Haute, Ind.

A very poor decision was rendered on the next Louisville boxing program, which featured Frankie Gilmore, 140, Cincinnati, who was awarded the duke over Jimmy Maddox, 134, of Oklahoma, in the ten-round headliner. Maddox deserved the win without any question as he forced the fighting all the way and punished Frankie with body punching. The fans booed long and loud.

Robert Simmons, Indianapolis Negro, was scheduled to meet Herschel Joiner, Cincinnati colored star, in the eight-round semi-final, but as Simmons did not arrive until after the fights were over, the match did not go on. Doug Gibson, 124, Southern kayo artist, stopped George Hahn, 124, Cincinnati, in the third of their scheduled sixer. Bubbles Stone, 176, New Albany, Ind., decisioned Jim Polk, 166, Memphis, Tenn., in a Negro four-rounder. In another all-colored four-rounder, Lenny Grace, 134, Louisville, defeated Johnny Walker, 134, Memphis, Tenn., in an action-packed battle. In an extra bout, Tinsley Garner, 175, local colored prospect, scored a first-round knockout over John Hall, 172, Louisville Negro.

Billy Kent, young amateur bantamweight star, will turn professional under the management of this writer. Kent has a brilliant amateur record, having engaged in 100 fights and losing only 11 decisions which he later reversed in return matches. He has scored 57 knockouts and won sectional titles in the Golden Gloves and A.A.U. tournaments.

My address is 1015 Tenth Street, Jeffersonville, Indiana. I am looking for good young amateurs who wish to turn pro, especially lightweights and welters. Write me at the above address and enclose picture and record.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

TOP honors again go to Punchin' Paul Altman, sensational young Houston lightweight, for the performance he turned in against "Speedy" Baldwin, classy Camp Wallace soldier. Baldwin gave Altman his stiffest competition to date, but wilted under the terrific blasts to the body by Punchin' Paul. "Speedy" was on the deck half a dozen times and was saved by the bell once, but managed to last the distance through sheer gameness, with Altman copping the decision handily.

HERE AND THERE—Mustang Garcia made a hit at New Orleans in trimming George Murla . . . . Manuel Azteca and Punchin' Paul Altman, Texas' promising fighters are in California for a series of fights. They should prove a hit with West Coast fans . . . . Finis was written to a colorful chapter of local boxing when the recent hurricane wrecked Hugh Benbow's Olympiad arena. The big arena, which for the past year had seen no boxing shows but was the home of a popular roller rink, was completely demolished . . . . Galveston is still the only club running in Texas, but there is talk of clubs getting under way in other cities soon . . . . The writer's address: 1133 W. Bell Ave., Houston, Texas.

A Correction

In the record of Buddy Knox, printed in our last issue, the word "by" was left out, thereby making Knox the victor over Turkey Thompson in one round, whereas the record should have shown that Knox was knocked out by Thompson in one round on August 26, 1941. Our readers should make this change in the record.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

JACK LA BELLE, ex-prize fighter, formerly of Minneapolis and now a cafe owner in Duluth, will take over the boxing franchise of Duluth. La Belle will operate the franchise formerly owned by Karl Ogren, and will retain the veteran Mike Collins of Minneapolis as matchmaker. Duluth gets a new promoter every year. Pretty soon they'll run out of them and then the city on the big lake won't have any. In a short space of time, Jack O'Brien and Karl Ogren gave it up as a bad deal . . . . Gene La Scotte, once a small middleweight, has grown into a light-heavyweight . . . . Ernie Derho, South Bend, Ind., welter, under the guidance of local Eddie Des Lauriers, hasn't been doing so well lately. He dropped fights in Chicago and Pittsburgh . . . . And J. Hammock of Girard, O., is anxious to show his star heavyweight, Ira Hughes, who has met the best, including Billy Conn. Hughes may be booked through the writer at 252 Thomas Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. . . . . And what's happened to Johnny Kleber, that vicious young Melrose heavyweight? . . . . Also, his young brother Mike? . . . . Mike Gibbons refereed a wrestling card up at Sauk Centre . . . . One of Tommy Gibbons' sons died in Montana.

Lightweight champion Lew Jenkins, working out at Potts' Gym, started things off by flooring two local kids, Wally Holm and amateur Jim Chacos, with some lightning rights—and he was pulling his punches, too! . . . . Gene La Scotte is back from his vacation in Northern Minnesota, Milwaukee and Chicago bright lights.

Duluth has come up with a heavyweight prospect in Lou Chumick, a 260-pounder who wears a 20-inch collar, has a reach of 85 inches and wears size 14 shoes . . . . Clyde (Torch) Rasley, ex-G. G. 175-pound champ in '40, and runnerup last season, who joined the Marines the past year, is fighting at a San Diego boxing club. He won his first pro start on a card that found another local lad, Don Brouillard, losing. "Red" Rasley hails from Deer River and Brouillard from Minneapolis . . . . Cleo McNeal revealed he isn't as fast as two years ago when he twice beat Dick Demaray here. That fact was brought out in a gym workout with rugged Warren Corbett.

Minneapolis Armory—The first indoor show of the fall season presented by Tommy O'Loughlin, found Lew Jenkins, 133, terrific-hitting lightweight king from Sweetwater, Texas, scoring a three-round kayo in his 10-round non-title tilt with Cleo McNeal, 139, the dark shadow from Barberton, O. McNeal was floored for seven in the first, and nine in the second and third, before a left hook to the stomach ended things. Tommy Thomas of Chicago was referee, and about 6000 fans turned out. In the semi six, George Nyberg, 147, Port Arthur, Ont., showed the same type of lethal punching when he turned an even fight into a surprise ending when he floored Ernie Derho, 143, South Bend youngster, three times in the fourth with rights for a clean knockout. It was Derho's first kayo loss, and was still "out" when the armory was cleared! Warren Corbett, 154, Mill City southpaw, outpointed the veteran Don Espensen, 157, Minneapolis, in six, but the officials ruled otherwise and caused Corbett's six wins in a row to be broken. It was the second loss to Espensen for Corbett. Southpaw Billy Smith, 137½, Minneapolis, decisioned rugged Chino Lopez, 141, Kansas City, in six by a good margin.

In the five-round special, Jack Haley, 127, Kansas City, waited for his shot, then flashed a right that stopped Eddie Bartholomew, 132, Chicago, at the end of the third. Wally Holm, 135, Minneapolis, continued to show improvement, outscoring the veteran trial horse, Ray Isaacs, 137, Minneapolis, in four. The gate was $6000 gross and $4800 net, of which Jenkins received $1600 for his share.

On the Wright-Archibald championship card, Art Lind, Alborn, Minn., middleweight, outpointed Buddy Thomas, only to have the officials rule otherwise. This note comes from Wayne Armstrong, pleasing young Nebraska middle, who has just been inducted into army service.

Duluth—The Jack La Belle-Mike Collins debut in the promotorial field took place at the new Duluth stadium, to give the Arrowhead City its first outdoor boxing in a long time. In the main event of 10 heats, promising Kelly Ward, 164, state light-heavy champ from Minneapolis, successfully defended his title with a nine-round T.K.O. over rugged Gordon Palmer, 175, Minneapolis. It was the 13th straight win for Ward, and Palmer's fourth loss to the lanky, fast-moving Ward. Warren Corbett, 158, tough Mill City lefty, again whipped stocky Ted Morrison, 173, St. Paul trial horse, in the six round semi-final. In fours, Gus Pappas, 150, Duluth, stopped trial horse Pug Barron, 145, St. Paul, in the fourth for his third pro win. Billy Smith, 137, Minneapolis southpaw, conked Knap George, 141, Los Angeles, in two. Lou Chumick, 252, Duluth, made his pro debut with a two-round kayo over Bobby King, 214, Superior unknown; while Don Thomas, 205, brother of the well-known Harry Thomas of Eagle Bend, won his second pro fight at the expense of his first victim, awkward young Karl Malm, 201, Park Rapids, in the curtain heaver of four stanzas.

SHORT SHOTS . . . . Marv Wason is now a married man . . . . Johnny Hanschen, ex-Mill City heavy, now boxing coach at Camp Hahn, Calif., returned to Minneapolis a few days on leave of absence. He has been promoted to the rank of corporal. Corp. Hanschen may box again on the coast this winter . . . . Norm Smythe, once a good Y.M.C.A. amateur heavyweight, is employed at Swift & Co. in South St. Paul, Dry Salt Dept. . . . . Boxing and wrestling mags come and go, but only one, THE RING, can "stand the gaff" . . . . It's been champion of the division since the early twenties and gets stronger each year . . . . Johnny Stevens, St. Paul heavy, is driving a tractor at the New Brighton defense plant at $1.35 per hour! Which isn't hay!

Mike Mandell, former "Iron Mike" of St. Paul heavyweight fame, became the proud father of two future contenders in five-pound baby boy twins. Mike says he has no plans for their pugilistic future as yet. They were christened Michael and Marvin . . . . Adios until next month, when Lee Savold tackles Gus Dorazio.

IN HAMMOND, INDIANA
By SAMUEL THOMPSON

CIVIC CENTER—(Fall Opening)—The announcer should have said, "Batteries for the first bout: Moose Kennedy, Gary, and Tommy Johnson, Detroit. Both colored heavies." The latter caught every punch in the pugilistic catalog and a few that the Moose invented as he went along. This Johnson is a tough lad and surprised everyone by finishing on his feet. Tommy, always in there trying, caught the referee with a right hook to the jaw in the third that gave the fans a snicker.

Hezzie Williams, 1941 Golden Gloves light-heavy champ, Chicago, looked like something out of a story book as he stowed away Ted Neusome, 1939 California G.G. light-heavy champ in 2:25 of the first. Both are colored. Neusome is a protege of Joe Ghnouly, veteran lightweight.

Ray Olcott, baldheaded welter from Roseland, Ill., began to limp home at the end of the second against Bill Reardon, Three Rivers, Mich. A barrage of leather finished him in 1:55 of the third.

Mike Sopko trimmed Al Capalby in four. Both are Harbor middleweights, (grudge).

Jack Whittinghill, Bloomington, Ill., southpaw, beat Anthony Jones in the semi six. Round after round, Whittinghill's body hit Jones first and then his flail-like left would arrive like the second section of the Broadway Limited. Jones couldn't figure out what kind of business was this and neither could I. However, it worked well enough to beat Jones, even though it did look as awkward as a cub bear. True to form, Jones stepped up the tempo every time he was hurt, but his increase in speed was neither often, nor long enough to gain him the nod.

Big Bill Peterson, Indiana Harbor heavy, made it two wins and a draw over Selman Martin when he was handed a "home town" decision at the end of eight rounds of the final bout. Martin is a rough, tough, strong-as-a-horse bozo and a buzz-saw baby, to boot, at close quarters. I thought he won. He finished as fresh as a daisy and with only a slight cut on his lip. Peterson was hurt in the fourth and again in the sixth. In the latter, it looked like Peterson was going to hear the birdies chirp, but he fought back so viciously and savagely that Martin was too busy protecting himself to have time to finish him off. Peterson started to bleed in the fourth from a cut about the nose and was a gory mess the rest of the way. Both boys went at it hammer and tongs in the final round to make a better scrap of a good one.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

LAST spring when Gus Dorazio belted Clarence Jones all over the ring in Memorial auditorium, no one present thought that Jones would want another match with the Philadelphia tornado. But Jones did, and Gus took him on again, this time for 12 rounds, and punched the Negro full of holes. Jones took a shellacking. Dorazio did everything to the colored lad but knock him out. The match, which was staged on Sept. 22, headlined a good card of bouts and attracted a crowd of about 3500. The other bouts on the Queensberry club's card resulted as follows:

Jos. Muscato, Buffalo heavyweight, scored a technical K.O. over Jimmy Boyle, Brooklyn, in the first round.

Jimmy Mandell, Buffalo, won from Rudy Zorich, in six rounds at light-heavyweight.

Harry Teany, Cleveland, knocked out George Twitty, Buffalo Negro, in the fifth round. They are lightweights.

Jimmy Winters, 133, Buffalo, scored a technical K.O. over Max Schindler, 132, Cleveland, four rounds.

Smoke Robinson, 137, Buffalo, won the verdict over Joe Kushner, 133, Syracuse, four rounds.

Jack Herman is off to a flying start for another big wrestling season. Herman's boyish enthusiasm and his all around ability as a hustler keep him in fine fettle. Herman will bring on the top-notchers, champions and near-champions for his wrestling shows. Among those scheduled to appear here are Bronko Nagurski, Iron Talun, the Dusek brothers, Ivan Rasputin, Ed George, Slidin' Bill Hansen, Maurice Tillet (The Angel) and others.

AROUND THE TOWN . . . . Ben Irvine, well known second and manager, died here on September 20 following a short illness . . . . Irvine was best known through his connection with the Crescent Club during the hectic days of the boxing boom in the '20s . . . . Bert Finch feels pretty good every time Lou Scozza officiates as a fight referee . . . . Bert recommended Scozza for his present job and the former middleweight star is proving himself an honest and capable ring arbiter . . . . Anse Carroll, former manager of fighters and an erstwhile matchmaker, is now a deputy sheriff under Bill Pollock . . . . Pollock, by the way, is endeavoring to save the old Broadway auditorium for pro and amateur boxing, wrestling and other sports . . . . The auditorium is now under lease by the government and there seems little likelihood that it will ever be used for sports again . . . . As your correspondent has pointed out time and again the only chance to develop young boxers here will be through the medium of a small club with a seating capacity of about 3500 . . . . The big Memorial auditorium is too expensive to be used for pro boxing under present conditions . . . . New faces must be developed and this can only happen with weekly shows . . . . Charlie Murray had about 3500 in the house for the Dorazio-Jones setto and still he lost money.

Johnny Green, National Golden Gloves lightweight champion, who hails from Buffalo, was beaten at Rochester on Oct. 6 by Freddie Baia of Amsterdam in a five-rounder, which topped the opening amateur show in the Flower City. The pro game is in poor shape in Rochester, as well as Buffalo.

PERSONAL NOTES—To Eddie Borden—I was greatly surprised to learn that you were with the Canadian forces . . . . Good luck, Eddie . . . . drop me a line when you get time . . . . To Playfair Brown (also with the Canadian army) We'll all be glad when the big fuss is over and you're back in Toronto promoting boxing shows again . . . . write soon . . . . regards.

There is a splendid opportunity in Buffalo for first class boxers, who have good records . . . . Light-heavyweights, middleweights and heavyweights are in big demand . . . . Boxers should be free from managerial contracts and affiliations. Write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

IRISH JACKIE DONOVAN, Buffalo's crack junior middleweight, turned in another colorful performance to win from Andre Jessurun, tough and willing New York slugger, in a spirited eight-round main event before a crowd of less than 2,000 at the Coliseum. The bout topped one of the finest action cards ever presented here, but Promoter Henny Andrews' show was submerged because of postponements and counter-attractions such as the World Series and the Cornell-Syracuse grid classic. Andrews, however, is building rapidly and should be out of the red with his next show. Henny is now operating on an every-week, Monday night basis, and the fans are gradually gaining confidence in him.

Paulie Mahoney, Buffalo middleweight, made a great comeback on this card, showing marvelous form in a slashing eight-round draw with Private Frankie Albano of Mitchell Field. The bout was crammed full of hard punching, and reckless offensive fighting on the part of Albano, a former Port Byron, N. Y., boy. Another ding-dong battle showed Larry (Joe Palooka) Kellum, Montana middleweight, the winner over rugged Steve Kahley of Hazelton, Pa., in an eight-round punchfest. Kellum's free swinging style made him a favorite with fans, and Kahley never stopped trying, scoring repeatedly with heavy shots to the midsection.

In a fight that had the spectators on their feet throughout, Benny Arnold, Jordan welterweight slugger, banged out a close, six-round decision over Jerry Forlino, Utica punch-artist, who is handled by Frankie Graham. Both boys established themselves firmly in the hearts of the fans by their grand club-fight. In the opener, Don O'Keefe, Tipperary Hill Irish heavyweight, won as he pleased from the veteran Freddie Sallus of the West End over the four-round distance.

Patsy Perroni, who has been residing in Brewerton, a summer cottage colony, the last three months, has taken an apartment downtown, to be close to the gym where he trains daily. Al Bernard, the Texas Tornado, another hot favorite here, is living with Perroni in their bachelor home.

BEFORE THE BELL—Babe Amos, former middleweight boxer, who operates the combination grill and gym in the Alhambra Building, now scales 210 pounds . . . . He still wants to fight . . . . Joe Matisi, Endicott heavyweight, was fined $1,000 by a Southern Tier judge for taking a punch at a man outside the ring . . . . Joe intends to do his fighting inside the ropes in the future . . . . Willie Lee's fight cards get plenty of circulation in this section, being on view in 30 towns, cities and villages . . . . Joey Kushner dropped his first decision in a long time at Buffalo, when he lost to Smoke Robinson on the Dorazio-Jones card . . . . Cartoons drawn by boxer Jackie Donovan decorate the publicity offices of Syracuse Sporting Enterprises, Inc., our fistic club . . . . Jackie's art work is all done with his left hand . . . . Henny Andrews is a hustler, the first boxing promoter to hit this town in years who doesn't leave his work up to one man . . . . Local fights are to be broadcast, a deal hanging fire with two local breweries who want the air time . . . . Joe William, North Side grocery chain owner, is still interested in the local club, despite rumors and published statements to the contrary . . . . The Coliseum, scene of the indoor ring shows here, has a seating capacity of 12,000 for boxing.

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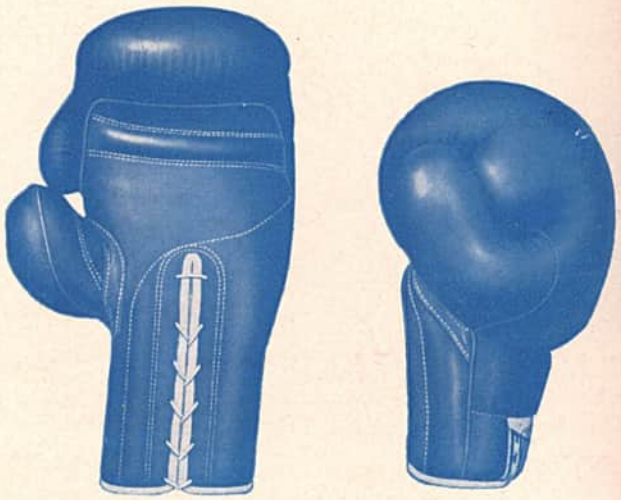

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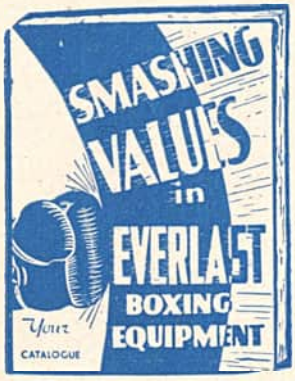

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